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Published by I. Murray, London, 1820.

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ANDREW HOFER.

From an Original Drawing.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF
ANDREW HOFER;

CONTAINING
AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSACTIONS IN THE TYROL
DURING THE YEAR 1809.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

BY CHARLES HENRY HALL, Esq.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1820.

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Mrs. Anna Belle Karow

1912

PREFACE.

“THE History of Hofer” was first printed at Leipsig in the year 1817. It is an anonymous publication, but it has been conjectured, and not without reason, that it is the production either of Baron Hormayr, one of the most active leaders of the Tyrolese patriots, or of some person in his confidence, whom he supplied with materials for the work. It is evidently the production of a man, who, if not an actor himself in the scenes which he describes, was at least intimately connected with those who were. There can be no question about the authenticity of his facts, they are

supported throughout by the authority of original documents, and the minuteness of his details impresses upon them the character of truth, although they may be devoid of interest to the reader, when they relate to individuals of humble origin and station and unknown beyond the limits of their native mountains.

It may perhaps appear extraordinary to the reader, that in a book which professes to be the History of Hofer, Hofer should play so subordinate a part. Whatever blame may be attached to this contradiction between the title and the subject of these few pages, must in justice be thrown on the original, as I could give no more than what my materials gave me, though I certainly was not without suspicion that in more than one instance, the fame of Hofer had been sacrificed by the writer, to that of his more fortunate rival Hormayr. We have

seen, however, in some famous poems and popular novels, that the hero scarcely shows his face till the last page, where he is either killed or married; and here we have a history of real facts, in which the appointed hero does little more than his imaginary brethren. I fear that the character of Hofer would have stood higher in our eyes, if this translation of his memoirs had never appeared; but as the discovery of truth is of much more importance than the excitement of fictitious interest, perhaps I may not be totally undeserving of thanks for having attempted to make the true character of the Tyrolese Chief familiar to the English public.

In point of composition the original is materially defective, it wants that which is the first and greatest merit in all compositions—lucid arrangement. The order of time is not observed, and the atten-

tion is distracted by a variety of collateral and adventitious circumstances which impede the progress of the main story. I have therefore thought myself at liberty to deviate in several instances from the course of the original, for the sake of maintaining the consistency and uniformity of the narrative.

Some apology I also think it necessary to make for the paraphrastic character of the translation. The truth is, the style of the German author is so perplexed and intricate, so loaded with metaphor and poetical imagery, and in many places so very harsh and obscure, that a literal English translation would be perfectly unintelligible. I am however persuaded, that if I have been compelled to desert my author in his language, I have faithfully adhered to him in his sense and meaning; and that, without having made any essential alteration in his

character, I have endeavoured to present him to the public in a more pleasing dress, and a form more likely to engage attention.

It may perhaps be said that the time for such a publication is gone by, and that the achievements of Hofer and his companions are forgotten,—but this is not so. It will be long indeed before the events of the revolutionary war, in which every power in Europe was more or less engaged, have ceased to excite a lively interest in our minds; although the storm is passed, we still listen with anxious solicitude to a recital of its ravages; and at all events it is impossible to contemplate the period, however remote, when the struggles of a virtuous and patriotic nation to recover its ancient and legitimate rights, shall cease to interest a free, loyal, and generous people.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various civilizations that have flourished on the earth, and the progress of human knowledge and art. He also touches upon the different religions and philosophies that have shaped the human mind.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the history of the British Empire, from its early beginnings in the sixteenth century to its greatest extent in the nineteenth century. The author describes the various colonies that were acquired, and the policies that were pursued towards them. He also discusses the role of the British Empire in the world, and its impact on the course of human events.

The third part of the book is a history of the United States of America, from its declaration of independence in 1776 to the present day. The author discusses the various events that have shaped the nation, and the progress of its institutions and society. He also touches upon the different political parties and movements that have influenced the course of American history.

The fourth part of the book is a history of the various nations and peoples of the world, from the ancient Egyptians and Greeks to the modern nations of the present day. The author discusses the different customs, languages, and religions of these peoples, and the progress of their civilization.

The fifth part of the book is a history of the various scientific discoveries and inventions that have shaped the modern world. The author discusses the progress of astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology, and the impact of these discoveries on human life.

The sixth part of the book is a history of the various literary and artistic movements that have shaped the human mind. The author discusses the progress of literature, art, and music, and the impact of these movements on the human soul.

The seventh part of the book is a history of the various social and political movements that have shaped the modern world. The author discusses the progress of the various movements, and the impact of these movements on the course of human events.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN every age, the passions of mankind—attempts to resist what cannot be avoided—unforeseen events—a distress, whether real or imaginary—have produced Political Revolutions. To whatever cause such convulsions are to be attributed, when the impulse is once given, thousands feel, think, and act as one man. With passions, perhaps, raging and tumultuous as the ocean in a storm, they become calm and silent when they hear the voice of their leader.—They follow blindly when he calls.—It appears then as if a whole people had but one will, and one power, one head, one heart, and one arm. And if no private ends of ambition or avarice are to be gratified, it is immaterial what may have been the origin or the circumstances of the person whom they choose for their guide. Birth, high station, or opulence, are not necessary to procure him adherents; the recollection

of former insignificance is lost in the admiration of present heroism.—Tell, the deliverer of Switzerland and the idol of his countrymen, was, a simple mountain shepherd—Gustavus Vasa was for a time, a miner—and Andrew Hofer, the renowned chief of the Tyrolese patriots, was the landlord of a village inn.

The character of this celebrated man,—his incorruptible honesty, his tenacious adherence to the religion and customs of his ancestors, and, above all, the piety and humility which he displayed during the success of 1809, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, give him the most indisputable claim to our admiration; nor will this admiration be diminished when we recollect the meanness of his origin, the little education he had received, and the confined circle in which his early life had been passed. We are not prepared by such recollections for the talent and firmness which he exhibited at a moment so unfortunate and yet so glorious for his country; or for the extraordinary skill and management by which he kept together his patriotic countrymen (with a degree of secrecy that appears almost incredible), even after peace was finally concluded between France and Austria.

For the better comprehension, however, of the conduct both of Hofer and his countrymen,

it will be necessary to take a brief view of the Tyrol—of its natural and political situation, and of its history in modern times.

The country now known by the name of the Tyrol, (a name derived originally from Teriolis, an ancient castle in the valley of Venosta,) was the ancient Vindelicia. At the destruction of the Roman empire it fell into the hands of the Goths, and afterwards became successively the property of the Lombards, the Franks, the Bavarians, and Austrians.

The whole country is divided into ten districts, and its population, including the bishopricks of Trent and Brixen, and the Vorarlberg, amounts to 700,000 souls. It is divided by three regular chains of mountains. The Brenner, which is situated between Innspruck and Sterzing, being as it were the centre from which they branch off. These mountains, though their summits are covered with perpetual snow, are notwithstanding rich in a great variety of natural productions—in many of the vallies corn is brought to great perfection, particularly in the Vintsgchau and Pusterthal, and in some of them are to be found chesnuts and vines, and the most delicious fruits of Italy.

During the interval between ancient and modern history, which is usually called “The

Middle Ages," the Tyrol was distributed amongst a variety of petty lords, spiritual and temporal, Italian and German. It was for the interest of the Emperors of Germany, that this state of things should continue: for so long as it subsisted, they could march their armies, whenever it was their wish to do so, both to and from Italy without opposition. In the time of Rodolph of Hapsburg, Mainhard, Count of Goerz and Tirol, was the first who gained ascendancy in this mountainous region. He appears to have been a person of distinguished abilities, and was one of the principal instruments in the elevation of Rodolph to the throne of the empire.

It is not easy at this day to ascertain the precise boundaries of Mainhard's possessions, nor is it worth while to make the attempt. It is sufficient for our purpose to know, that upon the death of Otho II. Duke of Bavaria, when his possessions were divided, the Tyrol, or at least a considerable portion of it, fell to the lot of Count Albert; that Mainhard afterwards obtained it by marriage; and that, in later times, Margaret, called Maultasch, or the great mouth, to whom the property had descended, and who had connected herself by two successive marriages, first with the Princes of Bavaria, and

then with the house of Austria, granted the reversion of her Tyrolese possessions to the Dukes of Austria. This grant was subsequently confirmed by Charles IV. and since that period this province has remained an appanage to the Austrian family. The princes of that house bearing the title of counts of Tyrol.

Of all the princes of that illustrious house, Frederic IV. son of Leopold II. who was killed at the battle of Sempach, appears to have been the first who understood the value, and exerted himself for the improvement of this interesting country. On attaining his majority, he received the Tyrol and its dependencies as his share of the patrimonial inheritance. He was early involved in a war which broke out between the Abbot of St. Gallen and the inhabitants of the canton of Appenzel, and from an auxiliary it was not long before he became a principal in the contest. During the greater part of his life indeed he seems to have been engaged in contests with one or other of his powerful neighbours, and it was not till after repeated defeats and grievous losses, that he became sensible of his error. He then seriously applied himself to the interior administration and government of the Tyrol, and to his exertions it was chiefly owing, that, in defiance of the opposition of the

Pope, the wealthy nobles and prelates, and some of the imperial cities, the Tyrolese were eventually enabled to establish a free constitution.

The form of this constitution resembled that which prevailed in most of the hereditary states of the house of Austria.*

As a source of revenue, the Tyrol was not at any time highly estimated by the Austrian government, although there can be no doubt that considerable profit was occasionally derived from the salt pits at Halle, and the mines of silver and copper at Schwarz; but the princes of that dynasty always looked upon it with higher and better feelings, as a possession for which their ancestors had successfully contended with powerful competitors, and which, in the independent spirit and generous loyalty of its inhabitants, at all events secured to them a firm and impregnable barrier on that side of their dominions.

* The college of the Land Captain consisted of a Land Captain, four Deputies of the estate of Prelates, who were the Provosts of Gneiss and Neustift; the Abbot of Stams and the Provost of St. Michael; four Deputies of the estate of Knights; the Deputies of the towns of Meran, Botzen, Innsbruck, Halle, and Sterzing; and the Deputies from the Judicatories and the Estate of Peasants. The Bishops of Trent and Brixen with their chapters were also members of the land captainship.

The Tyrol has indeed been emphatically called "The shield of Austria."

The Tyrolese in the mean time were devotedly attached to the house of Austria. Amidst the continual dissensions, and the frequent wars by which Europe has been distracted, their fidelity to that house continued unshaken.— Under its mild and temperate sway their ancient rights and privileges were preserved inviolate; even their prejudices were respected; and the natural consequence was, that, whilst other countries were agitated by a restless spirit of innovation and hostility to their existing governments, the Tyrolese remained tranquil and unmoved, desirous of no change, and perfectly satisfied with the freedom which they were permitted to enjoy. With these feelings, and with so decided an attachment to the government of Austria, it is not surprising that when they were transferred to the dominion of Bavaria, they should have felt so deeply the change which took place in their situation.

By the eighth article of the treaty of Presburg which was concluded in the year 1806, the Tyrol and Vorarlberg were given to Bavaria in exchange for the Dutchy of Wurtzburg, on the same conditions, and with the same rights only,

which Austria had possessed when they were subject to that government.

Thus a country which had continued under the dominion of the same power, during the space of four centuries and a half, was transferred to another by a foreign conqueror, without any public act of its own, any formal convocation of its Diet, or any customary homage offered or accepted on either side. It was solemnly promised indeed, by the court of Munich, that the ancient constitution of the Tyrolese should not be violated, that not an iota of it should be changed, that all their rights and immunities should be retained, and that their real interests should be as carefully protected by the Bavarian government as they had been by that of Austria. But all these specious promises were basely violated.

In fact the Bavarians did not understand the temper and character of their new subjects, and by the manner in which they treated them proved themselves unworthy of being their masters. Buonaparte himself did not scruple to avow this opinion to F. M. Count Bubna. "The Bavarians," he said, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese, and were not worthy to possess that noble country." It seemed, indeed,

as if it were the opinion of the court of Bavaria, that the safest and easiest mode of governing these mountaineers was to oppress, harass, and impoverish them. The system* of vexation which was adopted, irritated to madness a generous people, who were at all times easily controuled by gentleness and kindness; and we cannot wonder that the attachment to their ancient masters, which was so remarkable a feature in their character, should be converted into a deep and irreconcilable hatred of their new ones.

In this state of things, this brave and unfortunate people turned their eyes to the Archduke John, whom they had long looked upon as the patron of their country, and the mediator through whom all their complaints and wishes were to be carried to the Emperor. That prince, in his frequent excursions and rambles through the Tyrol, had become warmly attached to the spirited mountaineers. He had given it as his opinion, that the Tyrol might be made an im-

* The Constitution of Frederic which had lasted for so many ages, was entirely overthrown. The representative states were suppressed; the public funds seized, all ecclesiastical property confiscated; new taxes were levied daily, specie of course became scarce; and the Austrian bond bills were reduced to half their value.

pregnable fortress, and that by proper discipline its inhabitants might be formed into excellent troops; and if the plans which he suggested had been carried into effect, the battle of Austerlitz might not have been so fatal in its consequences. Unhappily he was not attended to.

It was not till the 11th of September, when the French were rapidly advancing from Boulogne towards the Rhine, that the necessity of taking some immediate steps to make amends for this neglect became evident. The Archduke was dispatched into the Tyrol, to repair in a few days the evil consequences of a long system of inattention. On the 10th of October, proclamations were issued to regulate the operations of the armies: on the 14th the surrender of Ulm was known at Elchingen; and at this critical moment the Archduke was recalled from the Tyrol.

It is impossible to account for that blind infatuation, which suffers party spirit, or court intrigues, to operate so far as to deprive a country of its only chance of safety in the hour of extreme peril; but so it was. The Archduke and the Tyrolese deputies separated at Brunnecken, mutually pledging themselves, whenever an opportunity should offer, to hazard every thing for the sake of restoring the Tyrol to its ancient possessors.

It appears that a constant correspondence was afterwards carried on between the Archduke and the Tyrolese patriots, till the very moment that their insurrection broke out. The proximity of the district of Salzburg, whose vallies extend into the heart of the Tyrol, contributed in a great degree to facilitate this intercourse. There can be no doubt that the patriots acted by the advice, and with the concurrence of the Archduke, but he was fated never to return to a people who were so fondly attached to him, and in whose defence, had he been left to himself, he would willingly have taken a most active part.

The character of the Tyrolese is peculiarly interesting. They possess an independent spirit, a love of liberty combined with a love of order, a generous frankness and loyalty, which at this day is rarely to be met with. In every country in Europe the poison of revolutionary principles has more or less contaminated and corrupted national character; but the Tyrolese still retain all their native energy and simplicity: like the inhabitants of all mountainous countries, they naturally acquire from their residences, and from the magnificence of the scenery by which they are surrounded, a habit of thought, reflexion and meditation; but their seriousness

does not degenerate into melancholy. They are naturally a cheerful people, and their cheerfulness is remarkably displayed in the rapture with which they pour forth their national melodies. Their mode of singing is peculiar, passing suddenly from the natural tones of a deep bass voice to the highest falsetto; it bears some resemblance to the horn of the Alpine shepherds.

The wild expression of their song discovers at once that it belongs to men accustomed to wander in the deepest solitudes, whose accents traversing the vallies are caught up and echoed by the herdsmen who inhabit the sides of the opposite mountains:

The Tyrolese are an industrious people: their industry of course acquires a stimulus from their poverty,—their wants, indeed, are few; but few and simple as they are, they could not be supplied without a constant exertion both of ingenuity and labour. They are excellent mechanics, of this numerous instances might be given; but they are not simply mechanics, for some of them have succeeded in those branches of mechanism which proceed from and illustrate the most recondite sciences. Among the most successful of those who have attempted the higher mechanical arts, the celebrated Pierre Anik may be mentioned, who, though a simple herdsman,

is become one of the best geographers in Germany, and has constructed a globe of wonderful perfection, which is to be seen in the castle of Innsbruck. Success in the science of mechanics seems, indeed, to be the simple result of innate genius. A man destitute of education, through the force of an observant and reflecting mind, may discover the secrets of nature and apply to purposes of practical utility the means of power and motion presented to him. In a country like the Tyrol, abounding in streams, the inhabitants must of necessity apply to their use the powers of the torrents and rivulets with which each cottage is surrounded. Thus the mountain torrents are seen to fall from step to step, conducted by wooden aqueducts formed in the rudest manner, but whose simple mechanism performs the most important functions of the household. The grinding of corn, the fabrication of oil, the sharpening of tools, the irrigation of meadows, all is performed by the streams, and by the mills which they set in motion. Each peasant has his mill, and having once obtained the disposal of his principle of action, he modifies it according to his industry and his wants.

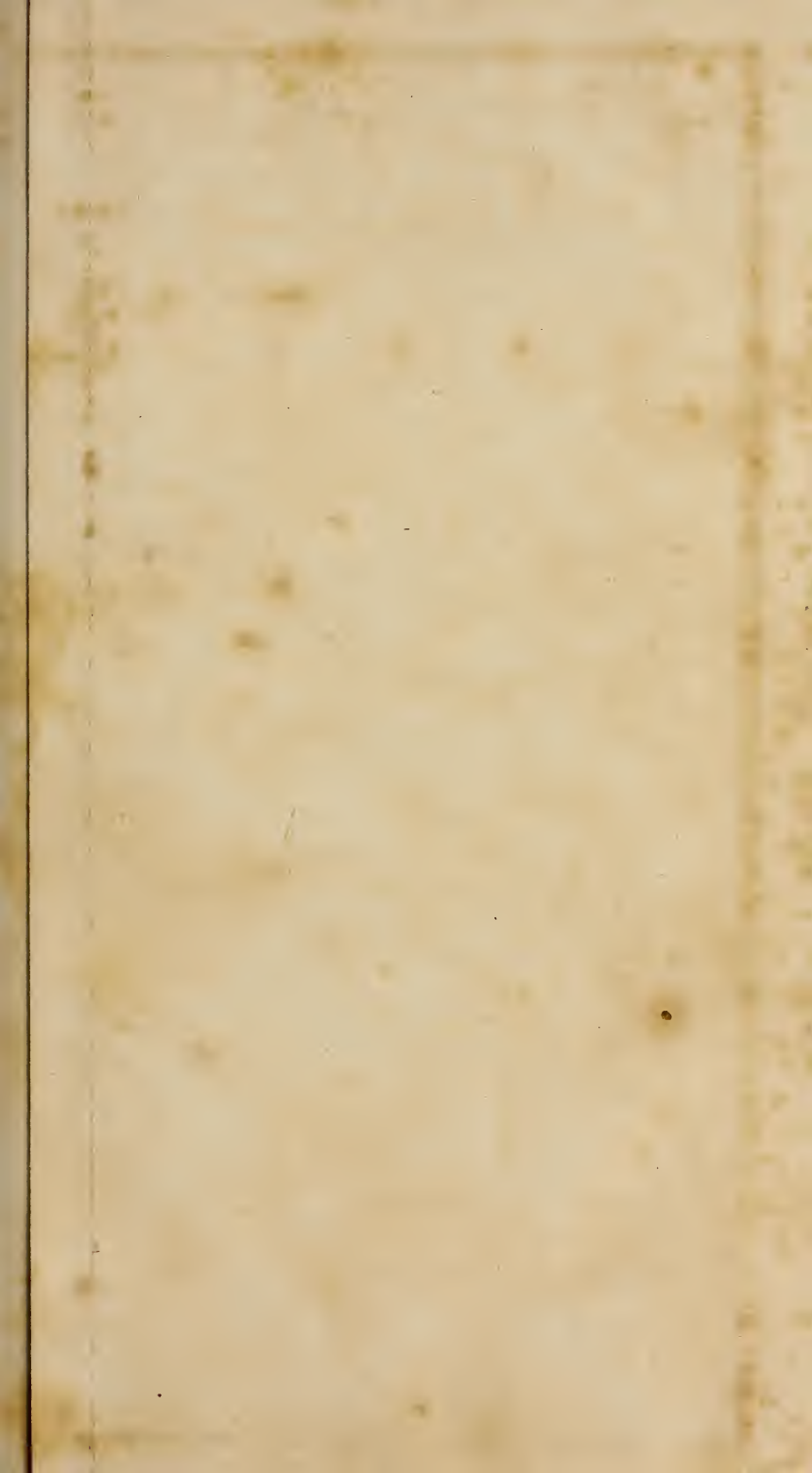
Happily the Tyrolese are once more placed under the dominion of their ancient sovereigns :

it must be the wish of every honest and patriotic mind that they should ever continue so. The nature of the country is admirably calculated to preserve its independence. Under the protection of his own impenetrable fastnesses, the hardy peasant is the best defender of the soil he cultivates; and if he avails himself with skill and promptitude of the advantageous positions which the narrow passes or defiles in his mountains afford him, an invading army may be repelled, not only by fire-arms, but by masses of stone rolled down from the heights under which it must necessarily pass. Experience*

* The following interesting account of Lefevre's expedition against the Tyrol was communicated by a Saxon officer, who was himself a witness of what he describes. "We had penetrated to Innsbruck," he says, "without great resistance, and although much was reported about the Tyrolese stationed upon and round the Brenner, we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels to have been dispersed by a short cannonade, and already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by small corps, which continued to fall back after an obstinate though short resistance: among others I perceived a man, full eighty years of age, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death among our ranks at every shot; upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud *Hurrah*, struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized the second, and with the ejaculation "*In God's name!*" precipitated himself with him into the abyss below. Marching

has proved that this method of defence will be often successful for a time, but it will not be permanently so, and if left entirely to themselves these bold mountaineers might again be compelled to yield to an enemy superior in numbers and military skill; but it is to be hoped that Austria will have profited by the lessons of experience, and that she will never again permit the most attached and faithful of her subjects to be sacrificed for want of that assistance, which it is both her interest and her duty to give them.

onwards we heard from the summit of a high rock.—“ *Stephen, shall I chop it off yet?*” to which a loud “ *Nay*” reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard over our heads “ *Hans! for the most Holy Trinity!*” Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed—“ *In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose above!*” and ere a minute had elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crushed, buried, and overwhelmed by an incredible heap of broken rock, stones and trees, hurled down upon us. *Annual Register for 1809.*



A
MAP
 of
THE TYROL
 for
The History of
ANDREW HOFER

20 Statute Miles
 5 German Miles



HISTORY
OF
ANDREW HOFER.

ANDREW HOFER was born on the 22d of November, 1767, at the village of St. Leonhard, in the valley of Passeyr;* his mother's maiden

* The Passeyrthal, or Pusterthal, appears from documents in possession of the counts of Eppan, in the early days of the Swabian Emperor, to have belonged to the ancient earls of Tyrol. Margaret Maultasch particularly favoured the inhabitants of this valley, and in the year 1363, a few days before the Tyrol became subject to Austria, gave them the right of pasture on both sides of the Etsch as far as Eisack, (from whence originated the famous trade in horses, which Hofer carried on, as his ancestors had done, with great success,) as well as the privilege of carrying salt, venison, and wine, over the Gaufen; forbidding them, at the same time, to be either molested or imprisoned within the limits of the bishopric of Trent and Brixen.

The valley itself is peculiarly romantic, and has been not

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name was Maria Aignetleiterin; his father, Joseph Höfer, kept an inn as his ancestors had done for time immemorial.

Hofer was in his forty-seventh year when the insurrection first broke out in the Tyrol; he was of Herculean make, with black eyes and brown hair—he stooped considerably, having been accustomed from his youth to carry heavy burthens over the mountains—in his ordinary walk his knees were bent, but his step though slow was firm—his voice was soft and pleasing—his countenance, though not generally animated, was expressive of great good-humour, particularly when he smiled; when he prayed, his eyes were raised to heaven with the humility and resignation of a Christian.

His education* was superior to that of the improperly called by Baron Hormayr the Tyrolean Switzerland; it extends from Lienz to Mulbach, a space of nearly ten miles; the lower part is fruitful in corn, but is made so by incredible labour and industry. Its inhabitants, like all mountaineers, are hardy, powerful and energetic, but not free from mistrust and superstition; remote from frequented cities, they have no opportunities of acquiring new ideas, but they cherish with greater fondness those which they have received by inheritance from their forefathers.

* As a proof that he was not deficient in knowledge, it may be remarked, that he was one of the Tyrolese representatives in the Diet of 1790, when the deputies of the Passeyrthal were not a little distinguished.

generality of people in his station of life; and from his frequent intercourse with travellers, as well as from the traffic which he carried on in wine and horses, he had acquired a competent knowledge of the Italian language which he spoke fluently, but in the Venetian dialect; he was popular through the whole country for his integrity, his unaffected religion, his attachment to ancient customs, and his dislike of all innovation.

He wore the dress of his country, with some trifling variation,—a large black hat with a broad brim, adorned with black ribbons, and a black curling feather—a short green coat, red waistcoat over which were green braces, a broad black girdle with a border—short black breeches with red or black stockings, and occasionally boots; he wore a small crucifix with a large silver medal of St. George—to which were afterwards added a large gold medal and chain sent him by the Emperor; it is not true that he ever received the cross of Maria Theresa, or obtained any rank in the Austrian army.

But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of Hofer was his long black beard which reached to his girdle, and which, particularly when he rode on horseback, had an extraordinary effect. It had been an ancient custom

for the innkeepers in these vallies to allow their beards to grow ; but Hofer had been principally induced to cherish his in consequence of a wager of two oxen which he had made with some of his friends.

In his disposition he was phlegmatic, fond of ease and tranquillity, averse from every new and rash proceeding, and only to be roused to action by his respect for the ancient customs of his native country. He was cheerful and good tempered, slow in decision, confined in his information, confused in his projects, superstitious like the rest of his countrymen, and accessible to the grossest flattery ; his head, indeed, was turned by his unexpected good fortune in being raised to a rank for which his own talents had not qualified him. He was easily urged to strong measures, the performance of which, however, was usually prevented by the natural mildness of his disposition ; and when his national pride or patriotism was roused, the unaffected manner in which he expressed himself appealed most powerfully to the feelings of his hearers. He was wholly destitute of dissimulation ; and generally convinced by the last speaker, especially when he had found the way to his heart. The mention of a victory gained by Austria, or in the cause of his native country—

an allusion to the old times of the Tyrol—an enthusiastic word in favour of the sacred person of the Emperor, or of the Archduke John, so dear to every Tyrolean—were appeals which had too powerful an effect on the feelings of Hofer; and he, who, according to the testimony of those who attended him, conducted himself in his last moments “*come un eroe Cristiano e martire intrepido,*” was for some time bathed in tears and unable to utter a word.

In personal courage Hofer was certainly not deficient, he has sufficiently proved it by the manner in which he exposed himself for the sake of his country; but though it may appear incredible it is a well known fact, that he never was in action but once during the whole of 1809, but was usually to be found (even during the two decisive battles near Innsbruck, on the 29th May, and the 12th of August) carousing in a public house. He was incapable of directing a march, attack, or indeed any disposition of his troops, although much might naturally have been expected from the complete knowledge which he possessed of the country; and, in allusion to the superstitious weakness of his character, he has been described leading his troops with a rosary in one hand, and a bottle in the other.

He had a great antipathy to night watching, and was particularly annoyed when business interrupted his conviviality. With Hormayr, (who was always actively employed, who devoted even his nights to business, and was never at rest until he had possessed himself of the most advantageous posts) Hofer was constantly at variance. Once, indeed, he had nearly paid dear for his devotion to the bottle. In the beginning of August, General Rouyer advanced with the Saxon contingent to Sterzing, and had already possessed himself of Gossensass, where Hofer had dined and was still sitting at table, before he could be prevailed on to move; till at last when part of the town was blown up, he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat from the back of the house without his hat, and with the greatest difficulty escaped by the Gasteig to Passeyr.

It will naturally be asked how, with these defects, Hofer could have acted the conspicuous part he did, or how he was able to obtain so completely the confidence of his countrymen? His having been chosen as deputy from his native valley to the Archduke John at Brunecken, in November, 1805; his journey to Vienna in January, 1809; the favour shown him in his conferences with the prince on that occasion,

and his early success against the Bavarians, when he defeated a strong body of troops at Sterzinger Moos; had excited much attention, and the Tyrolese already looked upon him as a man of consequence; but, for his elevation, he had certainly to thank Hormayr, who had been induced to select him as a leader, on account of his mild disposition and the honesty of his character; for at such a moment it was necessary that the enthusiasm of the people should be guided by chiefs chosen from amongst themselves, whose views were free from suspicion, and whose integrity could be relied on. To this end was Hofer chosen, and Hormayr could not have made a better choice; for although his head was not strong enough to bear his excess of good fortune, he was never known to abuse the powers he was entrusted with; he became the terror of his enemies, and the idol of his countrymen. The name of Hofer cannot be mentioned in the Tyrol to this day without tears of affection, and his deeds will be long remembered there with enthusiastic admiration.

The principal rival of Hofer in this glorious struggle, was Martin Teimer; he was Hofer's superior in talents and understanding, but never attained to that degree of popularity which he

enjoyed. He was born on the 14th of August, 1778, at Schlanders in the Vintschgaw, he was of the middle stature, and stooped a little—his countenance was bold and prepossessing, but expressive of great cunning, his forehead and chin prominent, his nose marked and handsome, and his eyes blue and piercing. When the Tyrol, which had enjoyed a peace of ninety-three years, was disturbed by Buonaparte in 1796, Teimer served in the militia, and raised himself from the rank of private soldier to that of Major, and on several occasions considerably distinguished himself; particularly at Fay and Zambana under Major General Baron Loudon, as well as at Botzen and the Castle of Maultasch, and in April 1799, at Scharlerjoch, in the memorable advance of F. M. Count Bellegarde to Engadein. In 1805 he was made captain of the newly organized militia in the Tyrol; and during the peace of 1806 kept a tobacco shop at Clagenfurt. His disposition, like Hofer's, was phlegmatic, and he was equally fond of ease and conviviality:—they were naturally jealous of each other, and in many instances, where, perhaps, unanimity might have been of essential service to the cause in which they were both engaged, their jealousy is said to have prevented the execution of several plans, which, had they

been completed, might eventually have added to their mutual glory. The old proverb,* “ Es ist nicht immer das nemliche, wenn zwey das nemliche thun !” has been applied to them.

In the middle of March, 1809, F. M. Chastelar left Clagenfurt, and Teimer was appointed chief of the peasants in the Upper Innthal, with whom he advanced to Innspruck, and on the morning of the 13th April, 8000 French and Bavarian troops surrendered to him at the village of Wiltau; for which he was afterwards rewarded with the title of Baron Von Wiltau, the rank of Major in the Austrian army, the cross of Maria Theresa and an estate.

It is, indeed, upon the whole, wonderful that the plan which had been so ably devised for the insurrection, should never have been discovered, never betrayed, either intentionally or by accident, before it actually took place. The secret, however, was nearly escaping more than once. Nossing of Botzen, who had accompanied Hofer to Vienna, talked about it very indiscreetly, and Graff, the banker at Botzen, profiting by the insight he had by this means gained into the intended operations, turned it to his own profit. This man, principally on account of the pecu-

* “ It is not always the same, when two do the same !”

niary assistance he gave to the cause, was created Baron, and afterwards, though perhaps undeservedly, decorated with the cross of Maria Theresa.

Towards the end of the month of March, Hormayr repaired to Gratz, where the Archduke John had his head-quarters, and from him received his final decision concerning the arrangements for the breaking out of the insurrection. From thence he hastened to F. M. Chastelar, who was at Clagenfurt, and had afterwards another interview with the Archduke at Villach, after which the following proclamation was issued.

“ To arms Tyroleans! to arms! The hour of deliverance is at hand. The beloved Emperor Francis, who has been for a time separated from you, is again given to you, and calls upon you to arm in the most holy cause—a cause which has deprived him of his best possessions, and which has threatened the Imperial House itself—a cause which after a long and treacherous peace stands forth like a rock in the deluge—the last, the only remaining defence of the liberty of Europe.

“ Now is the time either to draw your swords while Napoleon is occupied in another part of Europe in attempting to load the Spaniards with

a foreign yoke, or to wait till he has accomplished that project, and that he returns with renewed force against Austria, to crush that only remaining obstacle to his wish of universal power; has he not insolently announced this intention? has he not already called Joseph Buonaparte an Archduke of Austria and Count of Hapsburg?

“ The choice is made ! look up to us. Every thing is already in motion ; that our resolution may be not only immediately but powerfully executed—look around, see the power and alacrity that are on all sides displayed for the common cause—and be faithful to Austria! Already has the Archduke Charles swept the plains of Amberg, Wurzburg, Ostrack and Stockack, where within the space of a few days he gained repeated victories over the chief commanders of the enemy.—Already has he shown you on your frontiers the well known colours of black and gold.* You will see again at your head the beloved Archduke John, to whom every spot of ground from Scharnitz to Montebaldo, and from Kreuzburg to Tonal, is known and endeared ; whose greatest pride is to be yours entirely, and whose greatest pain is to be separated from you.

* The colours of Austria.

“ It is impossible that a separation like that of 1805 can again take place—a separation so bitterly felt.—Now is the moment on which depends the preservation or the complete destruction of the imperial dominions.—On the Tyrolese Alps, called by Maximilian I. and Charles the V. the shield and heart of Austria, have the ancient princes of our House built their hopes. There also we build our own.

“ The unlucky peace of Presburg (read it, brethren, and see if you can discover one article that France and her confederates have not broken and despised) has broken the link that connected the Tyrol with Austria during the space of 443 years. The Tyrol was surrendered, but not abandoned to the lawless will of an irritated conqueror, or to the mercy of a heartless master;—no, even in this painful moment we gloried in ‘ your ancient fidelity to Austria ;’ our care was to prevent all division and distribution of lands, and to secure the ancient rights of your constitution and country.

“ With the reserve of all her ancient rights and liberty, the Tyrol became in 1363 the property of Austria. This contract between the princes of Austria and the people of the Tyrol has been rendered sacred by innumerable circumstances and agreements.

“ Under the same restrictions, and with the

same rights and titles only, did the Emperor surrender the Tyrol; and these stipulations were made in the 8th article of the peace of Presburg. This last care for his departing lands (since he received the signed treaty at Holitsch, on the 29th of December, 1805) has been the only solace of his tedious hours.

“The Royal Bavarian proclamation of the 14th January, 1806, declared that ‘the Tyrolese should not only retain their ancient rights and liberty, but that their welfare should be promoted in every possible manner, and that their wishes should be listened to with the greatest attention.

“Many times were the words which the king himself addressed to the deputies repeated, and even printed, that “*no iota of the constitution should be changed,*”—that he honoured the grief which the Tyrolese expressed for the loss of their ancient masters, but that he hoped by his constant care and attention to their wishes to make himself equally regretted by them.

“How your honest hearts rejoiced at this royal promise on the conclusion of the peace, and yet at the end of a few months where was your constitution?—your rights or your liberty? Where was the promised attention to your welfare?—these liberties so bravely defended;

those possessions which had been the rewards of your fidelity, and which had for centuries remained unpolluted, and undisturbed; the decrees of our public Diet, or the more limited assembly of our fathers? Where are your brothers and countrymen—what is become of them?—despised and neglected they have been forgotten by your oppressors, but from your memory they can never be obliterated! Clergymen, ministers of altars, you have been the first objects of their fierce attack. This was their plan, and alas, what has been the result?—When a whole nation has been deprived of its liberty and its name, when its courage and magnanimity give way to a tame indifference and servile submission, can there be found a better moment to strike the blow and crush it at once and for ever;—this was their idea.

“ But God be praised they have been deceived, they are yet ignorant of any internal revolt; if without assistance they should venture to oppose the power of the mountaineers they would only augment the evil. The Tyrolese have beheld with bitter feelings their abbeys and monasteries destroyed, the property of their churches stolen and carried away, their bishops and priests exiled, their churches profaned, and their chalices sold to Jews. They see

the Bavarians, and their yet more contemptible colleagues, still eager to continue their work of destruction and careless of the consequences.

“ A higher power has withheld the just anger of the Tyrolese until they were ripe for vengeance—until the hour of deliverance was come.—It is now come!—Now is the time for you—for your clergy first to come forward to revenge the indignities offered to the house of the Lord, and to pour forth your vengeance from the pulpit and the altar; lay your hands upon your hearts, and say, is it not a holy cause for which we exhort you to rouse yourselves? Is it not the cause of faith—the cause of liberty? Even Buonaparte himself knows your power and spirit; even he (who keeps the Holy chief of the church in severe and painful imprisonment, and who is indefatigably employed in all parts of the world,) acknowledges it; he has experienced and knows what a war with an irritated and courageous people is, and trembles at it. He will soon forbid the use of the Scripture and the Talmud in Europe, and replace them by the Alcoran of Egypt, with which he may sin on unpunished. The family of Antiochus is not extinct.

“ Your knights and nobles, who, before the institution of the tributary law, were all our

equals, who were the gem of that once honourable constitution, who were never a source of expense to their country or desired more than an honourable name, are all destroyed. Even there the Bavarians envy and wish you to prove your title to a nobility which has endured for more than a century, wish to institute a new one as if nothing was valid but what came from them, and as if they could create a patent of nobility which is of so old a date.

“ Your cities and your courts of justice ! industrious citizens and tradespeople !— pious, honest peasants !—what is become of you whose interests have been sacrificed, and whose commerce with Italy has been destroyed ; and you whose brothers and sons were accustomed to cultivate your vines and till your fields, who, now subject to the conscription, are hurried, away to fight against Austria, your ancient and lawful master, or to Spain, or against Russia, or Prussia, where your German brethren have already spilt so much blood, and whose only reward has been scorn and contempt.

“ The Bavarians have despised the bank bills of Austria ; but without them they cannot find credit ; they have rid you of this evil with the loss of half your property, occasioned by the scarcity of money—have imposed heavy taxes

upon you, and have no mercy upon those who were unable to pay them.—On this account many oppressed landholders have been compelled to quit their homes and the lands which they had cultivated, and earn a subsistence as day labourers, or reduced to depend on the generosity of those who were able to assist them; but from this moment the Austrian notes shall not be chargeable to you, which is a proof of what Austria hopes from you, and of what she is ready to sacrifice to replace so noble a pearl in the imperial crown.

“Tyroleans! Tyroleans! how can you brook the loss of a name to which you once clung so firmly. After the destruction of all your rights and laws, your name, once so glorious, so highly prized, is taken from you, as if you had committed some heinous crime, and that they wished thus to punish it, that, for ages to come, your children might recollect the crimes of their fathers.

“The Tyrol is now divided and called by the names of the rivers, whose waters are as destitute of colour and taste, as you are of life and spirit to oppose the treatment you have met with.

“Compare with this wretched state—without constitution, without power, without liberty, and without a name, the former prosperity you

enjoyed under the princes of Austria—recollect the constitution formed by Frederick II.—the warm attachment of the great Maximilian—the attention of Charles V.—the anxiety for your welfare shown by the Archduke Ferdinand and Maximilian, Master of the Teutonic Order. Recollect that vigorous defence of your possessions at Claudia against the French, the Swedes, and the malcontents.—Were the Bavarians more irresistible at Strub and Iglau than in the ever memorable year, 1703, when the victorious Max. Emanuel commanded in our vallies? Are Napoleon's Generals greater heroes than Catinat and Vendome, whose glory in those days resounded through our mountains? Ask your fathers how the great Theresa defended her rights against half of Europe. Do you recollect the deeds of Joseph himself and the dangers he has withstood under France, under the protection of Austria, which have served to perpetuate his glory.

“ When you recollect all this—when you recollect the treacherous conduct of the Bavarians, in not adhering to the conditions of the Treaty, and the manner in which they broke all the promises they had made—when you recollect that you have never taken the oath of allegiance to them—you will have no other thought, and your

tongue will alone be able to pronounce the word 'Deliverance.'"

Besides this proclamation, the following is an extract from one, which, though much shorter, was infinitely more popular.

"Well, then, be brave, be unanimous—it is necessary for the redemption of your country. Powder and shot shall be the food of your enemies; they will find a surer way to their hearts than your prayers or your misfortunes have. We will oppose them with arms and the ancient Tyrolese courage. Every thing else may the enemy plunder—we promise you compensation and vengeance for it. He is a traitor and a coward who deserts to their standard. In the fields, the forests and the mountains which God hath given you—where your children have sought refuge from oppression, we, your saviours, are at hand to receive you with open arms, and to bring you in a few days back to your homes. Take care that you are prepared, as the Austrians are within your frontiers—but be cautious and let not idle reports deceive you. Brave not openly the power of your enemies, but let them not gain the heights; there you must remain masters, to keep them day and night in perpetual anxiety and to harrass them by constant skirmishes. Cut off all their communications, that,

deprived of provisions and intelligence, they may become alarmed and fly before you. As soon as you see the Austrians at your frontiers, announce the joyous intelligence throughout the whole country by beacon fires and alarm bells. Young and old to arms! for the Emperor and your native country—for your liberty and welfare—your deliverance.”

The following proclamation of the Archduke John made an extraordinary impression:—

“Tyroleans! I am come to keep the promise I made on the 4th November, 1805—that the time would certainly come when I should have the joy of again finding myself amongst you.

“Recollect the promises which you made me when I took leave of your deputies at Brunecken, which we were then not able to put in execution, not from your fault or mine, but on account of the unprecedented misfortunes that befel us—The peace of Presburg was the cause of all these disasters—it broke the tie which had connected you with Austria for five hundred years—but even then the Tyrol would not be separated from the Government of Austria, although the new kingdom of Bavaria was desirous to augment its power by the acquisition of so valuable a possession.—Even the father of your country recollected his beloved children, with the greatest

affection and with the ancient fidelity of Austria He stipulated that the Tyrol should remain undivided—that it should retain all its rights and liberties, its constitution, its tributary law—in a word,

“That, in the same manner and with the same rights and titles with which the Emperor had possessed it, it should be made over to Bavaria, and not otherwise.

“These were the stipulations made—these which the faithful deputies urged in the most touching manner to my brother the Emperor in their audience of the 14th of December, 1806—and the Emperor felt assured at the solemn and public manner in which his conditions were acknowledged by Bavaria, which their deputies confirmed.

“The conditions of the surrender were delivered at Innsbruck on the 10th April, 1806, and the treaty was made public in the beginning of June, without answering, however, any of your demands, which were avoided under various frivolous pretences, in a manner not only unfriendly but actually cruel, that they might not witness the continued violation of the treaty, which, instead of preserving, served only to banish from the Tyrolese all recollection of their former prosperity.

“ This article of the peace of Presburg the Bavarians have kept as they have kept all others. How the Emperor has permitted his honest people to maintain this peace all the world knows, and our enemies know better than any body.

“ The Imperial Court must and will lay its just and numberless complaints before the tribunal of the world. It will justify its patience and long forbearance, and to avoid the last overwhelming stroke, it will struggle for its defence.

“ Why is the war a holy one? Why is it necessary, and ought to be general? Why is it carried on?—Because so great a power cannot be opposed alone, and therefore every body ought to be unanimous and assist the cause—because the restoration of rights and liberty is to be gained if attempted—because neither Germans nor Hungarians, nor Bohemians ought to be obliged to sacrifice their own honour and prosperity, or to spill their blood as the blind instruments of an avaricious government, to be forced against their will to invade Russia or Turkey, or to conquer the less powerful kingdoms of the world. For these reasons it ought to be carried on.

“ The ultimate object of our cause is of the greatest importance, therefore let our courage

and strength be great. The danger of the brave is always less than that of the coward—it is not the pursuer but the fugitive that falls.

“ We have an enemy to oppose whose power until this day nothing has been able to withstand; it has been every where victorious where it has not found unanimity, indefatigable ardour, and firm perseverance to oppose it—with these, nothing is impossible. We possess this firmness and courage; the same feeling pervades every mind. Every thing is prepared for war, and those who are unable to carry arms assist us with their good advice.

“ Austria has sustained many dangers, and has been victorious, the present is the greatest of them all; but there was never such unanimity, such ardour in every heart. Austria is at hand with a great power. Their courage is doubled by the presence of the Emperor himself—at their head stands the conqueror of Wurzburg and Stockack, who is known and loved by every German, and in whom they place the greatest confidence.

“ In a moment of such consequence to our faithful combined power, in the midst of the ardour for the holiest cause for which sword was ever drawn, I plant the Austrian eagle in the

earth of the Tyrol, in which so many of my glorious ancestors repose.

“ In this eventful moment, when the ancient prosperity of the Hapsburgs is returning to us, I recall, as Duke Ferdinand did, 933 years ago, the nobles, the prelates, the citizens, and the peasants to the foot of that throne, which to them has always been a place of solace and assistance.

“ The dispositions which the present situation of affairs demands, are stated in a public order issued by me. Arms, and the old Tyrolese courage, to gain the restitution of your rights is all you desire, instead of misery and oppression; and your honour as well as your welfare requires it.

“ This proclamation will bring back to you the recollection of those days when twelve years ago the enemy under Joubert was by your courage defeated at Spinges, Jenesien, and Botzen, and obliged to fly the country. This moment enables you to play the principal part in the holy cause; and would it be possible, Tyroleans, for you not to wish to do so.

“ Tyroleans! I know you; I am no stranger to your vallies or mountains—I am confident that you will realize the hopes of your fathers and our highest expectations.

“ ARCHDUKE JOHN.”

It would be difficult to describe the impression which this and other proclamations of a similar kind made on the minds of the enthusiastic Tyrolese. Their ardour seemed to redouble, and thousands flocked to the standards of their patriotic chiefs, determined to conquer or to die in the holy cause.

The night* of the 8th of April was fixed for the event on which depended the destiny of the Tyrol. It was a dark gloomy night, but towards morning the weather cleared up, and promised a fine day. Chastelar and Hormayr passed an anxious night in riding through the troops, to give the necessary orders for the intended movements, and to see that every thing was in a state of preparation. The stillness of the night was alone broken by the heavy tread of the advancing troops, the rattling of the ammunition waggons and great guns, and the cheerful voices of the bivouacers.

At three o'clock in the morning the advanced guard, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Goldlin of the chasseurs, was in motion. Chastelar and Hormayr then harangued their followers, and encouraged the ardour and eager-

* The signal was given by throwing saw-dust into the Inn, which floated down, and was soon discovered and understood by the peasants.

ness with which they seemed to prepare for their duties; and in a few hours, to the great joy of the Tyrolese, the thunder of distant guns and the tumultuous din of alarm bells resounded through the vallies.

In the mean time, Chastelar with his division advanced up the the Drauthal, and F. M. Jella-chich, who was in Salzburg, commanded Lieutenant Colonel Baron Taxis to advance from Oberpinzgau and Zillenthal up the Innthal to Innspruck, with a detachment of chasseurs, and of the O'Reilly light horse, in order to join Chastelar over the mountains. At break of day, innumerable fires were discovered on the heights, signals to the people that the work of deliverance was begun—they were in a moment understood, and the whole country was in a state of insurrection from one end to the other.

The Bavarian troops overcome with astonishment at the suddenness of the event, knew not which way to turn: every thing was in a state of hurry and tumult. A column of French troops, three thousand strong, who were on their march from Mantua to Augsburg, were taken by surprise and panic struck, and after a short but determined resistance, were entirely defeated by the peasants, and captured, together with all their colours, eagles and guns.

Hofer and Teimer were in the mean time in the valley of Passeyr. During the night of the 8th of April, the following order was issued by them to be distributed amongst the confederates :—

PUBLIC ORDER.

“ On the 9th of April, General Hiler advanced by forced marches from Salzburg into the Oberinntal, and F. M. General Chastelar from Carinthia to the Pusterthal. On the 11th or 12th the former will arrive at Innsbruck and the latter at Brixen.

The Mulbach Clause will, by order of his Royal Highness the Archduke John, be occupied by the Pusterthal peasants, and the Kuntersweg by the Rittnern, that all those which march out of Botzen and Brixen may be headed, and that we may be possessed of the strongest and most important position before the Bavarians fly from Brixen to Botzen, then nothing will be able to pass. Kolbe, by order of the Archduke, is to command at Kuntersweg and to take care of such prisoners as may fall into his hands, and to protect the persons and papers of those Bavarian officers who have been distinguished for their inveteracy against the Austrian government and the Tyrol, from all injury and

ill treatment; but on no pretence whatever to allow them to proceed from Ritten to Botzen. The pay of the men will be increased as soon as the Archduke John and General Chastelar arrive, and the officers will receive their pay, as well at Kaltern and throughout that district, as at Salurn and Neumarkt. At Kaltern, Joseph Morandel is chosen commander by the Archduke, and has received orders what to do. Count Arzt commands at Nonsburg, and Baron Hormayr is Commissary General.

“ Given at Sand, in Passeyr, on the 9th of April, 1809.

“ MARTIN TEIMER.

“ ANDREW HOFER, *Publican.*”

After the publication of this order, Teimer hastened over the mountains to Oberinntal, in order to assist the Austrian troops that were entering in that quarter, and to cut off the communications of the Bavarians; and Hofer, with from 4 to 5,000 men, consisting of peasants from the valley of Passeyr, Algund, Meran, &c. who increased in numbers as he went, advanced over the Gaufen to Sterzing, to meet the enemy from Brixen.

The 8th division of the Austrian army, which was to assist the operations of the Tyrolese under

the command of F. M. General Chastelar, consisted of three battalions of Hohenlohe and Bartenstein infantry, three of Lusignan, one battalion of the 9th Chasseurs, three squadrons of Hohenzollern light horse, together with the country militia, consisting of three battalions from Clagenfurt, two from Villach, two from Judenburg, and two from Bruck; forming in the whole sixteen battalions of foot and three squadrons of horse. This force, however, was very deficient in cavalry, and to that deficiency may be attributed its frequent failure.

The advance of Chastelar and Hormayr through the Pusterthal resembled rather the triumph of a victorious army than the march of one about to meet its enemies. They were every where received with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy—the village bells rang as they passed, and men, women, and children of all ages flocked in crowds to greet and cheer them by their acclamations. Mothers brought their children to look at them, and blind old men were led out of their cottages that they might hear, and bless their gallant countrymen. All endeavoured to get near, that they might shake hands with them, touch their clothes, or even kiss their horses.

Between Lienz and Sillian, on the evening of

the 10th of April, they received news of the attempt of the Bavarians on the bridge of St. Lorenzen near Brunecken, which had compelled the Tyrolese to commence hostilities there six-and-thirty hours sooner than was originally intended. Wrede and Donnersberg had advanced with a squadron of dragoons, two battalions of light infantry, and three guns, from Brixen, with a view to quell the insurrection, and by destroying the bridges to delay the advance of the Austrians, On the arrival of this intelligence the advanced guard was ordered, in the greatest hurry, to hasten forward with a detachment of chasseurs and light infantry to the assistance of the Tyrolese. Chastelar and Hormayr put themselves at the head of the Hohenzollern light horse and set off at a full trot to the Mulbacher Clause and the heights of Schabs, which was the centre of military operations in the Tyrol.

A strong detachment of the French column we have before mentioned, had joined the Bavarians, and had taken their position in the Eisackthal on the main road between Brixen Clause and the bridge of Laditch.* At the

* The bridge of Laditch was formed of a single arch, suspended between two tremendous rocks, over the road from Innspruck to Italy and the Pusterthal—in old times criminals were executed here, *AD PONTEM PENDENTEM*.

beginning of the action with the Tyrolese they attempted to break their line by a continued fire, but for some time met with no success; the Tyrolese stood their ground firmly in spite of repeated and violent attacks.—Towards evening, however, the French were reinforced by about 1000 foot and 600 horse, and then only the Tyrolese, overpowered by numbers, began to give way.

At this critical moment Lieutenant Colonel Gerarhdi appeared on the heights of Schabs with seventy of the Hohenzollern light horse and 200 chasseurs, who immediately charged the enemy, shouting as they charged. For some minutes the firing ceased—the Tyrolese broke out immediately into expressions of joy, some threw away their arms, some fell on their knees to return thanks, while others embraced the Austrians with tears in their eyes, calling them brothers.

The Bavarians, who were astonished at the sudden and unexpected arrival of this reinforcement, retreated in the greatest disorder, and were pursued towards Sterzing with a considerable loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners. General Lemoine with about 2,000 French fled in the opposite direction, towards Botzen, in

spite of General Bisson, who did all in his power to encourage and rally them, and was taken prisoner with all his men at Botzen.

Hofer, with his *Landsturm*, appeared on the heights above Sterzing, in the night of the 10th of April, and would have hastened to the assistance of his countrymen at Brixen, but unhappily he was completely surrounded by the enemy. The Bavarians attacked him on the following morning, opening their fire upon his party on the plains of Sterzing Moos; but the Tyrolese sharpshooters, who were sheltered by rocks, made dreadful havoc amongst them, and the artillery-men were several times shot away from their guns. At length the Tyrolese made a desperate charge, armed with spears, pitchforks, and any implement of offence they could collect, rushed upon the Bavarians like a torrent; while others, who were stationed on the heights, hurled huge masses of rocks and trees upon those beneath. After a desperate struggle which lasted for some time, the Bavarians gave way, and having lost several of their best officers, and above 240 men killed and wounded, threw down their arms and surrendered. About 580 prisoners were conducted, immediately after the action, to Baron Sternach's castle at Wolfs-

thrun, (a league distant from the field of battle), overhanging the main road from Sterzing.*

Hofer at this moment received intelligence, that the French column, under the command of Generals Bisson and Lemoine, which had marched from Mantua, had joined the Bavarians near Brixen; that the peasants had prevented the destruction of the bridges of Laditch and St. Lorenzen, and that Chastelar had hastened up Pusterthal to their assistance; orders were therefore immediately issued for a pursuit, so that the peasants of the Innthal might attack them in the front at the same time that the peasants of the Whippthal attacked their rear.

A detachment, with one squadron of Bavarian light dragoons, and some Barenklau infantry, under the command of Wrede and Donnersberg, began their march from Sterzing to Innsbruck over the Stellenberg and Brenner, but were much harassed in the narrow pass of Lueg by the peasants, who had taken their stations among the surrounding rocks. Their progress was also constantly impeded by immense heaps of trees thrown across the road, by bridges broken down

* During this action, a female peasant was seen in the thickest of the fight encouraging the men, and herself hurling stones at the enemy.

and destroyed. In the mean time they committed every sort of excess during their march, plundering and maltreating every one they met; a conduct which did not produce the effect they intended—that of intimidating the peasants—but rather augmented that angry feeling which was already sufficiently strong, and gave a more decided character to their hatred of their oppressors.

During these proceedings the following letter from Chastelar was printed, and distributed throughout the country.

“ Brave Tyroleans! I am already in the midst of you. My troops have taken up their position near Brixen and on the heights of Schabs, by which means all communication between the enemy and Italy is prevented. I have, at the same time, dispatched a strong division of horse and foot, and a supply of ammunition, over the Brenner to your assistance. Another division has marched towards Botzen. Remain, therefore, for the present at your posts, that you may cover my flank.

“ The capital will probably by this time be in possession of the advanced troops of Field Marshal Jellachich’s division from Salzburg. On the first news of your being engaged with the

enemy, which I received when I was yet far from you, I hastened to your assistance, marching day and night.

“ My march from the borders of Carinthia, through Lienz to Brixen, has been performed without halting, which proves how your ardour and courage have inspired my troops, and how eagerly they desire to become brothers of the brave Tyrolese.

“ Your prisoners, who have witnessed your intrepidity, shall be pledges for your personal security, they shall suffer if the horrors which the Bavarians have committed within these few days at Mauis, Sterzing, and Gossensas, are repeated.

“ These days will be perpetuated in the history of the Tyrol. Your names will be handed down to your posterity, and your children will glory in the deeds of their fathers. You will realize the high expectations which the beloved Archduke John has formed of you.

“ Tyroleans! trust me, as I trust you.—Persevere and be courageous. In a few days the great work will be performed, and we shall have effected your deliverance !!

“ MARQUIS CHASTELAR, *Field Marshal.*

“ *Muhlbach, 12th April, 1809.*”

From the enthusiasm displayed by the peasants, and the hatred which they manifested of the Bavarians, when the advanced guard of the Austrian army appeared before Brixen, it was feared they would commit some excess, and Hormayr immediately issued the following proclamation to tranquillize them.

“ Faithful Tyroleans ! so true to your religion and so attached to your native country, the greatest pride of my heart is to be your countryman, and the happiest moment of my life is that in which I am able to take a part in your deliverance.

“ Yes, you have proved yourselves worthy to be free, you have proved that you deserve that constitution which existed while the Tyrol belonged to Austria, but which has been despised and destroyed since the Emperor Francis has ceased to extend his sceptre over the beloved Tyrol.

“ You have proved yourselves worthy to be free, do not, therefore, give way to your indignation and become ungovernable, but act with unanimity and coolness, determined to die or to be free.

“ To injure the feeble is contemptible :—No Tyrolean will allow himself to be accused of such a deed—to follow the example of those

who have nothing to lose, who molest and plunder the peaceful and inoffensive, would inevitably sow the seeds of discord and disunion amongst us and ruin our cause.

“ I know the deeds of your fathers, our rights and liberties—I have written the history of my native country, and I will try to merit a place in it myself;—but without discipline, order and obedience, nothing will prosper;—I command you, in the name of the Emperor, to be tranquil, and will punish all those who disobey his orders.—In the name of the beloved Archduke John, in that of Chastelar, the brave leaders of the Austrian army, your saviours—I shall treat the first person who creates disturbance, or commits excesses, as an enemy to the country—his strength is to be used only in its defence.”

“ JOSEPH BARON HORMAYR,

“ Intendant of the Emperor.”

Brixen, 13th April, 1809.

On the 10th of April the peasants of the Innthal rushed to arms.—The signal was given that all was ready for the commencement of hostilities, and women and children were employed to carry about and distribute papers on which were written, “ S’ist zeit.”—It is time!

On the morning of the 11th, more than 20,000 men were collected on the height above Inn-

spruck, and the Bavarian piquets at Martinswand, Arams, Komaten and Berg Isel, retreated towards the city ;—all the roads on which it was possible for the enemy to find an outlet were broken up, and barricades of trees piled across them. The bridges were destroyed, and every measure taken to prevent their escape. The enemy, meanwhile, placed guns on the two bridges of the Inn, and took up the most advantageous positions of defence that could be found.

Early in the morning of the same day the fire was opened with great violence, and a strong body of peasants, armed with muskets and long poles with bayonets fixed to them, possessed themselves of the bridge of Mohlauer.

The Bavarians, who were stationed on the upper bridge of the Inn, could not withstand the impetuosity of the Tyrolese, and were speedily dislodged and killed at their guns before they had time to discharge them. The peasants rushed on, waving their hats and shouting “ Long live the Emperor Francis—down with the Bavarians,” and completely routed them. In the narrow part of the road to Hotting, many of the enemy were struck down by the butt-ends of muskets, while others were thrown over the bridge into the water and drowned ; all that could escape, retreated hastily into the city,

where they were closely followed by the Tyrolese who thronged in numbers through the gates. The city was garrisoned by the regiment of Kinkel, one squadron of cavalry and some detachments of light infantry.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning ;—the tumult and confusion became general.—The Bavarians, who had stationed themselves on the tops of the houses and at the windows, could not withstand the incessant irregular fire of the peasants, soon abandoned their posts, threw down their arms in the streets, and begged for mercy ; but in the last extremity many of them defended themselves with the greatest intrepidity, and those who were stationed at the barracks stood their ground to the last man. Colonel Dittfurt was everywhere encouraging, entreating, and menacing his men, in the same breath, and fighting in the most desperate manner, as if he thought every thing depended on the fate of the day.

The Tyrolese were in possession of the house of the Commander in Chief (Kinkel) and were pressing him to surrender, when Dittfurt, who had already received two wounds in his body, came up and attacked them alone sword in hand—a third ball struck him in the breast, and as he sunk on his knees a stream of blood gushed

from his mouth;—as some peasants came to take him prisoner, he raised himself up, and called faintly to his men to come on and not to be cowards, when he received a fourth ball in his head and fell senseless.—A few minutes afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Spansky was shot dead from his horse at the corner of a street, and the main body of infantry threw down their arms.

The cavalry, who, in the beginning of the fight, had done the most execution, were at length thrown into disorder. The Tyrolese, as soon as they saw them approaching, dispersed; at the same time keeping up an irregular fire, which made dreadful havoc, without their being able to revenge it.—On the surrender of the infantry they were panic struck, and, finding none to support them, fled in all directions, regardless of the entreaties of their officers;—some rode furiously about the streets not knowing which way to turn, while others stood motionless, apparently disregarding their fate.—In this moment of confusion the Tyrolese rushed upon them, and forcing them with their pitch-forks to dismount, got upon their horses.

This Dittfurt, supported by three other men, was supposed to have been the principal cause of separating the Tyrol from Austria. Hoffstetten

and Wieg, Circle Directors, and Count Welsberg, Commissary General of Etsch Circle, were the persons alluded to.

Hoffstetten, the first of these, the Bavarian agent in the Bertholdsgaden, had always been noted for the immorality of his life;—like the Parolles of Shakespeare, he was a mixture of vanity and ignorance, of real cowardice and affected bravery. He was known as Circle Captain of the district of Pusterthal, and in that capacity had gained universal hatred; he was entirely under the influence of an abandoned woman who was the chief depository of all his secrets, and through whom the Austrian emissaries found it no difficult matter to procure access to him.

Wieg was a man of great spirit, prudence, and activity, and of acknowledged rectitude;—he was twice sent upon a secret mission to Vienna, in 1799 and 1805. This mission was ostensibly under the direction of the Baron Gravenreuth, who himself was merely an instrument of Comte d'Antraigues and the Swedish Ambassador, General Armfeldt, whose intrigues were the principal cause of that bad understanding between the Courts of Austria and Bavaria, which has been attended with such disastrous consequences not only to Germany, but to the

whole of Europe.—Wieg came to the Tyrol full of the ideas which he had acquired in this school, though not all congenial to the feelings of those simple minded peasants.

Count Welsberg was not destitute of talents, but was without energy; disappointed ambition seems to have been the principal motive for his conduct; he was of high rank, and had filled eminent stations, but failing in some object which he was anxious to carry, he refused from pique what was his due—what his ancestors had enjoyed before him, and what he would certainly have obtained;—he broke off suddenly his negociations with the Court of Austria, and in a fit of anger and resentment, exerted all his faculties in opposition to it.

Dittfurt, the fourth of these opponents of Austria, first distinguished himself in the valley of Fiemme (*Fleims Thal*), where the peasants first manifested a determination to resist the new system of recruiting at that time adopted.—Dittfurt, then Lieutenant Colonel, was sent against them in January 1809, with his troop; and in spite of the resistance of the civil commissary Riccabona, he committed excesses which increased instead of allaying the irritation of the people; proud of an easy victory, he hastened with Wieg to Munich, where he was

immediately promoted.—He boasted publicly “that with his regiment and two squadrons he could check the ragged mob.”—This produced confidence at Munich; in spite of which, however, the Commander in Chief of the Bavarians gave orders, in the night of the 11th April, 1809, for active operations.*

* Letter from General Kinkel to the Bavarian Lieutenant Colonel Wrede, at Brixen.

“Since the arrival of the last letter of the Lieutenant Colonel, we have received an account of the carrying of the bridge of St. Lorenzen, which, however, appears not to have been as yet necessary, and, at all events, we think that a day on which the country people are usually accustomed to assemble was ill chosen for such an undertaking.

“It is necessary that the post at Brunecken should be retaken, for the furtherance of Military operations, because by this means a situation will be possessed that will enable us to witness the consequences of the Levée-en-masse of the hostile troops of peasants. The Lieutenant Colonel will, therefore, on the receipt of this letter, make such dispositions as will put him in possession of the post at Brunecken within twenty-four hours;—one, or, at most, two companies will be sufficient for such an undertaking.—To ensure the safe retreat of this detachment, it would be advisable to take up another position at Mulbach and Neustift, and a party must defend the Hermitage at Mulbach.—As soon as the post at Brunecken is retaken, a strong patrole must be sent forward to Jenichen, and even farther in advance if possible;—and to ensure the safe retreat of this patrole, after it has been absent a certain time, a second party had better be sent to meet it, which, if ne-

In the action at Innsbruck, here mentioned, Dittfurt saw that all that was left for him was to die gloriously, and he fought like a hero, till, covered with wounds, he was at length made prisoner by the very peasants whom he had so much despised; after lingering twelve

cessary, must disengage the first. The roads from Mittewald to Schabs must, during these operations, be diligently patrolled by the detachments stationed at Mittewald and Oberau;—and the Commissary General is required to publish a proclamation in my name, stating “that every peasant found with arms in his hands will be put to death instantaneously, as well as every one concerned in instigating the insurrection”—an order which the Lieutenant Colonel will know how to put in execution:—he is to take care that this proclamation be promulgated, and will endeavour to do it as speedily as possible. In case the Commissary General should not be competent to such a task, the Lieutenant Colonel will proclaim that the insurgents are considered as rebels to the military power, and consequently will be treated as such.

“We do not expect that the patrols already mentioned will be made prisoners; should this, however, be the case, an immediate provision for their being restored must be made the first point in the proclamation.

“The capture of Brunecken does not, however, depend upon the publication of the proclamation, and the Lieutenant Colonel is to answer for the immediate capture of that post, which he ought never to have surrendered so hastily.

“In the communication of the Lieutenant Colonel, nothing is mentioned concerning a sort of defence, or rather resistance, on the flank of the troops at Jenichen, which, until the commanding officers themselves have explained it, will be considered

days in a delirious fever he breathed his last.—F. M. Chastelar paid him every attention, and tried every possible means of alleviating his sufferings by kindness and care; but Dittfurt was insensible to it all, and continued to rave about butchering peasants and the defence of Kufstein.—Once only he spoke to Chastelar, and then sarcastically said “if every one had behaved as *I* have, you would not have been here,” alluding to General Kinkel who had commanded the Prussian fortifications in 1806. Dittfurt died unregretted; for his character, and conduct were not calculated to gain esteem; but as a soldier he was highly estimated, and his services merited the greatest praise.

As Dittfurt lay half fainting from loss of blood in the guard house at Innsbruck, sur-

as a charge against them. Commanders of from twenty to forty men should not yield to a superior number of unskilful peasants, unless they can prove it to have been unavoidable; but nothing of this is mentioned in the dispatch.

“ *Innsbruck, 11th April, 1809.* ”

“ Sent at Ten o'clock at night

“ from

“ LIEUTENANT GENERAL KINKEL,

“ Commander in Chief.”

rounded by his disarmed companions, he asked "who had been the leader of the peasants,"—"No one," was the answer, "we fought equally for God, the Emperor, and our native country:"—"That is surprising," replied Dittfurt, "for I saw him frequently pass me on his white horse."

This accidental and insignificant speech made the greatest impression upon the minds of the peasants, who are strongly addicted to superstition, and from that moment they were convinced that St. James, the patron of the town of Innspruck, had fought with them.*

At 11 o'clock Innspruck was in possession of the peasants, nearly the whole of the Bavarian troops being made prisoners, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief General Kinkel, with his regiment, one squadron of cavalry, four six-pounders, several ammunition waggons, all the baggage and provisions, and two colours. Major Teimer particularly distinguished himself on this occasion, having made prisoners with his own hand, Count Lodron, Commissary General

* The Spaniards in their wars with the Moors, pretended that St. James was seen in several battles on a white horse defending their cause.

for the district of the Inn, and the French Colonel Constantin, whom Buonaparte had sent to Innspruck to watch the proceedings of the Bavarians.

A small party of cavalry, amongst whom was Count Erbach, had escaped out of Innspruck during the confusion, but they were pursued and taken prisoners by Joseph Speckbacher at a short distance from the town, together with the Bavarian piquet, at the bridge of Volders, who on the first alarm had taken refuge in a convent, but were soon dislodged by the Tyrolese, who burst open the gates by means of an immense fir tree, which was carried by fifty men, and used as a battering ram.

The Tyrolese, after this decisive victory, were so elated that their joy knew no bounds, nothing was heard but shouts and rejoicings. The imperial eagle was taken down from the tomb of Maximilian, decorated with red ribbons, and carried through the streets amidst the acclamations of the people, to the house of Baron Taxis, where it was fixed, and where the peasants flocked in crowds to kiss and look at it. The pictures of the Emperor and the Archduke John were placed on a sort of triumphal arch, surrounded by lighted candles, which were kept

constantly burning, and every one that passed bent his knee before them, crying, "Long live the Emperor!"

These rejoicings, however, were not of long duration. The victorious peasants, who, overcome by the fatigues of the day, had fallen asleep in the streets, or in the orchards around the town, were suddenly awakened at 3 o'clock on the following morning, by the alarm bells of the city, and of all the adjacent villages. It was soon discovered that a strong column of Bavarians and French were advancing towards Innspruck, and at 5 o'clock they appeared on the heights of Berg Isel. Lieutenant Margreiter, with a detachment of the advanced guard, was the first who attempted to enter the town; but he had scarcely passed the triumphal arch when he received a mortal wound in his breast, and fell from his horse. The gates were immediately barricaded, with casks, waggons, and every thing that could be found for the purpose. The doors of all the houses were closed up, and every preparation was made to receive the enemy.

In the mean time the combined troops of the enemy arranged themselves in order of battle, taking up two different positions. The French, under the command of Lieutenant General Bis-

son* occupied the ground between the Abbey of Wiltau and the village of that name. The Bavarians placed themselves to the left of the French on the ground between Wiltau and the river Inn. The French having the river Sill in their rear, and the Bavarians the rocks of Berg Isel, which were covered with Tyrolese sharpshooters. Chastelar in the mean time had pushed on from Sterzing, and the detachment of Austrians from Salzburg was rapidly advancing up the Innthal, so that the enemy found themselves completely surrounded and were far from being satisfied with their situation.

Teimer had entered the city on the preceding day, just before Dittfurt fell, and during these preparations he had an interview with his prisoner General Kinkel, whom he compelled to write a letter to the enemy, begging them to send some confidential person into the town to whom he might explain the true state of affairs. This letter, which was immediately dispatched, had the desired effect, and in a short time Colonel Wrede, accompanied by a French Colonel, entered the town. These were immediately attacked with such fury, that all who were able retreated in haste to the main army, but not before they had lost 200 men; while the Tyrolese,

* Bisson had the command at Mantua when Hofer was shot.

during the three days constant fighting of the 11th, 12th, and 13th, only lost in all 26 men, killed and wounded.

Wrede and the French officer that accompanied him were detained by order of Teimer, while the rest of the prisoners were allowed to return to the enemy. They on their return gave such an exaggerated account of the strength, as well as the fury of the Tyrolese, that the French were in the utmost consternation, and the Bavarians were confounded by the loss of their commander, as well as alarmed at the news they heard.

Teimer, accompanied by Baron Taxis and the brave Atzwanger, commander of the armed Bourgeois, together with several other chiefs of the peasantry, repaired soon after to the French lines. He found the French staff on a rising ground near the village of Wiltau, next the chateau of Count Wolkenstein. General Bisson received him courteously, affirmed that he intended no injury to the town, and merely demanded that his troops might be permitted to march unmolested to Augsburg. He made no stipulation for the Bavarians. Teimer replied, that he would hear of nothing less than the surrender of the whole army; upon which Bisson answered, that he would rather sacrifice every

man under his command than submit to such humiliation. Teimer did not deign to reply, but quitted him abruptly and returned to the Tyrolese, who immediately opened a fire upon the enemy, which made dreadful havoc amongst the French grenadiers, and they were so alarmed at the shouts and impetuosity of the peasants, that they stood almost motionless, scarcely returning the fire which diminished their numbers at every moment. Seeing their desperate situation, the French officers used every means in their power to induce Bisson to surrender on honourable terms to the Tyrolese, and recalled Teimer to arrange with him the conditions on which he would accept their submission. Bisson, however, partly from a feeling of pride, and partly from the fear that such an act would bring down upon his head the wrath of his inexorable master, was for some time unwilling to sign the articles of surrender.*

The following articles of surrender were signed by Teimer.†

* It was the interest of Buonaparte to bury this unfortunate incident in oblivion, and Bisson, therefore, instead of sharing the fate of Dupont and Villeneuve, was afterwards appointed Governor of Mantua; and the French and Bavarian forces were thus compelled to surrender to a rude, undisciplined peasantry, whom they had always affected to despise.

† As a reward for his eminent services on this occasion, Teimer was created Baron Wiltau.

Our admiration of the national character of the Tyrolese will certainly be augmented, when we reflect that so little blood was shed in an insurrection in which every individual in the country was concerned, the cause and ultimate object of which was to drive from their territories a foe who had treated them with every species of cruelty and oppression. It is scarcely possible to suppose, that, amongst such a mass of irritated people, some instances of individual cruelty would not be found. There were some who undoubtedly had not the due command of their passions, and in a moment of irritation and fury, they were guilty of excesses which did not add to the glory of the cause; but these instances are few. The peasants conducted themselves generally in a manner equally creditable to their leaders and themselves, their prisoners were treated universally with the greatest humanity and kindness, and instead of following the base example of the Bavarians, they seemed eager to show them every attention in their power. And while the courage and intrepidity of the Tyrolese patriots will be remembered throughout Europe, for years to come, with enthusiastic admiration, the humanity with which they treated their enemies will be honoured and respected.

It was however universally reported, that the Tyrolese had murdered their prisoners in cold blood ; and that, on the 13th of April, all the French and Bavarians who had surrendered themselves were massacred at the instigation of Chastelar.

A calumny so vile and infamous is scarcely worth refutation, but nothing can be easier if it were necessary, than to prove its falsehood ; for the fact is, that on the 13th Chastelar was still at Brixen, and did not arrive at Innspruck until the prisoners had passed Schwaz, on their road to Salzburg, under a female escort, as the men could not be spared to guard them ; and had he been there, Chastelar (who was remarkable for the mildness and attention with which he treated his prisoners) would have shuddered at the idea of such a crime. But it was the object of Napoleon to efface, if possible, the recollection of his unlucky defeat, by throwing the blame on the conduct of his enemies, and it mattered little to him, how base or infamous the means were to which he resorted, provided they effected his purpose.

Buonaparte was particularly exasperated against Chastelar, and accusing him of a crime which he had never committed, passed an act of

outlawry* against him, as well as Hormayr, by which they were condemned to death; at the same time he issued a proclamation, in which he exhorted the Tyrolese to deliver them up to his mercy; accusing Chastelar as a traitor for having taken up arms against his native country, and Hormayr as the author of sedition and instigator of rebellion. Chastelar had once nearly met the fate thus prepared for him. On the 13th, at the battle of Wörgl, being very short-sighted, and deceived by the similarity of the Bavarian uniform to that of his own suite, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a party of the enemy's dragoons, who immediately took him prisoner, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was rescued.

After such proofs of the inveteracy displayed by Napoleon against Chastelar, it will appear extraordinary, that when M. Berthier was at

* Imperial Head Quarters, Ens, May 5.

By orders of the Emperor, the person named Chastelar, styling himself a General in the service of Austria, the mover of the insurrection in the Tyrol, charged with being the author of the massacres committed on the Bavarian and French prisoners by the insurgents, shall, upon being made prisoner, be carried immediately before a military commission, and if judged guilty, be shot within twenty-four hours.

THE PRINCE OF NEUFCHATEL.

Vienna, in February, 1810, acting as Envoy to the Court of Austria, he industriously sought every opportunity of complimenting him on his conduct, alluded in the most flattering manner to the Italian campaign of 1799, and treated his having been proscribed as a piece of badinage, an affair not worth remembering.

The brilliant victories of the Tyrolese on the 12th and 13th, and the good fortune that marked the opening of affairs in the Tyrol, did not fail to raise their spirits, and give them the strongest hopes of ultimate success; while the Bavarians could not but feel in some degree humbled at being thus obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a handful of undisciplined and ill armed peasantry. No one perhaps felt more elated than the Emperor of Austria, who could not contemplate without emotion the affection and attachment so strongly shown to him by the Tyrolese, and who saw every probable prospect of reuniting to his dominions a country whose loss he had so deeply felt, and of whose numerous advantages he was fully aware. He therefore hastened to signify to them his approbation of their conduct, and to give them encouragement; and to that effect wrote with his own hand the following letter from Scharding, which added,

if possible, fresh force to the ardour already manifested amongst them.

“ MY DEAR AND FAITHFUL TYROLESE,

“ Since the sacrifices which the unfortunate events of the year 1805 compelled me to make, when I was obliged to separate from you (a separation which was so painful to me), my heart has been constantly with you, my honest and affectionate children, and you have always acknowledged me as your kind and well-wishing father.

“ As a last proof of my affection, when these circumstances obliged me to part from you, I made a stipulation for the preservation of your constitution; and it has given me the greatest pain to see this stipulation disregarded, which I had made for your advantage; but alas! at that time I was unable to assist you, and could only lament your fate in private.

“ When a new cause obliged me again to draw my sword, my first thought was to become again your father. An army was put in motion to effect your deliverance, but before it could meet our common enemy you had by your gallantry struck a decisive blow, and proved to the whole world as well as to myself, what you are ready to do to become again a part of that kingdom

under which for centuries past you have lived contented and happy.

“Your efforts have touched my heart—I know your courage; I am ready to meet all your wishes and to count you amongst the best and most faithful subjects in the Austrian dominions. It will be my earnest endeavour to prevent our being again separated; millions who were long your brothers, will be eager to draw their swords in the cause. I trust, therefore, in you, and you may rely on me; so by God’s assistance, Austria and the Tyrol will again be united as they were for a long series of years.

“FRANCIS.”

“*Scharding, 18th April, 1809.*”

The following answer was returned from the Tyrol:

“The powers of language are inadequate to express the filial love and gratitude, as well as the enthusiasm produced by your Majesty’s most gracious letter, dated Scharding, the 18th April, of this year, in the hearts of your faithful subjects, the Tyrolese.

“Your Majesty assures us of your gracious and powerful protection, and that you will never let us be deprived of the rights and privileges of our ancestors; to realize which assurance, your faith-

ful Tyrolese have unanimously sworn to sacrifice all their property and the last drop of their blood.

“Your Majesty has appointed an army of your own to defend the faithful country of the Tyrol, and has given the command of it to Field Marshal Marquis Chastelar, one of the most prudent, valiant and expert Generals in your service, and our countryman. And your Majesty has placed under him General Buol, a noble worthy man, who exerts himself on all occasions for the welfare of our country.

“Your Majesty has appointed as your Intendant in the Tyrol, our historian and favourite, Baron Hormayr; all of them men of the greatest confidence, and generally esteemed in the country.

“Your Majesty, at length, in a moment of the most pressing necessity, has most graciously given us pecuniary assistance, and to the sum of 200,000 florins has added a supply of ammunition and artillery, which was of the greatest service to us. Gifts whose importance we feel to the fullest extent, but it is beyond our power to give expression to those feelings.

“How happy we are at knowing that your Majesty is graciously pleased to recollect the ardour of our affection, and the unanimity of our resolution. Certainly the mischances of war

do not bend the Tyrolese. Supported by your Majesty we will persevere to the last extremity, and convince the whole world, as well as yourself, that it would be easier to extirpate the whole race of the Tyrolese from the face of the earth, than to diminish their affection and attachment to your Majesty and the House of Austria.

“ We humbly recommend ourselves and the whole country to your favour and grace.

“ We are,

“ Most sacred Majesty,

“ Your most submissive and faithful Servants,

“ FOUR STATES OF THE TYROL.”

“ *Innsbruck, 1st May, 1809.*”

On the 14th April Hormayr was at Botzen, from whence he wrote to General Fenner, whom he urged to join him, that he might cheer the people by his presence, and with the news of the victory at Innsbruck. On the 18th, Hofer, with the peasants of the Passeyr valley, and the rest of the men under his command, marched into Botzen. Hormayr met him, attended by his suite, at the Abbey Gries, and conducted him to the town; but the cold and haughty reception of General Marschall piqued the vanity of a man who had been made so much of by Chastelar and Hormayr, and was probably the

cause of the subsequent misunderstanding between them.

The troops were immediately put in motion towards Trent and Lavis, in order to spread the insurrection, by assisting the insurgents in that part of the country, and to enclose the enemy in as small a space as possible. General Lemoine, who had fled from Brixen, immediately retreated into the Ritten Mountains, and soon afterwards joined Baraguay d'Hilliers. The landsturm from Meran and the Vintsghaw advanced on the right side of the Etsch; and those of Etsch and Fleims to the left over Kaltern and Tramin towards the passes of Rochetta and Bucco di Vela, the possession of which would in a great degree facilitate their operations towards Trent.

In the mean time Chastelar laboured hard to bring the peasants into some sort of discipline. He organized a corps of cavalry, and distributed arms amongst many who, till then, possessed no better weapons than spears of their own manufacture; and while the operations of the army in the south continued to be actively carried on, he dispatched Baron Taxis with a strong corps of Austrians and Tyrolese under his command, to make an incursion in the north, and advancing by Kempten, Kaufbeuern and Augsburg, to pass Wolfertshaufen and alarm Munich.

The Generals Teimer and Hormayr had pressed

Chastelar repeatedly to attack the army in the South of the Tyrol at once, and, if possible, to drive it entirely out of the country. They now urged it in stronger terms than ever, representing at the same time the dangerous situation of Brixen, and setting forth the consequence of that place to the Tyrolese, till Chastelar listened at length to their entreaties and began his march southward. On the 20th, Lieutenant Colonel Count Leiningen, who had become a great favorite with the Tyrolese, and especially with Hofer, advanced to the very gates of Trent in order to reconnoitre, but was obliged to retreat on being attacked by the enemy, as they were so superior in numbers, but not before he had taken several prisoners in the skirmish. This was the first time the Tyrolese of the South had been engaged. The sharpshooters of Botzen and Schlanders under the Captains Gasser and Frischman distinguished themselves particularly, and took several prisoners; the whole party were deservedly praised for their gallant conduct in this affair.

On the 21st, Chastelar received news of the Archduke John's victory at Sacile, and on the same day issued his orders and his plan for the attack of Trent. The commanding officers received their directions, and Hofer was appointed to the command of the right wing, consisting of

the Passeyr and Etschthal peasants. At this moment Hormayr received an express from Lieutenant Colonel Goldlin of the Chasseurs, who said that he had possessed himself of the pass of Bucco di Vela ; that the enemy had sprung the bridge of Lavis, and were seen retreating in strong parties over the mountains towards Roveredo, and that they had made preparations for destroying the great bridge of Lorenzo upon the Etsch; circumstances which prove that this hasty retreat was in consequence of the Archduke John's victory. Hofer dispatched letters to the officers under his command, giving them directions how to proceed, and remained himself at head-quarters, where he found better cheer than elsewhere, and therefore preferred it to the hardships of a camp ; to which Hormayr, who expected more from his presence and the effect of his name than from his knowledge of military affairs, readily agreed.

On the 22d, the enemy evacuated Trent without firing a shot, and the chief part of their force passed the night at Matarello, only a league distant from it. Hormayr and Teimer entered the town late on the same evening.

Although the inhabitants of Roveredo were disposed to assist the cause, they objected to the organization of militia in their neighbourhood as well as at Trent, saying, that people who had

been accustomed from their infancy to the sedentary occupation of silk-spinning were unfit for a military life, and unable to bear arms. In the neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda a few companies of volunteers had formed themselves; but these were for the most part deserters from the Italian army, or men who had fled from the conscription, and they committed so many excesses, that Hormayr at length found it necessary partly to mix them with more orderly and disciplined troops, and partly to disarm them entirely, and to this effect the following proclamation was published :*—

* “ In consequence of the excesses and irregularity of the companies of Italian Sharpshooters, who ramble about in the neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda, and have forced the peaceful inhabitants to take up arms for their own defence, we have issued these orders. Most of the individuals that compose them being foreigners, we cannot expect that they should be attached to the country: it would be therefore advisable to organise some regular Italian sharpshooters immediately, who will not commit the same depredations, but who, by defending the frontiers, may assert their independence and prove their affection for our beloved Prince. We then should hear no more complaints on account of the violence and insults offered to the people.

We therefore order as follows :

“ 1st. That all the wandering companies of Italian Sharpshooters, viz. those of Meneghelli, Bertelli, Belluti, Collini, Cantonati, Chiesi, and Frizzi, who are now in the neigh-

On Rusca's advance to Trent, the inhabitants* of Sulzberg and Nonsberg were ordered to the

bourhood of the Lago di Garda and the Lederthal, be dispersed, and that the officers be responsible for their immediate dismissal.

“ 2dly. All these officers may, however, be charged with the command of new organized companies.

“ 3dly. That the subaltern officers and privates who are not natives of the country or settled foreigners, do either take up arms for our cause, or do show themselves to the magistrate to prove that they are willing to earn their bread, and promise to conduct themselves in an orderly manner ; they must otherwise quit the country within eight days.

“ 4thly. If any of these Italian companies are found in the district of the Etsch, or in any other district, after the publication of the circular, either from the Commander-in-Chief or the Intendant, they are to be immediately dispersed as is directed in the foregoing paragraphs.

“ 5thly. The public, after this proclamation, are required to assist these companies no longer, but are ordered to use every means in their power, to induce them to espouse the holy cause.

“ Not only the army, but the governors of districts are required to enforce the execution of these orders throughout the country.

“ CHRISTIAN COUNT LEININGEN,
Lieutenant Colonel and
Commandant in the South Tyrol.

“ CHARLES VON MENZ,
Deputy Intendant
in the Tyrol.

“ *Trent, 26th June, 1809.*”

* Alexander Stanchina, who possessed most of the property about Sulzberg, a man of great influence in the country, of a good understanding and very zealous in the cause, had distinguished himself on several occasions at the opening of affairs,

right wing, in order to cut off his retreat through the Etschthal. In spite of these precautions, however, he escaped through the Suganthal, where Baron Schmidt had been ordered to take up his position, but unfortunately had not obeyed his orders with sufficient promptitude.

The peasants of the Suganthal, especially those of the mountainous districts of Castelalto, Ivano and Tesino, (with the exception of Levico and Borgo, who were alarmed at the approach of Rusca) had manifested great ardour in the cause. Those on the south eastern frontier on the territory of Belluno remained during four weeks

but on the appearance of Malanotti, suddenly retired. Malanotti, whose prevailing passion was ambition, had made himself popular amongst the people by the energetic manner in which he spoke of their prospect of liberty, and by the liberality with which he distributed his money; but having once gained a sort of rank amongst the peasants, and fancying himself feared, he assumed a haughtiness and arrogance which the pride of Stanchina could not endure, and he therefore retired to Lavis.—Tactei, from Croviana, who had in the beginning shown equal ardour, and was equally zealous in the cause, was also annoyed at the overbearing manner and folly of Malanotti, and retired in disgust. Malanotti, therefore, with very little talent, and a head too much heated by success to be of any service to him, found himself master of the field; but instead of pursuing any settled line of policy, he refused to obey any orders, and determined to act only as might seem best to his own fancy.

under arms ; and without the assistance of any regular troops, not only repulsed a strong force of the enemy, but obliged them entirely to evacuate the districts of Bassano and Belluno. The enthusiasm displayed in these districts was such, that the women took an active part in the hostilities, and aided each other to hurl down stones upon the enemy's troops in the narrow defiles. A girl of eighteen, named Josephine Negretti, assumed the dress of a man, and was several times in action with the sharpshooters, carrying a rifle and using it with considerable dexterity. Among the natives of this small district, Casimir Bosio and Charles Savoi were particularly distinguished, and were appointed by Hormayr to the rank of majors, as well as the brave Ottavio Bianchi, whom the Archduke John made chief of the Tyrolese Volunteers : he was taken prisoner at Belluno in June, and was shot at Mantua as one of the rebellious chiefs, leaving a wife and a large family of young children to lament his untimely end. Bianchi died like a hero, exclaiming in his last moments " long live the Emperor Francis."

The Val di Fiemme had been particularly distinguished at the breaking out of the insurrection : the inhabitants of this valley had been irritated by the conduct of the Bavarian colonel Dittfurt,

who, in attempting to raise recruits, had treated them with the greatest insolence and severity. On the advance of General Rusca, in the beginning of May, these peasants, joining in the Cembra, the inhabitants of that valley and those of Neumarkt formed the left wing of the *landsturm* under the command of Delugan. The small but patriotic town of Salurn raised several companies, who placed themselves under the direction of Joseph Bombardi, who had been one of the deputies sent to the Archduke at Villach. At Neumarkt, the post-master Pardatscher took an active and distinguished part.

On the 23d, at noon, Chastelar dispatched a party to reconnoitre the movements of Baraguay d'Hilliers; but as he was still in motion, it was difficult to say whether he intended to take up his position in the pass of Murazzi, or in the famous post of Calliano. But on the morning of the 24th Chastelar broke up his position, and advanced towards Trent with the Hohenzollern light horse, the Lusignan, Hohenlohe, and Bartenstein regiments of infantry, and two battalions of Carinthian militia. Lieutenant Colonel Ertel commanded the left wing in the mountains, and General Fenner the right, with Leiningen and Goldlin, while a large body of

patriots, commanded by Hofer, were between Trent and Romagnano.

On the same day the two armies engaged at Volano. It has never been clearly understood why Chastelar, after a hurried and fatiguing march, was tempted to engage with an enemy so superior to him in numbers. However, although, Baraguay d'Hilliers was victorious, he reaped no advantages from his victory. He had already abandoned Trent, and the important communication between the Brentathal and Valsuguna, and he now retreated from the pass of Murazzi immediately after the battle, evacuated Roveredo, and quitted the country entirely.

Chastelar had scarcely taken up his quarters at Roveredo, when the news reached him of the ill-success at Landshut and Regensberg, and of Jellachich's hasty retreat towards Salzburg. The whole of the north of the Tyrol was now exposed to the enemy, and the communication with Vienna was in danger of being cut off. In this state of affairs, Chastelar gave up the hopes he had formed of being able to join the Archduke John in the Etschthal, and turning his attention towards the north, ordered a division of his army to march in that direction, which orders were immediately obeyed, and on the 29th the troops were in motion.

Immediately after the battle of Monte Cerrino, the Archduke John began his retreat from Verona, but his troops were incessantly harassed during their march by Beauharnois, who, having strengthened his cavalry, kept up a continual fight with the Austrians. The Archduke therefore determined to throw himself with the remains of his small army, consisting of fifteen squadrons of cavalry, four battalions of grenadiers, and thirteen of light infantry, into the Tyrol, and with the assistance of Chastelar, to defend it to the last extremity. General Schmidt commanded the advanced guard during the march.

Baraguay d'Hilliers and Rusca were in the neighbourhood of Trent, with 15,000 men, and hastened through the Brentathal in order to attack the Archduke in his rear, while Beauharnois met Schmidt at Bassano. Meanwhile Schmidt, instead of hastening over the mountains to join the Tyrolese, where in conjunction with Leiningen he might have harassed the Viceroy, remained till it was too late to effect it; and when the Archduke ordered him to join Chastelar, he found it impossible to obey his orders.

During the action at Saint Bonifacio (30th April) the Archduke wrote the following note in pencil on his knee.

“ This is a new method of writing letters, but the enemy keep up a brisk cannonade, and I have no other paper. Veyder will tell you himself what I have not time to write. The enemy are aware of their successes in Germany, and they hoped to have the same here, but to day we have beaten them. They attack us while it is of the greatest importance to me to keep clear of them. Give my compliments to Hormayr, and tell him, that I hope soon to see him in his own country. Do not allow the misfortunes which have befallen us in Germany to make you uneasy: we have done our duty, and we will defend the Tyrol, Stiria, Carinthia, Carniola and Salzburg, to the last drop of our blood. It is in this fortress, aided by our brave mountaineers, that we ought to conquer or to die for the glory of our ancestors and our arms. I shall not retire to Hungary—Adieu.

“JOHN.”

“ 30th April, 1809.”

On the 3d of May the Archduke sent the following letters from Montechio Maggiore :—

1. *To Hormayr.*

“ Our ill fortune in Germany has forced me to cease acting on the offensive, and to direct

my attention to the safety of those provinces which are of so much consequence to Austria. But I shall endeavour in my retreat to take every possibility of annoying the enemy. Do not be alarmed ; the Tyrol shall never be forsaken. I have commanded a brigade to march there in order to reinforce Field Marshal Chastelar ; I will defend the Tyrol and the interior of Austria to the last extremity, and I believe I shall benefit the state much and annoy the enemy more by marching to Comorn.

“ Activity shall not be wanting on our part. Perhaps we trifle with fortune, but we may yet render our country a real service. It will be advisable to make this generally known in the country. We will hope for the best—the wind does not always blow in the same quarter, and you I know will not fail us.

“ ARCHDUKE JOHN.”

2. *To Chastelar.*

“ I send you General Schmidt with a brigade of infantry, 4 squadrons of Hohenzollern horse, and a brigade of artillery. He advances over Bassano through Valsugana to Trent or Lavis ; you will send him word where to meet you that he may know how to act. I am beginning to retreat slowly. You will send me word of every

thing that happens to you, and in return you shall hear of my movements. Should I retreat as far as Piava, or even further towards Carinthia, I shall take care to make such dispositions at the entrances of Krauzburg and Cadore as shall ensure the communication with the Pusterthal. I am writing to Field Marshal Jellachich to command him to defend the mountains of the Emsthal; I beg, therefore, that you will acquaint me with all his proceedings. You will march home 2 battalions of the Judenburg and two of the Bruck militia, as they are probably wanted to protect their flocks. We have not many troops, but I hope sufficient to defend our mountains; at all events, I will leave you the troops you already have with you in the Tyrol, and the brigade you expect. F. M. Jellachich will defend the mountains of Salzburg and the pass of Steyer-marck with the militia of that place and that of the neighbourhood of the Ems. He will also send F. M. Guilay Banus, to Krain, who with the insurgent Kroats and the militia of Krain may defend the Isonzo, cover Trieste and enable General Stoichevich to march into Dalmatia. A small force, composed of Carinthian and Pusterthal militia, will secure the passes between Italy and the Tyrol. I myself, with my small army, will be every where, where

danger threatens.—This is my plan in a few words. The recruiting will continue in Inner Austria, and I shall take care to make such dispositions that neither provisions nor ammunition may fail us in the Tyrol.

“ ARCHDUKE JOHN.”

Lieutenant Colonel Count Leiningen remained alone with his detachment in the Italian Tyrol—he was attacked near Roveredo and obliged to yield to a superiority of numbers and retire; General Marschall retreated to Botzen. On the 2d of May Trent was retaken by General Rusca; but he did not remain there long. The sub-intendant Menz summoned in haste the landsturm, while Leiningen kept his position courageously at Lavis. Rusca, thus finding himself surrounded by a formidable body of armed peasants, did not wait for their attack, but made a hasty retreat through Valsaguna to Bassano, where it was probable that he would have fallen in with Schmidt.

At this moment Hofer at the head of a large body of peasants joined Leiningen, and although no action had yet taken place, their union was hailed by the people as the most favourable omen. This probably was increased by the universal dislike evinced for General Marschall,

whose hasty retreat was looked upon by the peasants as a proof of cowardice and want of ardour, though in reality it had been ordered by Chastelar.—Marschall was a man of considerable talent, and an officer who had, perhaps, more knowledge in military matters than any one engaged in the cause, nor was he at all deficient in personal courage; but he was never a favourite amongst the Tyrolese nor even his own soldiers.—He was haughty and distant in his manners to them, and had a notion that no man who had not already distinguished himself as a soldier, was fit to command, and he was, therefore, very unwilling to act in concert with any of the chiefs of the undisciplined insurgents; he even carried his ill-timed haughtiness so far as to object to dine at the same table with their favourite Hofer.—This refusal, as might have been expected, was instantly and warmly resented, and a deputation was sent to the Archduke to complain of his conduct. The consequence was that Marschall was removed from his command, and Count Leiningen was appointed to succeed him;—Hofer, at the same time, was directed to act under him without restraint.

Leiningen was the idol of the common people—without any brilliant talents, an exterior

in no way remarkable, and manners that did not appear at all calculated to please or attract, he was always surrounded by crowds when he spoke in public; and the peasants seemed eager to follow wherever he led them—heedless of danger, provided he was with them. He remained commandant in the south of the Tyrol until the final evacuation of that loyal and unfortunate country.

Jellachich had been ordered to defend Radstadt and Werfen, and the important passes of Steyermark and Lueg;—Chastelar, therefore, hearing that the enemy had been driven back from Lueg in their attempt to force that pass, hoped that the capture of Kufstein would follow, and relied on Jellachich, not only for the defence of Salzburg, but for an active assistance in the north of the Tyrol.—Jellachich, however, instead of realizing these hopes remained inactive, and manifested throughout the meanest jealousy of Chastelar.

On the 4th of May a proclamation was issued at Innspruck addressed to the inhabitants of the Salzburg mountains, in order to rouse them to activity.

“Honest and faithful inhabitants of the Salzburg mountains!—The enemy with all their powers have gained an advantage over a single

corps of the German army, and now beset the capital of your country.

“ This important place must be again set free in a few days, and the communication with Austria again opened, by those brave troops who under my command have cleared in fifteen days the whole country from Lienz to Innsbruck and from Innsbruck to Peri; who have given way neither to fatigue nor danger, and who in religion, proximity of country, and valour, are brothers to the Tyrolese.

“ You have felt the mild sway of our beloved Emperor’s sceptre—you have learnt how strongly fortified you are by your mountains, and you are equally interested in the cause of liberty.

“ Rouse yourselves, then.—Let the brave Pinzgauer hasten towards Taxenbach, Luftenstein and Schneiselreit;—Pongauer to Werfen and Lueg;—and you, brave Eilerthaler and Brixenthaler, prove, as you did on the heights of Rattenberg, and on the bridge of Rotholtz, now, on the scenes of the defeats of the Bavarians, that you are indeed brothers of the Tyrolese.

“ He who yet hesitates is an enemy to his country, and whoever opposes the insurrection, either by word or by deed, will be given up to the just fury of the people.

“ We shall expect a deputation from you—we are ready to do any thing for your encouragement, and we shall see what will be the effect of your courage.

“ MARQUIS CHASTELAR, &c. &c.

“ JOSEPH BARON HORMAYR, &c. &c.”

“ *Innsbruck, 4th May, 1809.*”

By the junction of the Salzburgers, the right flank of the Tyrolese, as well as the sources of the Ens and the Muhr, were protected, the interior of Austria rendered secure, and the communication preserved.—This part of the army was to act entirely on the defensive, while the other was to carry on the war with as much activity as possible. It was of the greatest importance to secure an undisturbed possession of the Vorarlberg;—because it opened a communication with Switzerland, and kept the whole of the west of the Tyrol, from Veltlin to Kempten, free from attack—while it rendered the importation of corn from Swabia by the lake of Constance more easy, in spite of the menaces of Tallyrand and the intrigues of the French in the Swiss Cantons of St. Gallen and Thurgau.

The intelligence from Salzburg was far from cheering. The Bavarian army under the com-

mand of the Duke of Dantzic (Lefevre) was advancing rapidly towards Lienz, and the spirits of the patriots, particularly at Innspruck, were much damped, as if they already prognosticated a change of affairs in favour of the enemy.

On the 11th of May, the enemy made an attempt to relieve Kufstein, and after a well contested conflict, supported by only two companies of regular militia and four of sharpshooters against the whole of Lieutenant General Wrede's division, the Tyrolese were obliged to abandon the pass of Strub.—It happened to be Ascension Day, and the peasants were partly at church, and partly taking advantage of the holiday to enjoy themselves, and it is probable that the enemy had been aware of this, and had purposely chosen that day for their attack. The commandant of Strub, Stainer of Waidring, was absent, and it was some time before he could be found to head his troops—while General Wrede was expecting hourly to be joined by the Crown Prince and Lieutenant General Deroy.

The battle of Wörgl (13th May) was fought under equal disadvantages, the force of the enemy being much superior.—In this action the Austrians lost all their ammunition, baggage, &c. and the principal officers very narrowly escaped being made prisoners—yet the Bava-

rians did not take all the advantage they might of their victory ; had they pushed on to Halle and Innspruck the same night, they might have prevented the junction of the Tyrolese forces, and neither Chastelar nor Hormayr could have escaped.—For some days previous to the action, a considerable part of the Austrians had been dispersed about the country, so that the whole force on their side consisted of 3000 men, 900 only of which were troops of the line, the rest being composed of Carinthian militia who had never been in action, with only six guns and seventy of the Hohenzollern light horse ;* while the Bavarian force consisted of 18,000 regular troops, 1700 horse and above thirty guns. The peasants did not take much part in the action, and showed themselves only occasionally in scattered parties in the mountains, keeping up, from time to time, an irregular and ill-directed fire which was of no service.

Hormayr had marched early on the same morning, by Chastelar's desire, to meet the column of Baron Buol which was advancing by Scharnitz, and it was not till late in the evening that the intelligence of the defeat at the pass of

* The French, in their account of the battle, say, that they took 700 prisoners and eleven guns.

Strub reached him at Bavarian Mittewald;—he hurried back to Innsbruck the same night, and arrived there just as the defeated Austrians were flying towards that city.—Chastelar immediately joined him, concerted plans for future operations, and in twenty-four hours his orders were executed.—Lieutenant Colonel Ertel took up an important position on the Brenner, while General Marschall put himself at the head of the reserve at Brixen.

On the night of the 15th, Hormayr advanced over the Brenner with the Rodenecker landsturm to Steinach, where he again joined Chastelar, whom he found seriously ill from the effects of several severe wounds, as well as from mixed feelings of indignation and grief which he felt at the indecent treatment he had met with at Halle, on the night of his retreat, when a party of drunken peasants attempted to drag him from his horse.*

* “The rage of the Tyrolese against Chastelar was so great, that, when after the affair at Wörgl, he took refuge at Halle, they attacked him with cudgels, and gave him such a drubbing, that he kept his bed for two days and durst not venture to make his appearance, except to request a capitulation: he was told, however, that no capitulation would be granted to a highway robber, upon which he fled towards the mountains of Carinthia.”—*French papers*.

The Tyrol had begun again to be visited by misfortunes, and the brilliant success with which the insurrection had commenced was not of long duration. Chastelar who had been the great author and conductor of every plan, was so much vexed at his treatment, that the ardour which he had displayed in the cause evidently relaxed; and the Austrians were, in general, hurt (and with justice) at the conduct of the Tyrolese, who had abandoned them in the heat of action, deserting their own cause, and giving up their protectors to the fury of their enemies.

The Bavarians, on the other hand, gained daily some new advantage, and every town and village through which they passed, bore marks of some outrageous excess of cruelty too horrible to relate.* They spared neither the aged nor

* The German author enters into a minute and circumstantial description of these cruelties, but I have purposely omitted them. A reader of sensibility is only disgusted by such horrors, and the information conveyed to him does not compensate for the pain which the recital excites.

Among other places the town of Schwarz was destroyed; the Tyrolese say, that the Bavarians wantonly set fire to it, and assisted and encouraged the fury of the flames till every house was demolished. The Bavarians, however, give a different account.

“ When the Van approached the town of Schwarz, an Austrian battalion, some cavalry, some battalions of the Landwehr, and some rebels, were perceived advancing. Baron Wrede in-

the helpless; old men, women, and children, were alike objects of their insatiable rage; and

stantly caused the artillery to be brought up, in order to turn them back; but they threw themselves into the town, and it was easy to perceive that they (the Austrians) had formed the desperate resolution of defending it. As the ground was favourable, Baron Wrede himself led on the Leiningen regiment of light infantry to the attack of the Austrian battalion; that was routed, and great numbers of them put to the sword or taken prisoners. A part of the Austrians, with the rebels, threw themselves into the town, while another part attempted to destroy the bridge, but they were prevented by the Kasper's battery. The carabineers of the 1st brigade having made themselves masters of the suburbs, a battalion of the 3d Regiment of Duke Charles entered to take the town by storm. Baron Wrede penetrated twice into the town, but was forced twice to retreat to the principal church, as the Austrians and rebels fired from the houses upon the Bavarians. At length the 13th Regiment of infantry stormed the place. All who were in the streets or houses were put to the sword or taken prisoners. Among the latter, were three captains and 182 soldiers of the Austrian regiment Devaux. The slaughter was dreadful, and the courage of our troops incomparable!

“ Scarcely were our troops in bivouac, when the two suburbs were set on fire by the howitzer grenades which had been thrown in, and in half an hour they were in flames. The inhabitants having fled, the Lieutenant General sent part of two regiments to extinguish the flames; there being no engines or vessels of any kind at hand to convey water for that purpose, they did not succeed till the following day, and then not without great trouble and difficulty. In the evening, at eight o'clock, a high wind arose, which blew the sparks upon the roofs of the

Bavaria will ever have cause to blush at the recollection of crimes which will be a deep stain upon her name and her honour. If these cruelties were exercised from policy, it was a very mistaken policy, for they were not calculated to subdue the popular feeling in the Tyrol; and although in many places the Bavarians had spread terror on their approach, their conduct rather served to irritate than to terrify the peasants, and excited them to carry on the war, if not with the same ardour, yet with a sort of desperate desire of vengeance which was equally terrible to their enemies.

The military operations in the Tyrol proceeded however, with much less alacrity. In Innsbruck there was a difference of opinion; the citizens being awed by the success of the Bavarians were anxious to submit, while the peasants were strenuous for a continuance of hostilities, and declared their determination of fighting to the last extremity. On the 17th of May a council of war was held on the Brenner to deliberate upon the future operations of the army, but in the mean time Chastelar arrived

houses which had hitherto escaped. The remainder of the town caught fire, there was nothing to oppose the flames; and this town once so flourishing has been converted into a heap of ashes and ruins."—*Bavarian Papers, May 20.*

at Sterzing to join the Archduke with all the troops under his command, as he was determined, though inferior in strength, to dispute the ground with the enemy step by step. He, therefore, immediately commanded a retreat from the Brenner, and advanced without delay to Mulhbach, and, on the following day, to Brunecken. At Mittewald he was overtaken by Teimer, who had previously communicated with the Bavarians, and who now urged him in the most earnest manner not to abandon them, but to complete the promises of assistance he had so frequently given them to terminate a war which had been so gloriously begun. He urged strongly the dislike which the Bavarians evidently felt to the continuation of a war with an irritated peasantry, carried on with so much irregularity and detriment to themselves. He pleaded their excuses for the unpardonable cruelties committed by the soldiery, and stated that they were prepared to negotiate amicably and evacuate the country. Chastelar listened to his persuasions, and at length dispatched him with Baron Beyder to endeavour to negotiate a treaty, which it is probable the Bavarians never intended to open, and which they certainly never did negotiate.

During four-and-twenty hours the enemy in

the Lower Innthal had remained quiet. But Wrede had received intelligence of the discord prevailing at Innsbruck and Halle, and determining not to lose so favourable an opportunity of striking a blow, advanced up the left shore of the Inn with so much rapidity, that on the arrival of Beyder and Teimer, they found him already on the plains of Bompar. He treated them with great contempt, and giving back to the former Chastelar's dispatch unopened, presented him, at the same time, with the act of outlawry issued against him by Napoleon; adding, that if he ever fell into his hands, he should suffer immediate death. Teimer, to whom he had a few days before offered the rank of Major in his army, on condition that he would attempt to appease the irritation of the peasantry, he now treated with peculiar insolence, and threatened more than once during the interview to make him prisoner, although he came under a flag of truce. They returned therefore, burning with indignation, to Chastelar, who was still at Brunecken, where he afterwards received orders from the Archduke to remain in the Tyrol, and to defend it to the last.

Chastelar, therefore, once more turned all his thoughts to the assistance of the Tyrolese. He hastened from Brunecken back to Muhl-

bach, summoned the landsturm, and ordered the position on the Brenner to be again taken up. Hormayr and Teimer, at the same time, formed a plan of passing through Etschland and the Vintsghaw to the Upper Innthal, from whence they might reach the capital, and either dislodge the enemy from their present position, or at least oblige them to divide their force, by which means they would be more exposed to the irregular warfare of the mountaineers.

The head-quarters of Chastelar were, in the mean time, a scene of constant dispute; Hormayr and Beyder being of opinion that the Tyrol ought on no account to be abandoned, but, on the contrary, to be defended to the last extremity; while General Marschall and Major Lebzelter were only anxious to leave a country which was disagreeable to them, and where they were universally disliked. These disputes naturally gave rise to so many contradictory orders, that the troops were unable to comprehend them, and General Buol, who commanded the advanced guard, was frequently at a loss where to march his men. On the 15th of May he received orders to remain stationary with his division on the Brenner; but on the same day, in the afternoon, he was ordered to advance

immediately to Innsbruck; on the 16th, early in the morning, he was ordered to retreat over the Ellenbogen to the Brenner, but to defend the castle of Friedberg to the last; during the day he was commanded to march from Innsbruck to Steinach, and in the evening was ordered to remain at Innsbruck. Thus the General was kept in a constant state of doubt and uncertainty; so that while his troops were harassed by daily marches and countermarches he was at a loss how to proceed, and unable to act on the offensive.—To these contradictory orders which continued to be issued during several days, we add an extract of a letter from General Marschall to Buol, dated Laditscher Bridge, 21st of May.

“It is your desire to know the situation of Field Marshal Chastelar. Circumstances and his increased indisposition induced him to depart an hour ago from Muhlbach to Lienz.—Before his departure he wrote an order consigning to you the command of all the troops in the Tyrol, and he gave me to understand that he had done so. The Field Marshal found it necessary, however, to command Colonel Volkman to march with two battalions of Johann Jellachich, four companies of 2d Banal, and four 3-pounders to Lienz, with which he hopes to be

able to reach the narrow passes, and to make an opening for this corps as well as for himself.

“ I am still ignorant of the state of affairs at Saxenburg and Griefenburg, but I conceive that this evening General Schmidt will be officially informed of it. It is, however, certain that a battalion which was ordered to march from the Gailthal to Saxenburg has not reached it, and that the bridge of Saxenburg has been carried. The enemy is at Spital with 2000 men, and Field Marshal Jellachich has joined the army of the Archduke.”

In the mean time Chastelar was retreating towards Lienz with the intention of leaving the country; and it was reported by the Bavarians and French, that the Austrians had abandoned the Tyrol, and that the insurrection was completely subdued. Many of the peasants deceived by these reports retired to their homes, giving up a cause which they considered as hopeless, while others more courageous, and, perhaps, more averse from the Bavarian government, were still determined to resist all attempts to subdue them. Amongst these Hofer bore a conspicuous part; Chastelar had presented him with a handsome sword and a pair of pistols as a reward for his conduct, and proud of what he considered so great a mark of distinction, he ap-

peared at the head of the Passeyrthal peasants, who had already distinguished themselves on several occasions, and who now proved true to a cause which had been abandoned by so many of their countrymen.

Hormayr and Teimer, who were determined to pursue to the utmost the plan they had formed for the deliverance of their country, increased their activity; and although affairs did not wear so favourable an appearance as formerly, they put themselves at the head of their men, and prepared to make a desperate effort to regain their liberty. Meanwhile it was reported that the enemy had again taken possession of the Brenner, and Leiningen was ordered to march without delay to the heights of Schabs, and, if possible, to join Chastelar. The unfortunate affair at Worgl which had been the first cause of the retreat of the Austrians, and the loss of Innsbruck, by which it was immediately followed; had an evident effect on the minds of the peasantry, and while Hormayr was exerting himself to rouse them again to that state of enthusiasm from which they had fallen, the extraordinary conduct of Leibeltern and the backwardness of Leiningen convinced them that their cause was abandoned by the Austrians. As Hormayr approached the Innthal he found

the people every where shy of joining him, and at every step he had some new difficulty to contend with. The militia called aloud for their arrears of pay, while others said they would not fight for a government which had so basely deserted them. An obscure individual, Rungger of Nauders, added fuel to this spirit of disaffection by encouraging and assisting the distribution of Bavarian proclamations, and by using every means in his power to render Hormayr unpopular. This treachery, however, did not escape notice; Hormayr ordered the man to be apprehended; but he made his escape, and concealed himself at St. Maria in the Munsterthal in the dress of a peasant, where, however, he was afterwards discovered and delivered up to Hormayr at Meran.

General Buol still continued on the Brenner in a wretched state, being totally destitute of money and ammunition. Hormayr in the mean time was actively employed in keeping up a communication with Switzerland, from whence he received through the mountains, under various pretences, supplies of provisions, arms, ammunition, &c. notwithstanding the avowed neutrality of the Swiss. Veltlin had been a scene of continual disturbance, and although General Polfrancheschi contrived to

keep the cities on the plains in subjection, the mountains were occupied by the insurgents, who on the 21st of May delivered at Tirano, a body of 500 conscripts, and 200 peasants, that had been taken prisoners; the Tyrol had nothing therefore to fear in that quarter.

The constant fatigue and exertion to which Hormayr was necessarily exposed, combined with the anxiety which preyed upon his mind, brought on a low fever, and he was for some time wholly unfit for active service. In the midst of his sufferings, however, he never for a moment lost sight of the cause which was so dear to him; and by his exertion Innsbruck was once more relieved from the enemy, and for a time affairs wore a brighter aspect. Teimer had advanced by Zirl and Martinswand straight to the Bavarian line, and was joined by Mahrberger, with the landsturm of Imst, Petersburg and Hortenberg, with whose assistance he intended to cut off the nearest communications with Munich by seizing the important positions of Scharnitz and Laitasch.

The inhabitants of Imst had refused to send any assistance to Hormayr, alleging that since their cause had been deserted by the Austrians, they would not continue to exert themselves, as they saw they could derive no advantage from

it; but on the advance of Teimer, several of the principal citizens joined him, among whom were the Burgomasters Strele and Stecher, with three companies, declaring that they were resolved to share his fate whatever might be the result of his efforts. In Reutti the peasants were still less inclined to continue the war, and had not only openly submitted to Bavaria, but had possessed themselves of the booty taken by Teimer in Swabia, that they might have something to produce when the Bavarians should demand reparation for the losses they had sustained.

This disaffection to the cause was not, however, general; seven companies from Landeck, and two from Nauders, joined Hormayr; and the people of Lechthal and Aschau, forced the citizens to take up arms, so that 32 companies in a short time occupied the important positions of Roschlag Gacht, Operpinzwang, &c.

From the 13th to the 19th of May the Bavarians had remained almost inactive, and did not take advantage either of the victory gained at Wörgl, of the subsequent disaffection of the peasantry, or of their advantageous positions. This inactivity may perhaps have been owing to the interruption of their regular communications by the incessant and active vigilance of the steady part of the Tyrolese peasantry, who, in the con-

stant apprehension of treachery, destroyed every paper that fell into their hands, whether they understood it or not; the consequence of which was, that several of the Bavarian dispatches, and some of considerable importance, never arrived at the place of their destination. On the 19th, however, in the evening, they advanced to Innsbruck. From an intercepted dispatch it appeared that the Duke of Dantzic, on learning that Chastelar had resolved to abandon the Brenner, and to join the Archduke through the Pusterthal, had determined to force the two central positions on the heights of the Brenner and Schabs, to endeavour to open a communication with Italy through Botzen and Trent, and at the same time to pursue Chastelar through the Pusterthal. It appeared also that he had received a courier from Eugene Beauharnois, informing him that the Archduke would be obliged to abandon his position at Villach, but that Jellachich had retreated in order to join him. The duke therefore determined that the division of Deroy should pursue Chastelar, while he himself marched with two divisions through Salzburg to Upper Carinthia, where he would be able to prevent Jellachich's advance, or, at all events, to place the Archduke with his small army between himself and the Viceroy. On the 23d

of May he begun his march from Innspruck, but on the morning of the 25th he met a courier ordering him to proceed immediately towards Lienz.

The state of affairs in the Tyrol on the 25th was as follows: The Etschthal was undisturbed by the enemy. Count Leiningen retained his position at Trent and had begun to fortify Castella. Veltlin and the neutral ground of Switzerland covered the whole of the western frontier. The Vorarlbergers, by the reported capitulation of the Tyrolese, had laid down their arms and dispersed themselves. Bregenz and the country as far as Hohenems was occupied by a strong body of Wurtembergers under the command of Generals Schöler and Roseris, and a division of French under Colonel Grouvelle. In Pludenz, Feldkirk, and the mountainous districts, the peasants were still under arms, and continued to defend themselves with great perseverance, although all the regular troops, except one company and a six-pounder, with Lieutenant Colonel Baron Haagen had deserted them. Reitti and Ehrwald were not much disturbed. The shortest and best road from Innspruck to Munich, by Scharnitz and the Iserthal, was occupied by the division of Count Max Arco, who, with the as-

sistance of General Deroy, kept up the communication with Innsbruck. The patrols at Zirl, and on the heights near Seafeld were destroyed. The insurgents of the Upper Vintsghaw and Upper Innthal, under the command of Teimer, were separated into two divisions; that on the left, commanded by Mahrberger, was to retake from the enemy the passes of Scharnitz and Laitasch; while the main body, headed by Teimer in person, extending from Zirl over the heights of Hotting to the Castle of Thauer in the rear of the enemy, was to destroy the bridges of the Inn and the Sill, and to give again the signal for insurrection in the Lower Innthal, which had been for a time quiet; but Speckbacher had been active in urging the people not to abandon the cause, and they were ready to rise again at a moment's warning.

General Buol remained on the Brenner with 2,300 men, 70 horse and six guns, but without ammunition. With the exception of Leiningen's divisions, the whole of Chastelar's corps was in the Drauthal, towards Lienz, partly on the frontiers of the Tyrol, and partly entering Carinthia. He had relieved Clagenfurt from General Rusca, and attacked Saxenburg; his plan was to break through the rear of the enemy by

Spital, and combining his force with Jellachich, to join the Archduke, who was in ambush at Gratz.

The plan of the Archduke was to collect as strong a force as possible in the neighbourhood of Gratz, to begin his operations by attacking Macdonald, and if successful in this attack, then, to act on the offensive with Marmont, Broussier, and Rusca in succession, and thus to prevent their joining the main army, while at the same time he could keep the communication open with the interior of Austria, and the passage to the Tyrol through the Drauthal free; but unfortunately he was unable to execute a plan which had been so ably devised. Jellachich, who was advancing to join him, was attacked and defeated at St. Michael on the 29th May with great slaughter, losing above 100 officers, and 6476 privates; he passed through Lerben and Bruck the day after the battle with scarcely 3000 men.

Hofer in the mean time carried on the war in the Tyrol with unabated activity, and the spirit of the patriots seemed to have gained additional strength from their misfortunes. Hormayr had sent to Hofer a young man who had served in the Italian Chasseurs, named Joseph Eisen-

stecken to act as his Adjutant. Eisenstecken was of a bold and enterprising character, but of a passionate temper, and in general too hasty and thoughtless in his decision upon subjects that required cool and mature consideration. He was at the same time joined by two Capuchin Friars, Father Joachim Haspinger and Father Peter, they were both young and athletic, and although they never carried arms, were always seen in the thickest of the fight, dealing tremendous blows on the heads of their adversaries, with stout wooden crucifixes, with which they did considerable execution. They also busied themselves in making amulets, or charms, which were to render the wearer invulnerable, but these lost much of their effect when several hundred of the peasants had been killed who were known to have worn them.

Eisenstecken, in spite of his impetuosity, was of the greatest service to the patriotic cause; being enthusiastic in the extreme, and never relinquishing an object which he thought might contribute to the welfare of his country, or the cause in which he was engaged, he used every means in his power to dissuade the Austrians from abandoning the Tyrol; he had twice intercepted the order for General Buol to leave the

Brenner, and when at length the Austrian troops began to move, he threw himself on his knees before them, and conjured them in the most pathetic manner to recollect their desperate situation; to remember that it was for Austria they were fighting, and not to desert a cause, which, without their aid would be hopeless. Hofer in the mean time gave way to useless lamentations, and while he grieved at the retreat of the Austrians, the predominant feeling appeared to be alarm at the prospect of the probable destruction that awaited his country.

The army of the insurgents notwithstanding, increased daily, and Eisenstecken was indefatigable in his exertions to heighten their ardour, and to bring them into some sort of discipline. The greatest difficulty he had to surmount was their excessive dislike of any sort of duty during the night; they could not even be persuaded to mount guard except in the day time. The enemy were probably aware of this, as they attacked them several times during the night.

General Buol had still retained his station on the Brenner, while the troops commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Ertel extended themselves along Mount Isel to Wiltau. Here also Hofer, accompanied by his brave Adjutant Eisenstecken and the two Capuchin Friars, appeared

at the head of his men. On the 25th of May he attacked the Bavarian division of Deroy, but not being sufficiently well provided with ammunition, and unable to keep his men in proper order, he was repulsed. For several hours during the action the fate of the day seemed undecided; the Bavarians were twice driven from the heights of Passberg, but their superior strength, and the advantage they derived from their discipline, at length decided it in their favour. The Tyrolese gave way about five in the afternoon, and the contending parties were separated by a tremendous storm. Deroy, however, derived no advantage from this skirmish; for although he had been successful in the engagement, both he and his troops were astonished and alarmed at the valour and intrepidity with which they had been attacked, and he thought it prudent to retreat; at the same time issuing a proclamation of pardon from the King of Bavaria and Buonaparte, stating—"that all the Tyrolese who had not yet laid down their arms might be assured of a gracious pardon both from the Emperor of the French and the King of Bavaria, provided they did so immediately."

To this proclamation Deroy annexed the following letter from himself:

“ TYROLEANS !

“ Why do you still persevere in your errors ? You hope, perhaps, by this means to procure some advantage for yourselves ; and yet the effect of such conduct must be, that the Emperor of the French and the King of Bavaria will overrun your country with such a force as will make you feel their power, and overwhelm you with all the horrors of war. Every one who considers the subject reasonably must expect it.

“ It grieves me much to see his Majesty’s subjects swerve from their duty and their allegiance, and bringing upon themselves inevitable misfortune by their obstinacy. Let me advise you, therefore, honest Tyroleans, to make yourselves worthy of the pardon which is so graciously assured to you, and to return to your duty and your legitimate monarch.

“ Tyroleans ! have confidence in my advice ; send some deputy to me with whom I may confer ; few words will suffice to make us understand each other ; and I swear solemnly and publicly that those who come to me shall return to you in safety.

“ DEROY, *Lieut.-General,*
and *Commandant of the 8th Royal*
Bavarian Division.”

“ *Head Quarters, Innspruck,*
27th May, 1809.”

After the undecisive skirmish on the 25th, Lieutenant Colonel Reissenfels retreated with the left wing of the Tyrolese over Patsch to Ellenbogen, and Colonel Ertel to Matrey; his advanced guard took up their position at Schonberg, and extended the line to Mount Isel. The mountains were at the same time covered with scattered parties of the peasantry in all directions, and General Buol occupied the pass of Lueg on the Brenner, where he remained, in spite of the solicitations of the people who urged him to advance and join the van. They were exceedingly ill provided with ammunition, and were in constant fear that the enemy would discover it, and attack them before they could hope for a fresh supply. Their anxiety on this subject was however considerably lessened, on hearing that the Bavarians were equally deficient in this respect with themselves. On the 26th and 27th they were employed in making cartridges, mustering the companies of sharpshooters, and examining the state of their arms. Eisenstecken laboured hard to keep the people contented, for many had begun to murmur, and express their wish to return home, because the war could not be decided in a few hours; some indeed had already put these threats into execution, and quietly retired, but their places were soon supplied by a reinforcement from Botzen.

The troops who were engaged on the 29th consisted of between 800 and 900 men, 70 horse, with 5 guns, and nearly 18,000 irregular Tyrolese Peasants. The Bavarians had 8,000 foot, 800 horse, and 25 guns. The situation of both parties was critical in the extreme. The want of ammunition was felt most on the side of the Tyrolese and Austrians, who dared not descend into the plain on account of the superiority of the cavalry and artillery of the Bavarians.

The enemy had quiet possession of Innspruck, and were posted round the town in the most advantageous manner possible; some of them, however, were very near the rocks of the adjacent mountains, and they never approached within shot without experiencing the admirable skill with which the Tyrolese peasants used their rifles. The river Sill was on their left flank, while the town and the river Inn protected their rear.

The Bavarians had all advantages on their side except numbers. They had military skill and experience to oppose to the irregular efforts of an undisciplined peasantry. The regular Austrian force opposed to them was very small, the main body of the Tyrolese army consisting of the peasants. They had an ample supply of

provisions, whilst the Tyrolese had nothing but the scanty supply, which they could carry in their knapsacks, and no better arms than a scythe or a hay-fork ; and when the stock which they had brought with them was exhausted, they did not scruple to desert and return to their homes. Had the Bavarians therefore kept them in suspense for a short time, many of them would have gone away, and those who remained would have considered delay, as they always did, a forerunner of defeat. Under all these circumstances, it is surprising, that the Bavarians suffered themselves to be brought to action on the ground they then occupied, or that being compelled to engage, they were defeated. The Tyrolese fought under every disadvantage, and although their impetuosity at the moment overcame all obstacles, their leaders confessed, that, situated as they had been, their success was as unlooked for as it was agreeable.

Hormayr had previous to this action remained at Landeck, from whence he kept up a correspondence with Hofer ; but Hofer's letters were so wild and his intelligence so inconsistent and unconnected, that he was unable to understand their intentions ; and had it not been for a message which he received from Colonel Ertel, he would have been ignorant of the affair of the

29th. Hofer, he heard, passed the principal part of his time at the alehouse; but he was particularly fond of writing and dispatching couriers, without considering the danger they ran of falling into the hands of the enemy, and of disclosing their plans and motions. The following singular letter, which is very characteristic of the man, was addressed by him to the inhabitants of the Upper Innthal:—

“ Dear Brethren of the Upper Innthal.—For God, the Emperor, and our dear native country. To-morrow early in the morning is fixed for the attack. With the help of our Holy Mother, we will seize and destroy the Bavarians, and we confide ourselves to the beloved Jesus. Come to our assistance, but if you fancy yourselves wiser than Divine Providence we will do without you.

“ ANDREW HOFER.”

Hormayr, on the 28th, advanced from Landeck to Imst, where he was attacked with a violent inflammatory sore throat, which confined him to his bed, and he could only dictate his orders from thence in a whisper, while his disorder was augmented by the impatience which he felt to lead in person the attack at Scharnitz, where he was persuaded that his intimate know-

ledge of the country would render his presence essentially useful. Count Max Arco had advanced from Scharnitz; but Captains Falk and Count Joseph Mohr met him between Burgberg and Lauterer-See, with the sharpshooters of Landeck and Latsch, and after a short skirmish, completely routed him, taking 83 prisoners (among whom was a Bavarian officer of rank), and one ammunition waggon. The enemy had 27 killed; Count Max Arco's horse was shot under him, which obliged that officer to fly on foot. Teimer, on receiving the news of this success, advanced immediately towards Innsbruck.

On the 29th May, the engagement took place which delivered the Tyrol a second time from the Bavarians. The Tyrolese began their march at four o'clock in the morning, in the highest spirits and confident of success, and soon after seven the action commenced. As on the 25th, Colonel Reissenfels commanded the right wing and Colonel Ertel the left. The advanced guard was led by Amman, Captain of Chasseurs, a Tyrolese, for whom the countrymen had the greatest affection, and whose military talents fully entitled him to the command with which he was entrusted; he led them on that day with uncommon gallantry, and fell covered with glorious wounds. Reissenfels broke up his posi-

tion on the heights of St. Peter, and advanced over Patsch with four columns, to attack the bridges of Volders and Halle. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Colonel Leis, of Hohenlohe Bartenstein, and Joseph Speckbacher, who particularly distinguished himself, and who had been throughout a most strenuous supporter of the cause. He was a tall athletic man, with black eyes and hair, stooped considerably, and had generally an expression of dejection and melancholy in his countenance; but when the war in which he was engaged, or any thing relating to his native country (to which he was devotedly attached) was mentioned, his features brightened up with an appearance of animation and pleasure, and he raised his head as if proud of the part he was acting. From his youth he had been famed for the dexterity with which he used his rifle, and esteemed for his courage and intrepidity, of which many remarkable anecdotes are told.*

* Joseph Speckbacher was born at Gnadenwald, a village in the neighbourhood of Halle, on the 14th of August, 1768. His father was superintendant of the salt works at Halle, and his grandfather had distinguished himself formerly against the Bavarians. "Often," says Speckbacher, speaking of himself, "has my imagination been fired by the recital of his deeds, and my young heart beat to follow his example." His father died

Speckbacher with his column, consisting of 600 men, attacked the enemy at the bridge of Halle, drove them back, and destroyed it. The farm of Rainerhof was three times attacked by

at the age of 76, leaving eight children, of whom Joseph (then six years old) was the third. A few years afterwards he lost his mother, and was sent to school, where, in spite of the attention that was paid to him during a considerable time which he spent there, he could not be taught either to read or write. He was naturally of a wild disposition, and the discipline of his school had not the effect of taming him; he acknowledges himself, that his conduct was a constant source of uneasiness to his parents and relations.

At the age of twelve, having formed an intimacy with a few companions as wild as himself, he took to a roving unsettled mode of life, wandering through the forests of Bavaria, and committing all sorts of depredation. During their excursions, however, one of his associates, named Staudacher, was killed before his eyes by a Bavarian chasseur, which appears to have brought him to his senses, for from that moment he quitted the lawless life he had hitherto been leading, for one of respectability, and was afterwards appointed overseer of the salt mines at Halle.

In his 27th year he married Maria Schneider, of Rinn, a woman of some little property, whose first care was to persuade her husband to make up for his former neglect by learning to read and write, an accomplishment which he found of the greatest use to him afterwards, as he held in consequence several places of trust and responsibility in his district, and during the war of 1809, in which he was a principal actor, it was absolutely indispensable. Speckbacher was decidedly Hofer's superior in military talents, but did not rank so high in public

the Bavarians, who were each time driven back with considerable loss. During the conflict at the farm, a young woman, who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants, and had advanced to the scene of action regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball, and encouraged those nearest to her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation and suffer for her generosity.

The second column, under Reissenfels, Lieutenant Colonel Schulterer, and Captain Gassteiger, consisting of 500 Tyrolese, one division of Devaux, commanded by Captain Herman and Baron Welling, and a few Hohenzollern light horse, advanced towards the Castle of Ambras, and the bridge over the Sill.

The third column, formed of 800 Tyrolese, estimation. The kind of authority, however, which he possessed over his followers much resembled that of his friend, and the victories gained by the peasantry (whenever he was present) were certainly in a great measure owing to his ardour and intrepidity.

under Captain Wolfgang Natterer, extended itself over Rinn and Judenstein, and joined Speckbacher's division. The fourth, of 1200 Tyrolese, under Colonel Stuffer, and one division of Devaux, under Captains Dobraua and Immor, remained in reserve at Lans. The Castle of Ambras was soon taken, but the Bavarians resolutely defended the bridge of the Sill, and drove the Tyrolese back to Passberg, upon which Captain Dobraua advanced and stormed the bridge with redoubled ardour, and with the assistance of Colonel Ertel drove them to the village of Wiltau. Ertel had advanced on the heights of Mount Isel with the reserve (2,000 men) of Meraner and Algunder, and a company of chasseurs, vigorously assailed the heights of Mutters and Natters, and drove the enemy away from their guns into the plain. The Capuchin, Joachim Haspinger, took a leading part in this attack, and was seen every where performing extraordinary acts of courage and bravery, and doing great execution with his wooden crucifix. Once, however, his career had nearly been stopped, for a Bavarian soldier was about to run his bayonet through his body, when fortunately for him he was shot dead by a Tyrolese sharpshooter.

Hofer advanced with the main body down the great road from Mount Isel towards the

town, by the abbey Miltau, in the midst of the enemy's posts. The Bavarian outposts were immediately carried, but the enemy returned to the charge with the greatest resolution, and in spite of the redoubled efforts of the Tyrolese, maintained their ground to the last man.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, when Teimer suddenly appeared on the heights of Hotting behind the town and in the rear of the enemy. The number of his followers was small, but a party of Tyrolese in Innspruck had agreed to send two companies and a six pounder to meet him; this reinforcement, however, found great difficulty in joining him, and even when they had effected their purpose, were of little service to him.—It is probable that had Teimer appeared at an earlier hour he would have been able to unite his forces with the Tyrolese already engaged, and had he done so, the consequences of the battle might in the end have been much more beneficial to them; but the delay was not owing to any want of activity on his part; several unlooked for accidents had befallen him, which unfortunately prevented his arriving sooner.

The Bavarians, upon Teimer's appearance, collected their force and advanced in a strong body, with great resolution, towards Mount Isel;

Colonel Ertel's troops, who had been partially dispersed, were collected in haste, and the Austrians as well as Tyrolese drew themselves up in a line prepared to meet the threatened attack of the enemy. The conflict immediately became general, and for some time was maintained with great courage on both sides; the Bavarians, by their discipline, had great advantages and stood their ground admirably; but the Tyrolese sharpshooters who were dispersed amongst the rocks committed such havoc in the ranks that they several times gave way, but returned almost immediately to their former position.—Every moment the Tyrolese found their ammunition decrease, and were obliged to slacken their fire for fear of expending it all before a reinforcement could arrive.—In this emergency it was at length found necessary to send an officer with a trumpet to endeavour either to persuade the enemy to lay down their arms, or, at least, to desist from firing for a short time.—He was, however, not to appear as if it was an object of importance to the Tyrolese, but to describe, in the strongest manner, to the Bavarians their dangerous and critical situation.—His arguments had the desired effect—after being introduced twice to Deroy, he was told that they could not give him a decided answer,

but they begged for a cessation of arms during twenty-four hours, that they might, in the mean time, come to a final resolution—after which they immediately retreated.

During this interval, Colonel Ertel had carried one of the enemy's outposts, by stratagem, and forced the piquets to retire to the suburbs, when the long wished for ammunition arrived over the Brenner.

It was, however, at this time, too late to think of recommencing hostilities; but had they done so, it was most probable that the Tyrolese would have had the advantage: even had they renewed the fight on the following day, the result would have been the same, for Teimer's force hourly increased in the rear of the enemy, while the bridges were destroyed in all directions, which made them eager to hasten their retreat.

The Tyrolese performed wonders on this memorable day, and undaunted by the vigorous and repeated attacks of the well disciplined army of the Bavarians, stood their ground firmly, and whenever an opportunity offered itself, rushed headlong upon the enemy, shouting their patriotic war cry "for God, the Emperor, and our native country," and carried all before them.—It is said that the wounded would not permit themselves to be attended to, because it would

necessarily have employed a number of men to carry them off the field, and they were aware how small their force was, and how ill such assistance could be spared.

Amongst the distinguished persons who lost their lives in this action, Count Johann of Stackelberg was particularly regretted.—He was the last count of that illustrious family, and died leaving an affectionate wife and three lovely daughters to deplore his loss.—He was an intimate friend of Hormayr, and had joined the insurgents principally on account of his affection for him, but had been a zealous supporter of the cause although he had constantly refused the command. He died gallantly storming the farm of Sarenthein, covered with wounds. The Tyrolese had also to regret the loss of the brave Captain Amman of the Chasseurs, who fell amongst the last that were killed; his gallant conduct on that day will make his name long remembered in the Tyrol. The whole loss of the Tyrolese amounted to sixty-two killed and 97 wounded.—That of the Austrians twenty-five killed and fifty-nine wounded. While the Bavarians lost, on the 25th and 29th, 2500 killed and wounded, 569 prisoners and missing, several baggage and ammunition waggons, and a considerable number of officers.

Hofer, although regardless of danger, and certainly as courageous as any man in the army, took but little part in the active operations of the 29th; he gave several unconnected orders to Eisenstecken, but remained himself in the public house till late in the day, regardless of the representations of his friends, and of the tumult with which he was surrounded.—It is to be regretted that a man who had already proved his courage, who was at that moment adored by his followers, and whose name is to this day revered throughout his native country, should have been so deficient in energy as to remain a tame spectator of an action in which he might have played so great a part, and which will ever be remembered with pride and satisfaction in the history of the Tyrol.—A solemn feast was instituted soon after the battle, to commemorate a victory which had liberated the Tyrol once more from the Bavarian yoke.

The battle of the 29th May certainly formed one of the principal events of the war of 1809, not only from the extraordinary gallantry displayed by the combatants, but because the communication between Germany and Italy was completely closed, so that the principal part of the Bavarian and Wurtemberg force was obliged to remain, for above a month after the final signature of the Znaimer treaty in the

mountains of Salzburg, without being able to advance a step.—Such an advantage, had a proper use been made of it, might have been of essential service, not only to the Tyrol but to Austria itself.—Unfortunately, however, Austria had been intimidated by the success of the French, and had gone too far to recede; so that while the Tyrolese gained everlasting honour by their conduct, they only brought upon themselves the redoubled wrath of Buonaparte, who, after he had conquered Austria was indignant at their continued resistance.

As soon as it was dusk the Bavarians collected their whole force behind the town of Innsbruck, with the greatest secrecy possible, and after taking the precaution of wrapping the horses feet and wheels of the canons in hay, to prevent their making a noise, they began their march a short time before midnight in the most profound silence over the Mühlauer bridge to Halle and Baumkirchen, and retreated without opposition below the ruins of Schwarz.—Major Loy had been ordered by Teimer to hasten with the landsturm of the neighbourhood to the narrow and woody defile of Mariastein to intercept them if possible.*

* *The Bavarian Account of the Battle of the 29th of May.*

‘In the mean time the number of the Insurgents was increased, and on the 29th, at nine in the morning, they fell

At four o'clock the next morning Ertel entered Innsbruck followed by crowds of peasants

upon the corps at Innsbruck, with a much larger force. The fight was severe and obstinate,—it lasted the whole day, in that part which borders upon the mountains with nearly equal success on both sides ; at last, about seven in the evening, the Insurgents were driven back on all sides ; but they continued in the vicinity, upon the mountains, where they could not be followed.

‘ While this was going on, the inhabitants of the Upper Valley of the Inn, who had hitherto remained quiet and faithful to their repeated pledges, ran to arms : while those of Vintschgau, and of the environs of Schwarz and Rattenberg, also rose in insurrection, together with the whole Lower Valley of the Inn.—By this means was intercepted all communication of our troops with Bavaria, and provisions cut off on all sides.

‘ Supplies could not be obtained from those places which were occupied. The inhabitants of Innsbruck, who, from their good conduct, did not deserve starvation, were in want of articles of the first necessity. The division had consumed the greater part of their provisions, and there were no means of obtaining more. These circumstances induced the General to order a retreat, which threatened every hour to become more difficult, by the Insurgents breaking down the bridges. The Austrian Commander thought fit to send an officer with a trumpeter to Lieutenant General Deroi, inviting him to surrender with his corps. This message received the answer it deserved.

‘ The bridges over the Inn at Halle, Volders, Schwarz, and Rattenberg, could not be speedily repaired ; the inhabitants, who had been summoned to work at them, fired at the trumpeters and officers who were sent to them ; the First Lieutenant, Von Gunther, was killed at Rattenberg, when deli-

who flocked in indiscriminately and filled the town, and at nine o'clock Hofer marched in at

vering his commission.—On that account the division could not effect its retreat by the high road; they found it necessary to follow the left banks of the Inn, through woods and impracticable mountains, while the rebels, who had fortified themselves there, fired upon our troops. In spite of these obstacles, the division, by their courage and prudence, in two marches fortunately reached Kufstein, and took up a position at Rosenheim, without losing their artillery, stores, or equipage, and without suffering any considerable loss of men.

‘ The following is a copy of the Summons to surrender; sent to our troops during their march.

‘ “ To the Bavarian Commander in Innspruck.

‘ “ I am here with fifty thousand riflemen and soldiers, out of all Vintschgau and the Pusterthal. My comrade is at Berg Isel and its vicinity, with a force as considerable. I yesterday destroyed the corps of Count Von Arco at Scharnitz; scarcely did a few escape to carry the fatal tidings.—All the defiles of the Tyrol are occupied, there is no opportunity of escape. I therefore invite the Bavarian troops to an honourable capitulation, of which the security of their persons and the most brotherly treatment shall form the foundation. But if the moment of clemency is allowed to pass by, blood may yet needlessly flow. If I do not receive a satisfactory reply in half an hour, the work of slaughter shall begin again; and I swear that no quarter shall be given even to the last Bavarian soldier.

(Signed) TEIMER,

Austrian Major and Commandant of the Tyrolese.

‘ “ *Head Quarters of Krauef,*
written May 30.

‘ “ P. S. This moment a courier has reached me from Schon-

the head of the men of the Passeyr Valley, with Joachim Haspinger and Peter.—During the same evening Hormayr came in sick and fatigued from his great exertions. Teimer pursued the flying enemy as far as Kufstein, and Speckbacher to Wörgl, but with little success for they had advanced so rapidly, as to make pursuit useless.

Immediately after the victory of the 29th of May, many of the peasants who had retired from the field in discontent rejoined the army, while several hundreds who had been made prisoners of war escaped and enrolled themselves again under the standard of their country.—Such an

berg, in Carinthia, who brings me information that the French army at Vienna was annihilated on the 22d, 23d, and 24th; that the Russians and Prussians have joined us, that the Archduke Ferdinand is already in Swabia, and must be in possession of Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich and Ulm.—It is certain that nine Austrian battalions have entered Bregenz, and that 20,000 inhabitants of the Vorarlberg are on their March.—Send an answer in half an hour or I will give the signal for a general attack.”

‘This summons is quite sufficient to make known this Major Teimer, and to show how far these leaders of the insurgents carry their impudence to mislead an ignorant people by their unfounded reports, flattering themselves in their blindness that they may practise the same tricks upon the Bavarian troops.’

increase of force, while it must have appeared most formidable to the Bavarians, and have encouraged those who were doubtful of the ultimate success of the Tyrolese arms, was a source of great perplexity to Hormayr and the rest of the chiefs, for although the aid of so much additional strength gave them satisfaction, they had neither the means of arming or clothing the new comers, without which, their assistance would have been comparatively useless.

In this dilemma Hormayr resorted to the usual expedient, and issued the following proclamation.

“ The happy events which have taken place have set at liberty the greatest part of the prisoners, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy.—These brave men, who have suffered so severely in the unprecedented and obstinate combat for the honour of the Austrians, have found a safe asylum in the Tyrol.

“ It is of the greatest importance to us to augment our force, which has been so much weakened in consequence of the retreat of F. M. Marquis Chastelar, while that of the Bavarians continues to increase; their discipline and experience also give them great advantages over us.

“ The whole stock of our military stores and

clothing is exhausted, and without these necessary articles we shall be unable to attain our object.

They, therefore, who wish well to their country, must lend their assistance, at least for the moment, until a communication with the main army is rendered practicable, and an intercourse with the interior of Austria is again restored—an event which is of the greatest consequence to the welfare of the Tyrol, and which, after the memorable victories of the illustrious Archduke, cannot be far distant.

“ On this account every body, every true Tyrolean whose heart beats for the welfare and liberty of his country, is called upon in the most earnest manner, to send without delay all such arms, rifles, muskets, swords, cavalry saddles, &c. as they can spare, either to the appointed deputation or to head quarters, for which they shall, in proper time, be repaid.

“ The deputies and commandants are ordered to deliver all such stores as they receive with as much haste as possible, at Brixen, which being situated in the centre of the country, will serve as the magazine and rendezvous of all military stores, and from whence it will be easy to send in all directions such assistance as may be required.

“ Without clothing, the troops will be as unable to carry on the war as they would be without arms.—These articles and implements of war are indispensable. Whoever, therefore, lends his assistance to alleviate our wants will render the most important service to his country, &c. &c.”

This proclamation had the desired effect. The recent victory had roused a fresh spirit throughout the country, and every one exerted himself to contribute to the assistance of those who had already done so much, and who, they thought, with their aid, would gloriously attain the object they had so long and so nobly pursued.

Count Triangi enabled them to arm a considerable number of men by taking possession of a large stand of arms belonging to the enemy at Ferlach, near Clagenfurt.

Hormayr in a short time received also several pieces of cannon, which were of the greatest importance, because being of a small size, he could place them in situations, and draw them through passes, which would have been impracticable to guns of greater weight.

In spite of the contributions, however, which were levied throughout the country, the store of ammunition received by the end of May, was not nearly sufficient for the use of the Tyrolese, who

instead of husbanding the small quantity they possessed, took advantage of every wedding or festival that occurred, to fire feux-de-joie, and thus a considerable quantity of powder, which might have been of the greatest consequence to them afterwards was thoughtlessly wasted.

The Tyrol had few resources in itself. Its own powder mills could make little at a time, and surrounded as the frontiers now were by enemies, it was exceedingly difficult to import powder if it could have been procured from other countries* ; but the want of money was in fact an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt of that sort. Austria was the only place to which they could look for succour, and Austria herself had so many expenses to meet at this moment that she had not the means of giving them much assistance ; but to Austria the Tyrolese had always been accustomed to look for support, and now that they were struggling in her cause, they depended entirely upon her in all their difficulties. †

* 275 cwt. of powder, which had been sent from Switzerland, was seized by Talleyrand, the French Minister to the Helvetic Confederation at Coire, in the Grisons, and was in consequence lost to the Tyrolese.

† The distress of the Tyrolese was much increased by the depredations which the Bavarians had committed upon their

The Archduke John had indeed repeatedly declared his great affection for the Tyrol, and his determination of defending it to the last extremity, acknowledging at the same time its consequence to Austria, and his gratitude for the attachment so repeatedly and so universally expressed to him by the Tyrolese. It was natural, therefore, that they should look to him for support, and Hormayr encouraged the belief that they would ere long receive it, although it is probable that at that very moment, he saw himself how little possibility there was of their hopes being realized. Chastelar, however, exerted himself with great earnestness to procure money from his court for the relief of their distress; but his exertions (although very liberal promises were made to him) never had the desired effect. The loss of Vienna, the consequent interruption of all communications, and the danger with which Austria was threatened, were urged as insurmountable obstacles to the fulfilment of their promises.*

convents. At any other time, the patriots would have found able and willing assistants in the opulent members of those ancient establishments, but now they were themselves so impoverished, that they were compelled to apply for support to their own exhausted government.

* It was however suspected by many of the Tyrolese, that

In spite of the difficulties he had to contend with, Hormayr never relaxed for a moment from his exertions ; but he found those difficulties increase daily, for as long as the people remained in a state of inactivity it was impossible to keep them in order. Unaccustomed as they were to any sort of military discipline, they could not be taught that the success of the cause depended as much upon their general conduct as upon their bravery in the moment of battle.

Many hundreds who had left their homes to join the army now wandered idly about, committing every sort of wanton excess, and, as will always happen in times of tumult, when the settled course of law must necessarily be in some degree impeded, even the more orderly part of the people imitated the example of the dissolute, and the inhabitants of some of the towns refused to pay the taxes and imposts. Hormayr therefore had not only to contend with an enemy superior to him both in numbers and experience, but with an insubordinate set of men on whom

Chastelar and Hormayr had received considerable sums of money from the Austrian court, and had appropriated them to their own use. The whole conduct of these two men, and the noble disinterested manner in which they behaved throughout, is (I think) sufficient proof that these suspicions were equally unjust and improbable.

he could not depend and over whom he had but little power.

This disorderly state of things was increased by the vile intrigues of Malanotti, Kolb, Mayer, and others of the same description, who were jealous of Hormayr and Hofer, and encouraged the people to rid themselves of every sort of restraint. The constitution established by the Bavarians still partially existed in the country, for although the Bavarian authorities were driven away, the same method was used to levy money as formerly, and the same system of government was pursued as that which had been originally introduced by them. This was a source of continual irritation to the people, who declared that they would submit to nothing Bavarian, and as their wants increased, instead of listening to the representations of Hormayr, they lived upon the plunder they could extort from their own countrymen; so that every day their situation became more desperate and the difficulty of relieving it greater.

In the beginning of June a quantity of silver was coined at Halle, which produced 3000 florins; and every means were employed to borrow money from the neighbouring countries, in order to meet the increased expenses of the army; but the bad success of the Austrian arms

created an unwillingness to lend, for it was natural to suppose that the Bavarians, on repossessing the Tyrol, would refuse to repay a loan which had been raised to enable the Tyrolese to carry on war against themselves. Hormayr was therefore at length compelled to mortgage his own possessions in the Tyrol, in order to raise a sum, which, from its trifling amount, could only afford temporary alleviation to the distress which was daily increasing.

Hofer in the mean time was applied to by Hormayr in all emergencies; the cool determination with which he acted on all occasions, his zeal for the cause, and, above all, the sort of idolatry with which he was looked up to by the Tyrolese, gave him more weight than any of the other chiefs, and Hormayr was well aware how serviceable his aid would be in all moments of mutiny or discontent. At the beginning of the war he commanded the whole armed force of his native valley, and after the battle of Innsbruck he was made Commander-in-Chief of the whole of the South of the Tyrol. He had by his zeal and undeviating adherence to the cause fully justified the expectations of Hormayr, who, when he selected him from amongst his countrymen, was aware of the contracted ideas, and limited knowledge he possessed, but felt con-

fident that, from his extraordinary character, he would become popular, and render him, perhaps, more real service than a man of brilliant talents or more enlightened mind.

According to the Bavarian accounts, the Tyrolese force in June did not exceed 10,000 men, and of those some were men advanced in years, and many boys scarcely fit to carry arms; but it is probable that after the battle of Berg Isel their force was larger, as far as can be conjectured from the accounts of the numbers that joined the insurgent army; the great difficulty was not only to arm, but to organize this additional strength, for to some who were accustomed only to the labours of the field, the use of a musket was unknown, and to those who had passed their lives as Chamois hunters, wandering wherever their inclinations might lead them, the restraint of military discipline was indescribably irksome. In the heat of battle both were equally courageous, equally inveterate against their enemies, and anxious to surpass each other in deeds of gallantry; but it could not be expected that the wild and uncontroled bravery of a few ill-armed Chamois hunters would long withstand the superior force and discipline of the Bavarian army.

Destitute as he was of means, Hormayr could

not hope to bribe them by an increase of pay or additional allowance of food; neither threats nor entreaties had any effect upon them, except when the enemy were in sight, and then it was equally difficult to restrain their impetuosity. Hofer was of considerable service on this occasion; for although he, in common with the rest of his countrymen, disliked restraint, he was obliged to obey Hormayr as his superior, and willing to serve him as his friend, and his influence with the peasants persuaded them in many instances to attend to their duties.

Every exertion still continued to be used to find money and provisions; Bavaria, from whom the Tyrolese had been accustomed to look for support in a time of scarcity, was closed to them, so that as their only resource they compelled all the citizens who refused, or were unable to carry arms, to contribute a share of provisions or money to the support of the army, and those who were too poor to commute their services for such a payment were obliged to join the insurgents.

In this desperate situation of the Tyrol, surrounded almost on every side by enemies, distressed for provisions and money, and agitated internally by the discontent and disaffection of

those who ought to have defended it, there seemed little prospect of carrying on the war with success. But notwithstanding these difficulties the cause was not abandoned.

At this moment Uzschneider, Bavarian director of the salt mines, first appeared, and by his uncommon activity, and talent for writing those wild proclamations which were so attractive to the Tyrolese peasants, he added much to the perplexities in which Hormayr and the other patriot chiefs were involved. The letters which he distributed round the country had an astonishing effect in encreasing and encouraging the discontent of the peasants. Some of these, in which he complained unjustly of the excesses committed by the Tyrolese, in the neighbourhood of Kufstein, and of the general barbarity with which, as he affirmed, they had treated the Bavarian prisoners, were addressed personally to Hormayr, who returned the following answer :

“ SIR,

“ I have received your two letters of the 22d of June and 3d of July, by means of my advanced guard, as well as those which you gave yourself the trouble to write to several intrepid patriots.

“ I have no other answer to make than that I am equally devoted to the welfare of the Imperial House of Austria as you are to the King and Princes of Bavaria.

“ What you say of the excesses committed in the district of Kufstein afflicts me. But to that I can only answer that I have made it my most sacred duty to prevent such excesses as far as has been in my power.

“ The inhuman brutality with which the Bavarian soldiers have treated not only the armed, but the defenceless old men, women, and children, as well as the sick and wounded in the hospital at Schwaz, does not, I allow, entitle the Tyrolese to follow their example.

“ I have fortunately prevented all such conduct where I have been personally present; and be assured that I will punish it severely wherever it has happened in my absence. My intercession on the 14th of April saved more than one Bavarian bailiff from death, and their families from insult. Receive at present my word of honour for the kind treatment of the eleven hundred prisoners of war now with us in Etschland.

“ A man of your understanding must laugh at so absurd an invention, as that the Tyrolese have murdered a single Bavarian or French pri-

soner of war. Upon the subject of the violation of martial law, we have both a word to say.

“ I should do wrong, however, to attribute to my own endeavours the good conduct of my nation on this subject. The Commandant-General, Baron Von Buol, who distinguished himself so much by his bravery at Kehl, Verona, Marengo, and Memmingen, would blush to serve in a country where such deeds were committed, would despise those vallies, where, from the 13th to the 29th of May, the Bavarians have experienced the force of our arms.

“ I have therefore merely to acknowledge the receipt of your papers, and to return the same remonstrance on our part, with the assurance of the high consideration and esteem I have for you.

“ JOSEPH BARON HORMAYR,
&c. &c. &c.”

A proclamation of Uzsneider's, which fell into the hands of Baron Taxis about this time, is very characteristic of his manner. The following is an extract :

“ INHABITANTS OF THE TYROL !

“ You know me as Director-General of the Salt Mines at Halle.

“ I come to you now as a messenger of peace; when you wished for peace you rose up against the Bavarians—you involved your native country in war and sedition, because they made you believe that the Austrian troops would be able to protect you.

“ The inexhaustible power of France, and the talents of Napoleon are irresistible, they have already detained the whole Austrian army during four weeks in Bohemia.

“ The French are already in possession of Salzburg, Upper and Lower Austria, Vienna, Carinthia, Steyerlach, and Hungary, as far as Ofen. The Russians and Poles are advancing to Galicia.

“ Austria can assist you no longer; the whole weight of the war will fall upon yourselves. Several times have hostile troops appeared in your vallies, who have treated you as rebels to your lawful king; had you remained faithful to him, you would not have seen these troops in the Tyrol.

“ You still continue to rebel against Bavaria; your country is at war with France! What will become of you? Do you not see how the troops increase on all sides of you; what force from France and from the Rhine—from Italy! These

troops will act against you, if you do not immediately return to your duty and your legitimate king. Through your own misconduct you bring these troops into your vallies, and endless misery upon your own heads. Your prosperity is, then, annihilated by yourselves for many, many years.

“ You calculate in vain that Austria will support you; what can Austria? What can a sinking power, who herself wants assistance, do for you?

“ Tyroleans! consider your present situation, surrounded as you are by irritated enemies.

“ His Majesty the King of Bavaria is your legitimate master; he wishes for your welfare, and his heart will bleed when he finds it necessary to force you into your duty.

“ He promises—that all those who return to their duty shall be pardoned; that those whose property has been plundered shall be supported,” &c. &c. &c.

Chastelar, during the battles of Innspruck and Hohenems, remained in the Drauthal, anxious to break into Carinthia and join the Archduke John, which he had been prevented from doing in the beginning of May, by the unnecessary delay of General Schmidt, who, if he had obeyed

the Archduke's orders, would have been able to open a free passage to the whole army.

The main body, consisting of the whole regiment of Johann Jellachich, two battalions of Hohenlohe Bartenstein, four small squadrons of Hohenzoller, the Carinthian Militia, a company of Chasseurs, and a large body of Tyrolese Volunteers who composed the advanced guard, advanced up the Drauthal. General Schmidt, who commanded the right wing, was to march in the direction of St. Hermagor, straight through the Gailthal, in order to cut off the communication between Tarvis and Villach. General Fenner, with the left, advanced from Spital over Treffen, in order to come in the rear of the enemy. Villach was the first point to be attacked. On the 4th of June a brisk skirmish took place near the bridge of the Drauthal. General Rusca retired to Clagenfurt, where he took up his position, and on the 5th June the whole of the Austrian force appeared before that place, and several shots were fired. Some prisoners were taken on the same day, among whom was Colonel Tascher, nephew of the Empress Josephine, and son of General Grenier; from papers in his possession it appeared that General Marmont was rapidly advancing from Dalmatia,

through Clagenfurt and Bruck, in order to join the main army at Vienna. It was, therefore, immediately decided to attack Clagenfurt, and the command of the enterprize was given to Baron Beyder. There were at the moment numbers of Austrian prisoners who bivouacked in the middle of the streets, and who would have joined the besiegers as soon as they had obtained an entrance into the town. In the dusk of the evening a breach in the wall of the dry ditch was discovered, which had been repaired with a single wall of bricks, through which a passage was soon made for the entrance of the troops. Every thing was in readiness, but the design was unfortunately prevented by the usual tardiness of General Schmidt, who was not yet come up, and who did not arrive till day break, when it would at all events have been too late to put their scheme in execution had not the enemy discovered their design. Early in the morning the enemy commenced a heavy cannonade from the town, and soon after made a sortie, in which, after a very severe contest, they lost a considerable number of men, but General Schmidt found it necessary to retreat again to the Pusterthal. Marmont was however so much alarmed at the unexpected appearance of Chastelar, that he retired hastily

over Loibel, and marched backwards and forwards during several days between Krayburg and Laibach, undetermined what plan to adopt. Chastelar proceeded in his march by Volkermarkt, Windischgratz, Hoheneck, and Gonovitz, and on the 9th of June joined the 9th division of the army under Count Ignaz Giulay Bannus, and Rochitsch, and a few days afterwards effected a junction with the little army of Archduke John.

In the beginning of July, Rusca quitted Clagenfurt, and advanced towards Vienna, to join the main army following the route of the Viceroy Beauharnois, Macdonald, and Marmont. On the 4th he halted at Knittefeld, and on the 5th, General Gavassini met him, and showed an inclination to attack him. On the 6th General Felner reached Leoben, and Colonel Salamon marched with two battalions to Vortzberg, leaving seventy horse in Weiskirchen. Felner, however, neglected to place piquets, and during the night Rusca appeared before Leoben, forced the bridge and gates, and took possession of the town. In the action Felner was killed, and the whole of his corps dispersed. In the mean time Gavassini remained at St. Ruprecht, while Rusca evacuated Leoben after

having levied a contribution, and retreated to Kraubat. Had Gavassini immediately advanced, it is probable that he might have retaken Leoben, made Rusca prisoner, and dispersed his troops, but by his want of decision the opportunity was lost.

Hormayr, who felt of what importance the possession of such a place as Clagenfurt would be to the Austrians, and, consequently to the Tyrolese, had formed a plan for the capture of it, which if he could have attempted it, would very probably have met with success; 2500 men were in readiness to march under General Schmidt, and 5000 Tyrolese volunteers had put themselves under the command of Hofer, eager for the adventure. Nothing was wanting but the co-operation of the 9th division of the main army, but they delayed the execution of the plan day after day until the cessation of arms had taken place, when it was too late; and the only advantage that Hormayr derived from the conception of a plan whose success might have proved so beneficial to the cause, was, that several of the discontented Tyrolese were for a time tranquillized by the prospect of active service.

On the 5th of June, Hormayr hastened with

Baron Taxis and the Engineer Baron Hauser to Brixlegg and Rattenberg, where they met the chiefs of the lower valley of the Inn, and with them formed plans for the organisation of a new force. Hofer followed them, accompanied by Eisenstecken, the two Capuchins, and deputies from several vallies in the Tyrol. At this time the Inn was so swollen that it was in many places dangerous to cross; and as the bridges were all destroyed, they were obliged to effect their passage by means of stilts and long poles, with which they balanced themselves. The country, which a few weeks before had been in a state of the highest cultivation, and the villages which were in the neatest order, now presented on every side a scene of ruin and desolation, too painful for the eyes of a native of the Tyrol—the promising crops destroyed, and the wretched inhabitants of the once peaceful villages were seen wandering over the country bewailing the loss of their homes and the ruin of their expected harvests.

The blockade of Kufstein meanwhile continued under the command of the Deputy Intendant Roschman, whose force was daily increased by his activity, and its discipline improved by his care and attention.

In the upper valley of the Inn nothing of any consequence occurred. Count Max Arco remained at Benedictbeuern with his corps, in order to keep open the communication through the Iserthal from Scharnitz to Munich, while Fuessen was blockaded by some small divisions of the *corps de reserve*, in order to preserve the pass of Reitti, and General Piccard was ordered forwards with the Wurtembergers by Hofen to the Vorarlberg.

The chiefs of the Veltlin insurgents had contributed from 200 to 300 regular troops, 1,200 peasants, and one six-pounder. This body was already in motion by Meran; Captain Muller, of the chasseurs, leading the regulars, and Major Frischman the Tyrolese.

The great deficiency of the Tyrolese was in cavalry; for although a force of that description was unnecessary in their own mountainous country, where their method of warfare gave them perhaps an advantage over more regular troops, it was impossible for them to gain any decisive success in the extensive and open plains of Bavaria and Swabia; but it was owing at the same time to this very deficiency, that the partial advantages which they gained in their occasional incursions into those countries raised their reputation higher in the opinion of their enemies, be-

cause they could only be attributed to their natural courage and intrepidity.

An enterprise of this description was proposed at the end of June, and the attempt was to be made from all parts of the country at once. The Vorarlbergers, who, on the 13th, had defeated the Wurtembergers at Hobranz, were to advance to Kempten, and on taking that place, to endeavour to form a junction with Teimer, who was to pass by Fuessen to Schongau; and Major Dietrich, advancing by Ettal, Murnau and Weilheim, was to assist the communication, while Baron Taxis was to force a passage by Kochell and Benedictbeuern, connect the line by Murnau, and extend himself to the right towards Tolz and Clagenfurt; Count Leiningen towards Trent and Verona.

In the Vorarlberg there were 20,000 men under arms prepared for this expedition, while the whole of the Tyrolese force did not amount to near that number.

Unfortunately for the result of the enterprise the enemy had by some means received intelligence of the intention, and were prepared every where for resistance. Teimer, by some mistake, advanced too much to the right instead of joining the Vorarlbergers, and from his ignorance of the geography of the country, exposed him-

self to considerable danger by falling in with the division of Count Max Arco. He narrowly escaped being made prisoner. By this unforeseen disaster the right flank of the Vorarlbergers was left exposed. They sustained a trifling loss of killed and wounded and two small pieces of cannon, for the division under Captain Juritsch came up too late to assist them, and their too great eagerness had led them to engage early in the day. Schneider, who commanded them, behaved with great intrepidity and coolness, and it is probably owing to his conduct that the loss was so trifling. Thus a plan, which had it succeeded, might have led eventually to the entire liberation of the Tyrol, was frustrated, partly by mismanagement, and partly by the superior force and activity of the enemy; no other alternative remained for them but to retire in good order after having possessed themselves of Kempten, Isny and Wangen, and taking with them from Constance six pieces of cannon and two ammunition waggons, some hundreds of prisoners, 360 sacks of corn and a large quantity of wine.

During these operations in the north, Count Leiningen was actively employed in the south. He had taken Bassano by storm, when a detachment was dispatched against him from Brescia, consisting of 1,400 foot and 140 horse, who ad-

vanced by Roveredo towards Matarello in hopes of being able to cut him off and retake Trent; but he was prepared for them, and drove them back to Roveredo in great disorder. On the 6th of June, a second detachment of 1,700 foot, 200 horse, and 6 guns, advanced to Trent, under Levier, chef de Brigade, who having made himself master of the suburb of Fersina, summoned the town to surrender, and upon Leiningen's refusal, proceeded to bombard it. A courier was immediately dispatched to Hormayr, who was still at Brixlegg, to inform him of their perilous situation, and to demand his assistance; upon which he hastened with Hofer to their relief; but another courier met them at Botzen, with intelligence that the enemy had retired.

On the 6th of June the whole of the force in the lower Tyrol advanced from Lavis in three columns; Schlager, of Hohenzollern, led the right wing; Captain Hubler, the main body, and Lieutenant Kukuli remained with the left wing in the mountains, in order to cut off the enemy on the road behind Fersina, and force them to retreat; while Captain Auerbeck, of the chasseurs, attacked them in the rear and completely defeated them. They retired in great disorder, having lost about 1,200 killed and wounded and 150 prisoners. This was the last

action of any consequence which took place in the south of the Tyrol. The enemy made several incursions as far as Valsugana, where they distinguished themselves by the most revolting acts of cruelty, but were in general repulsed by the peasantry without the assistance of any military force; and the few skirmishes of Leinigen in the mountains had no result of any consequence.

In the midst of these active operations in the Tyrol, intelligence was received of the decisive battle of Wagram, and the subsequent armistice between the French and Austrians, an event which was equally unexpected and disheartening to the Tyrolese. The news reached Hormayr at Innspruck on the 17th July, but in so doubtful a manner that he was not at first inclined to give credit to it; but the report had spread a panic amongst the Tyrolese, who saw themselves in consequence compelled either to submit again to the yoke of Bavaria, or to continue the contest against the conquerors of Austria without the possibility of being supported by those on whom they had till now depended. Many of the insurgents, as was usual in all cases of difficulty, gave up the cause as lost, and retired to their homes to await the event, while others more zealous or more desperate, seemed to have

redoubled their ardour, and expressed themselves determined to spill the last drop of their blood rather than submit to Bavaria.

General Buol meanwhile remained at Brixen in a state of the most perplexing uncertainty. He received orders from the Duke of Dantzic to evacuate the Tyrol, as hostilities had ceased, and a stipulation to this effect had been made in the armistice which was just concluded; but from his own government he had received no orders to that effect, nor indeed any official intimation of an armistice. He therefore refused to alter his present position. Hormayr, who had received a command from Anglés, Intendant at Salzburg, to surrender the Tyrol to Bavaria, and compel the Tyrolese to lay down their arms, returned for answer, that until he was commanded to do so by the Court of Austria, he would not yield a single foot of ground. Their doubts, however, were soon cleared up, and the unwelcome report of the fatal day of Wagram proved to be too well founded. The armistice was concluded at Znaim on the 12th of July, and it was agreed that the Austrian troops who were then in the Tyrol and Vorarlberg should immediately evacuate those countries; but the insurgents refused to acknowledge the agreement, and de-

clared that they would submit to nothing but the orders of the Emperor of Austria, who had affirmed that he would accede to no peace that did not ensure to him the possession of the Tyrol, and they would not permit the Austrian troops to leave the country.

One of the most violent amongst those who refused to accede to the armistice was a man named Kolb, who not only expressed his determination of using every means in his power to detain the Austrians, but proposed to General Buol that he should put to death all the prisoners then in his hands. He had taken up his quarters at Lienz, and intercepted all the dispatches indiscriminately, whether Austrian or French, took several officers prisoners, and declared every one who would not stand by him, a traitor to his country. Hormayr, who had foreseen that the indignation of the patriots would vent itself upon the unfortunate prisoners, used every exertion, as soon as he was convinced that an armistice had really taken place, to secure to them a safe retreat out of the country, and by his interference the greatest part of them escaped unhurt; some few, however, were unfortunate enough to fall victims to the ungovernable rage of the peasantry.

Eisenstecken, Martin Schenk, and Peter Mayer were Kolb's principal confederates, but their designs were neither of so sanguinary, nor so wild a nature as his; they were equally eager to detain the Austrian troops, but their first object was to seize the ammunition, and tempt the privates to desert to their cause, to disavow all the officers who opposed their intentions, and to send them with Hormayr and Buol out of the country. Lieningen they looked upon as a person who would probably join them, and to Hofer they looked as a chief who would lead them on, and probably enable them to effect the liberation of their country, without the assistance of the Austrians who had now deserted them.

Hofer himself shortly appeared amongst them, and declared that he was willing to accept the office of Commander-in-Chief if they wished to confer it on him, but if they preferred Lieningen he was prepared to draw his sword as simple commandant of the Passeyr Valley, but that in whatever situation it pleased God to place him he would sacrifice his life for the cause in which he was engaged, and that he was confident the Emperor of Austria would not desert them, but return as soon as he was able to their assistance. This declaration was received with shouts of approbation, and Hofer from that

moment became Commander-in-Chief of the Tyrolese*.

His first care was to organise a fresh force sufficient to defend his country, and in a short time hundreds of peasants flocked to his standard, partly from a sort of confidence that they had in his powers, and partly from the hope that the discipline of his army would be less strict than that which had hitherto been so irksome to them, so that he found himself at the head of a formidable body of men, all prepared to follow him and sacrifice their lives in his service.

At the same time hundreds of the Austrian troops deserted to him daily. They had begun their march with the intention of leaving the country, but were prevented by the Tyrolese, who persuaded them to remain and join their army. In Etschland, Colonel Taxis was deserted by nearly the whole of his corps, who, upon Hofer's appearance marched quietly out to meet him, and neither threats nor entreaties could recall them. The whole of the troops in the Vorarlberg declared unanimously that they would never abandon their brothers the Tyrolese, so that in a few days the whole country was once

* His vanity on this occasion carried him so far that he is said to have caused his initials to be stamped on a new coin.

more in a state of insurrection from one end to the other.

On the 9th of August all the Austrians who had not deserted to the insurgents had left the Tyrol; those who remained being about 600 men with several officers. General Schmidt delivered up the Fort of Sachsenburg to Rusca, according to the stipulation of the armistice.

No one felt more deeply the painful situation of the Tyrolese at this time than the Archduke John; he had always been particularly interested in their welfare, and the following extract from a letter, addressed by him to General Buol, shows clearly what were his feelings at that moment.

“ I enclose you a copy of the armistice concluded by the army of Germany; you will see by the 4th Article that the Tyrol must be immediately evacuated, but it does not appear that this would be necessary supposing it to be occupied by French or Bavarian troops. This armistice has astonished me; but, alas! it is too true, and the enemy will doubtless press for the performance of the conditions. His Majesty, who is with me here, is particularly concerned that on account of this armistice the dear Tyrol which was occupied by us must be evacuated. He is concluding negotiations in order to shorten

the misery of the present moment, and to establish stipulations from which he will not swerve. A few days will shew whether peace or renewed hostility will be the consequence. His Majesty will do all in his power for the Tyrol, and if possible will keep it for himself, or at least if he is compelled to resign it, will make such agreements as shall secure the Tyrolese from being punished for their fidelity and the sacrifices they have made to him; and in case of emergency, he offers an asylum to the chiefs who are inclined to settle in the Austrian dominions. This is all I can learn from the conversations which I have had with his Majesty; my own opinion of the actual state of the Tyrol is as follows: I foresee how difficult it will be to make the inhabitants, who have done so much, comprehend the necessity of our leaving the country; but we promise, in the event of peace, to take care of them, and of war to support and protect them. The first demands their submission, the second their assistance. In the first moment of anger they will either allow the troops to depart, and cursing those who have deserted them, listen to the propositions of the Bavarians, or they will refuse to permit the Austrians to leave the country. In either case we have a difficult game to play; our first object is to gain time. The armistice

was to continue for a month according to the 7th Article of the Treaty ; nine days have already elapsed ; so that the negociations which have already commenced will soon prove whether we are to expect peace or a renewal of hostilities. In the event of peace we shall soon know the fate of the Tyrol, but on the recommencement of war we should be obliged to recall our troops * * * * *

“ Meanwhile all that we can do is to endeavour to gain time and tranquillize the minds of the inhabitants as much as possible.

“ General Buol will command the whole of the troops, and Baron Hormayr will remain either with him or General Schmidt according to circumstances ; but it is advisable at all events that these two commanders should act together, that by being able to apply to each other for advice, they may do nothing rashly. You have both a difficult part to act, but silence is above all things necessary ; your secret must remain impenetrable, that your intentions may not be discovered, or the consequences might be dreadful. The accounts you send me must be by the safest possible conveyances, that they may not run the danger of being intercepted.”

“ ARCHDUKE JOHN.”

“ *Head Quarters, St. Groth,*
21st July, 1809.”

On the receipt of the above letter General Buol published the following proclamation, and immediately begun his march to the frontiers :

“ TYROLEANS AND VORARLBERGERS !

“ An Austrian courier has brought from the head quarters of his Imperial Highness the Archduke John, the confirmation of the intelligence that an armistice had been concluded on the 12th of this month, by the 4th Article of which the whole of the Austrian troops now in the Tyrol and Vorarlberg are compelled to evacuate those countries.

“ The distresses of the army, and the unpleasant appearance of political events have induced his Majesty to take a step which has given him so much pain ; the greatest care, however, will be taken of the Tyrolese. The Archduke John has given us the most positive assurance of it.

“ With this promise, the Tyrolese are exhorted to submit peaceably, that the country may be spared the horrors which would infallibly be drawn upon it by their continued resistance.

“ I am compelled, according to my orders, to leave the country, and consequently you can no longer depend upon me for support. Let me then entreat you to submit with patience to the will of Providence.

“ I have recommended the Tyrolese to the

protection of Field Marshal the Duke of Dantzic, whose army is destined to act against the Tyrol.

“Your own conduct will have the greatest influence over him, and it depends upon yourselves either to promote the welfare or destruction of your country.

“With a heavy heart, and gratitude for your early assistance, I find myself compelled to make this communication to you.

“BARON BUOL.”

“*Brixen, 29th July, 1809.*”

Hormayr, who had struggled so long for his country, who had in spite of the discontent of the people, and of the difficulties which were opposed to him, carried on the war with so much success for some time, felt most acutely the situation in which the Tyrolese were now placed. Still anxious to preserve them from the Bavarians, but dreading the consequences of continued opposition to their power, he scarcely knew how to act. His immediate object was to quell the increasing irritation of the peasantry; he used his utmost endeavours to persuade Hofer not only to abandon his project of carrying on so hopeless a war, but to accompany the Austrians in their departure from the country. With

Hofer, however, his persuasion had no effect. Speckbacher, Sieberer, Aschbacher, and Frischman resolved to follow him, but Speckbacher, in an interview with Hofer, in which he had intended to take leave of him, was persuaded to remain; and Hormayr, accompanied by a very few friends, left his country to maintain its struggle for liberty under the direction of Hofer.

Hofer, with all his courage, and with the numerous advantages which he possessed, was not equal to the command to which he had been called by the unanimous voice of his countrymen; it was rather under his influence than his direction that the war was carried on. His want of decision at the moment when he found himself deserted by the Austrians, was too evident a proof of his inability to direct so large a force, for from the 29th of July until the 2d of August, although every thing was in a state of preparation, and the peasants were in arms throughout the country, no active measures of hostility were undertaken, and Hofer remained concealed in the valley of Passeyr, without exerting himself to promote the success of his own projects.

Haspinger, the Capuchin, who had retired to his convent near Brixen, immediately after the victory at Berg Isel, on the 29th of May, and

to whom the people came for advice in the absence of Hofer, was equally irresolute how to act. He seemed to think that, without the aid of the Austrians, all the resistance that they could make against the overwhelming power of the enemy would prove fruitless, and although equally inveterate against the government of Bavaria with the rest of his countrymen, he hesitated to resume his station, and to take an active part in a cause which he now considered hopeless. His attachment to his country, and his desire to see it free, at length however prevailed, and on the 2d of August* he appeared at the Inn at Brixen. Haspinger here found three of the principal actors in the subsequent war (who had pledged themselves mutually to sacrifice their lives in the struggle for the liberty of their country rather than abandon so holy a cause), Martin Schenk, who was the friend and confident of Hofer and Eisenstecken, Peter Kemmater, and Peter Mayer †. With these

* From that day he always went by the name of *Rothbart*—Red Beard.

† The last of these men, who was particularly inveterate against the Bavarians, was tried by a court-martial, and shot at Botzen, in February, 1810, for having carried arms after the proclamation issued in the month of November preceding, by Eugene Beauharnois, at Villach. In his last moments, as the

men Haspinger concerted his plans of attack, and hostilities immediately commenced.

On the 4th of August Haspinger led a strong body of Tyrolese against the combined forces of the French and Saxons, who were in the Eisackthal, under the command of General Rouyer. The action lasted from an early hour in the morning until four in the afternoon; and from the havoc occasioned by the well directed aim of the Tyrolese sharpshooters, as well as the desperate resistance of the whole force, the enemy sustained considerable loss, according to their own account 1200 men, and 53 officers. Amongst these was the Saxon Colonel, Baron Hennings, who died of his wounds at Brixen, two days after the battle. One extraordinary method of destruction used by the Tyrolese on this occasion ought not to be omitted. They had, by the direction of Haspinger, felled several enormous larch trees, upon which they piled large masses of rock, and heaps of rubbish; the whole being supported by strong cords, by means of which they were suspended over the edge of a precipice. During the action the Tyrolese decoyed a body of the enemy's troops, by appearing to

soldiers were about to fire, he took a small crucifix which he always wore next his heart, and delivered it to a by-stander, "because," he said, "it might perhaps turn the bullets."

retreat, immediately under the spot, when in an instant the ropes were cut, and the whole structure came thundering down upon the heads of the unfortunate troops beneath. Few had time to escape; the principal part of them were instantly crushed to death; a death-like stillness succeeded to the tremendous noise of the falling avalanche, which was alone interrupted by the dreadful shrieks of those who were perishing in the ruins. For a moment the firing ceased on both sides, but was soon renewed with double vigour on the part of the enemy, who at length succeeded in forcing the Tyrolese to retreat to the Laditcher bridge, which was immediately blown up. The enemy had sustained too severe a loss to renew the combat, and both parties separated. Haspinger immediately retreated to Brixen to collect provisions and to reassemble those peasants who had returned there during the action.

As soon as the news of this affair had transpired, Hofer* quitted his place of concealment in the Valley of Passeyr, and on the 7th of August appeared at the head of several thou-

* Hofer was summoned by the Duke of Dantzic to appear at Innsbruck before the 11th of August, to which he replied, that "he would come accompanied by 10,000 sharpshooters."

sand men on the Gaufen, where he joined Speckbacher, who had already taken up his position there. His appearance was soon known throughout the country, and his presence seemed to inspire the patriots with new courage, so that his army gained strength every day in numbers as well as in spirit and enthusiasm. The name of Hofer was sufficient to rouse those to activity who still hesitated, and the success which marked the commencement of this second war, confirmed the most sanguine in their hopes and expectations.

In the beginning of the month of August General Stengel made several ineffectual efforts to dislodge Speckbacher from the advantageous position which he had taken up at Tschofes, but he was repulsed in every attack, and was at length compelled to abandon his attempts in that quarter. The Tyrolese, however, on the great road to Brixen, were driven back and dispersed after a severe contest, by Count Wittgenstein, and the Duke of Dantzic upon receiving intelligence of his success, advanced over the Brenner, at the head of a strong body of chosen troops, with the intention of overwhelming the patriots and passing through the country with his whole army.—This, however, was a task beyond his powers.—He had not

advanced far, before the rear of his army was attacked with great fury by a body of peasants and completely routed, it was a tumultuary attack without order or regularity; but irresistible on that account. The peasants tore the dragoons from their horses, and killed them with the butt ends of their muskets.—Lefevre himself escaped with the greatest difficulty to the village of Mauls, having lost his hat and sword; here, however, he was not safe, a fresh force of peasants immediately attacked the remnant of his scattered army which had fled with him, and in a short time completed the victory so gloriously begun by their countrymen. The whole division was dispersed over the mountains, having deserted their guns, ammunition and baggage waggons, which were left in the hands of the conquerors. Lefevre after having collected a few of his followers retreated in haste to Innsbruck, disguised as a common trooper, where he arrived on the 11th of August at four o'clock in the afternoon, and on the same night all the survivors of his discomfited army were reassembled in that city.

On the 8th of August, 1700 Bavarians under the command of Baron Bourscheidt, and the French Colonel Vasereau, advanced from Landeck towards Prutz, in hopes of being able to

pass through the Vintschgau and fall upon the rear of Hofer's troops at Sterzing.—They were met, however, at Prutz by a handful of Tyrolese sharpshooters, who, after having fired upon them with great success for a short time, retreated to the adjacent mountains, where, under the shelter of the rocks, they kept up a continual harassing fire upon the enemy.—These intrepid men were shortly joined by a large body of their countrymen, who, after a severe contest of several hours, compelled their opponents to retreat with considerable loss. The Bavarians in vain endeavoured to rally and enter the village of Prutz, they were repulsed in every attack, and after having kept up the fight until the troops were completely worn out with fatigue, and had lost great numbers, they found it necessary to retreat to Dullenfeld where they passed the night. At break of day the Tyrolese recommenced their fire, but the Bavarians were too distant from the mountains to be much annoyed by it, and they, therefore desisted as soon as they discovered that they were merely wasting their powder; a pause of some hours ensued, at the close of which, the Tyrolese, impatient at the immoveable manner in which the Bavarians retained their position, assembled their whole force amounting to about 300 men, armed with clubs, pikes and scythes,

and shouting as they advanced, precipitated themselves upon their enemies in the plain.

The Bavarians, on seeing their determination, displayed a white flag and called for quarter; upon this they were desired by the Tyrolese to lay down their arms, and to deliver themselves up as prisoners of war, together with their ammunition and horses.—To this they readily agreed, provided their lives were spared.—About 900 men and 200 horses fell into the hands of the Tyrolese, the rest having previously escaped, with the exception of about 250 who were killed.—The Tyrolese, during these two days, had only seven killed and four wounded.

Immediately after the evacuation of Sacksenburg, Rusca had advanced to Lienz. He chiefly distinguished himself by his atrocities. Every peasant who was found in arms was instantly shot; women and old men who were incapable of active warfare fell victims to his barbarity. The peasants, justly incensed at his conduct, soon determined to be revenged; and when he least expected it, they appeared in force at Lienzer Clause, headed by Anton Steger of the Pusterthal, Hibler, Adam Weber, and Baron Luxheim, a Swabian volunteer, who had been formerly in the English service.—Rusca defended himself but a short time against the

furious attacks of this army of irritated peasants, and having lost 1200 men he retreated in the utmost disorder to the fort of Sacksenburg, taking with him great numbers of sick and wounded.

Thus without the aid of the Austrians, the Tyrolese had been successful in almost every attack upon their enemies, and these successes did not fail to inspire them with the most confident hopes of being able to realize those plans which had been so ably formed for the liberation of their country. Hofer became every day more beloved—every victory was attributed to him; and when the army under his command defeated the enemy a second time in the auspicious neighbourhood of the Isel mountain, he was looked upon as a sort of deity, and Hofer's famous battle of the 12th of August is mentioned to this day in the Tyrol with a degree of exultation that it is not easy to describe.

On the memorable 12th of August the Duke of Dantzic had assembled the whole of his force, which consisted of about 25,000 men and forty pieces of cannon, on the plain before Innspruck.—Harassed as they had been throughout the country by the incessant attacks of the peasantry, and defeated in almost every attack, their courage had considerably diminished;—ac-

customed as they had hitherto been to victory, they were unwilling to face again an enemy who had given them such decided proofs of courage and firmness.—They no longer boasted of being able to “disperse the rebels,” but seemed only anxious to ensure to themselves a safe retreat to Salzburg.—It is said that Lefevre himself was not particularly confident of success, although his army was so much superior in numbers, for he had learned by experience the character of those he had to oppose.

It is extraordinary, therefore, that at this moment, when the Tyrolese occupied so strong and so advantageous a position, when he knew that their force was considerable, and that his own troops had lost much of their usual spirit and scrupled not even to express every where their reluctance to fight, Lefevre should have hazarded a battle, the result of which he knew must be of the greatest importance to the Tyrolese if they were successful, and if he were so, would be of little comparative consequence to the Bavarians.

The Tyrolese were posted on the Isel mountain, the scene of the former great victory of the 29th of May.—Their force consisted of 18,000 men, 300 of whom were Austrians who had determined to share their fate when the Austrian forces were recalled.—They were tolerably sup-

plied with ammunition, but their provisions were nearly exhausted, and some hundreds of peasants in consequence of this want had already deserted to their homes.—Hofer commanded in person, and took up his quarters, as he had done in May, at the public house of the Spade, under the Schonberg.—Haspinger, the Capuchin, although so worn out by his indefatigable exertions as to have scarcely strength to walk, advanced by Natters and Mutters to the Husselhof. The right wing was commanded by Speckbacher, whose line extended from the heights of Passberg to the bridges of Halle and Volders; under him Count Joseph Mohr, at the head of the peasants of the Vintschgau, was particularly distinguished.

During the night previous to the battle, Haspinger roused Hofer from his sleep, and having first united with him in fervent prayer, he received his orders and hurried to the outposts to impart them to the several chiefs. At six o'clock in the morning the firing commenced. The plan of attack resembled much that of the 29th May; the object of the Bavarians appeared to be to dislodge the Tyrolese from their position on the heights of Mount Isel, while they, on the other hand, as they drove back their enemies, seemed intent upon making themselves masters of the bridges and approaches to the town.

The firing was tremendous, and continued for several hours with unabated fury. The bridge of the Sill was contested with great bravery on both sides, but at length the Bavarians gave way: the ground was strewed with the dead and dying, and on every side crowds of Bavarians were seen flying, routed by the charges of the Tyrolese. The victory was at length complete. The loss of the Bavarians must have been immense: 1,700 wounded fell into the hands of the conquerors. The loss of the Tyrolese amounted only to 50 killed and 132 wounded.*

The Bavarians retreated in haste over the Inn immediately after the battle, and began their march towards the frontier, committing, according to their usual custom, every sort of excess, laying waste the country in all directions, setting fire to villages, and plundering the inhabitants. On the 17th, the third division entered Kufstein, and by the 20th the whole army was in Salzburg. The Tyrolese pursued them to some distance, and Speckbacher had a skirmish with the rear guard at

* This is the Tyrolese account. The Bavarians estimate the loss of the Tyrolese at 1,000 men, and acknowledge their own to have been 5,000.

Schwaz, in which they lost a great number of men.

On the 15th of August, (Napoleon's birthday) Hofer made his triumphal entry into Innspruck, having delivered his country a third time from the Bavarians. His presence at this juncture was particularly necessary, for the people were beginning to plunder every thing they could seize; but as soon as he appeared, order was restored; the fear of his displeasure checked every disposition to plunder. He immediately gave directions that whatever had been taken either from the Bavarians or from the country people, should be delivered up within eight days; a search was made by his order in every house in Innspruck, and a heavy fine imposed upon all persons who were detected in an attempt to secrete any stolen property, however inconsiderable its value might be.

Hofer, upon entering Innspruck, took up his quarters at the Imperial Castle, where he continued to reside during his stay. His first care was to order a general thanksgiving for the late victory, which was observed throughout the country with the greatest solemnity. He assumed the title of Imperial Commandant of the Tyrol, and surrounded by his aid-de-camps and attendants, kept up a sort of court, which, when we consider his origin, his character, and his

manners, must appear in the highest degree ridiculous, but which was in some sort acknowledged by his countrymen, who obeyed his proclamations and edicts with the most scrupulous attention.

Hofer, however, had many difficulties to contend with. The inhabitants in the south of the Tyrol were discontented and riotous, and during the temporary absence of Morandell, who had been appointed commandant of that part of the country, had put themselves under the command of new leaders, who were not equal to such a command. Hofer therefore hastened to Botzen, aware that his presence there was material, and on the 4th of September issued the following proclamation :

“ BEST BELOVED SOUTH TYROLEANS.

“ It is with great displeasure that I have learnt your ill-treatment of my troops. I publish now, my dear brave countrymen and brothers in arms, this proclamation, that the well-thinking may know how to behave to those who are conducting themselves so ill. From my heart, which beats for you all, I detest robbery and depredation of every sort. I hate contributions and extortions, and be assured that I will not pardon these mean actions.

“ It is the duty of every brave defender of his country to watch over the honour, and cultivate the affection of his neighbour, that he may not incur the displeasure of the Almighty who defends us so miraculously. Dear brothers in arms recollect yourselves—against whom do we fight? against friends or foes? Against our enemies we have fought and conquered, and will still fight against them, but not against our brothers, who have been already so much oppressed. Consider that we ought to protect and assist our fellow creatures, who are unable to carry arms. What would the world, the witness of our conduct—what would our posterity say, were we not to fulfil these duties? The glory of the Tyrolese would be lost for ever!

“ Dear countrymen. The whole world is astonished at our deeds. The name of the Tyrolese is already immortalised, and it is only necessary that we should fulfil our duty towards God and our neighbour to complete a work so gloriously begun.

“ Brave countrymen and brothers in arms, supplicate the Creator of all things, who is alike able to defend or destroy kingdoms at his pleasure, and he will guide you. Who at this moment would wish to disturb our tranquillity? I summon all the clergy and those who are unable

to bear arms to assist and protect my troops, and such as are not able to render them any service to implore God on their knees to bless our endeavours.

“ I further acquaint all public bodies, towns, villages, and my troops in general, that, as so many irregularities have happened in consequence of the conduct of commandants of their own choosing, during the absence of Joseph Morandell, whom I had appointed Commandant of the Southern Tyrol, no proclamations, orders, or arrangements are to be attended to, unless issued and signed by him.

“ ANDREW HOFER,

“ Commander in Chief of the
“ Tyrol.”

“ *Botzen, 4th September, 1809.*”

Hofer, however, although certainly unequal to direct the government at the head of which he was placed, did not remain inactive. His orders were given without much thought, but with a decision which was serviceable to the cause, at a moment when so much irregularity prevailed in the country, and they were always obeyed with the utmost promptitude and exactness. That which was probably of the greatest advantage to him, was his rigid ad-

herence to the form of government adopted by Austria. No step was taken by him but in the name of the Emperor, and the people were consequently more ready to obey orders that came, or at least appeared to come, from the Imperial Court. He levied taxes to enable him to carry on the war, issued a coinage of twenty kreutzer pieces, divided the landsturm into companies, and, as far as was in his power, carried the ancient system of government into effect.

Meanwhile the Vorarlberg; although still in arms for the Tyrolese cause, was of little service to them, on account of the incessant quarrels and discontent of its chiefs. Schneider, who had formerly led them, had been captured and dragged to prison by the enemy, so that the Vorarlbergers now looked to Hofer, not only for advice, but support; while he on his part, aware of the consequence of their assistance, used his utmost endeavours to appease and tranquillize them. But the views of Hofer and his associates were at this moment chiefly turned towards Salzburg and Carinthia. They had succeeded in driving their enemies from the Tyrol, and they continued their hostilities against them into the neighbouring countries with the greatest ardour. To the Salzburgers Hofer issued an animated proclamation, which induced num-

bers to take up arms. Speckbacher in the mean time defeated a strong body of Bavarians on the 16th and 17th, at Unken and Lofen, the loss of the enemy in killed and prisoners amounting to 1,700 men, many of whom perished in the river Saal.

Peter Thalguter, who shared the command with Speckbacher* on this occasion, saw a Bavarian officer of rank swimming for his life in the Saal, and precipitating himself into the stream, made him prisoner, while yet in the water. After this victory, Speckbacher advanced as far as Bertholdsgarn and the district of Reichenhall.

Harrasser a tanner, of Innspruck, took Werfen, which opened a communication between Salzburg and Villach; and on the 25th Haspinger drove the enemy from the pass of Lueg, advanced a few days afterwards to Hallein and threatened Salzburg; his success, however, made him careless, and his advance was so precipitate as to endanger his retreat.

During these operations, Hofer remained quietly at Innspruck, but the success of the Tyrolese arms under his government was a

* Breunig, Speckbacher's adjutant on this occasion, served afterwards during the war in the Peninsula, in the German Legion, and was raised to the rank of captain for his gallant and distinguished conduct.

source of great regret to those who had left the country with the Austrians; they had then abandoned the cause as hopeless, and were now lamenting their absence from scenes which reflected so much glory on their countrymen. Among the rest Eisenstecken and Sieberer, who had both distinguished themselves at the beginning of the war, felt acutely their separation from Hofer, and at length determined to return at all hazards and share his fate. Eisenstecken was the bearer of a gold chain and medal sent by the Emperor to Hofer, which he presented to him at Innspruck on the 28th of September, and was appointed by him to the command in the south of the Tyrol. Sieberer afterwards joined the Tyrolese troops at Kufstein and the Thiersee. Haspinger received also a cross of merit.

On the 4th of October, a grand festival was held at Innspruck in honour of Hofer, who was on that day formally invested with the medal, in the great church at the foot of the tomb of Maximilian, by the Abbot of Wiltau, amidst the acclamations of the people. The day was spent in rejoicing and revelry; but the Tyrolese were not to witness another day of such exultation.

Their successes unhappily were but a prelude to the tragical events which followed, and they who had been the objects of wonder and admira-

tion to the whole world for their gallant patriotism, were doomed to become again subservient to a power against whom they had struggled with such bravery and perseverance.

It was at this period that Müller and Schonecher were dispatched as deputies from the Tyrol to England to implore the assistance of the British government. In their present distress, it was perfectly natural that they should have recourse to a nation, in which suffering and sorrow of every kind are sure to find protection and relief.—The deputies were received, as might have been expected, by men of all ranks, with the greatest kindness and hospitality. The honours to which their steady patriotism, and their generous loyalty justly entitled them, were liberally bestowed upon them by a people who well knew how to appreciate the value of those rights and privileges for which they were contending. They were fighting for their constitution, and that was sufficient to ensure to them the good will and sympathy of Britons; but to give them more than this—to give them real and effectual assistance was impossible. A pecuniary supply, which was all that could have been expected, would have been of little use to them; and any other aid, the remoteness of their situation and the rapidity with which their re-

verses succeeded each other, made absolutely impracticable.

The fresh misfortunes of the Tyrolese began early in the month of October. General Peyri advanced into the south with 6,000 men, and directed his march towards Trent, having published a proclamation in which he summoned the Tyrolese to lay down their arms or dread the consequences.

He had received orders from Caffarelli, then minister of war, to make himself master of Trent, cost what it would, and his army directed its march towards that city. Peyri's advanced guard, under the command of Colonels Levier and Gavotti, pushed forward through Pilcante and Ala, and the van, under Percevault, Chef de Bataillon, kept the main road towards Ala. Luxheim met the advanced guard at Ampezzo, with a force of 1,200 men composed of Austrians and Tyrolese, and was repulsed with great loss. Roveredo fell into the hands of the enemy without much resistance; and Peyri, having been reinforced by the national guard of the Brenta and the 5th French regiment of the line, advanced to a strong position near Lavis. The Tyrolese here made some show of resistance, and an action took place which was kept up for several hours with great fury on both sides;

but the French, who were superior in numbers, could not be driven from their strong post, and the Tyrolese were obliged to retreat, having lost* 150 men killed and wounded, and about 40 prisoners. The French cavalry pursued them as far as Welschmichel, and took a few more men and one four-pounder.

In the middle of October, however, Eisenstecken drove the enemy back to Trent, and occupied again the position at Lavis, which he kept for some time.

The aspect of affairs in the north was at the same time equally disheartening. The Bavarians had advanced through Salzburg, and driven the Tyrolese back over their own frontiers. Speckbacher, who opposed them in the pass of Strub, was completely defeated with the loss of more than 300 men. Speckbacher was desperately wounded, and his son, a little boy of eleven years old, who had accompanied him to the field, was taken prisoner at his side. The Tyrolese, as soon as they saw that their leader was wounded, retreated in disorder to the heights of Melek, from whence they afterwards fell back to Innspruck, fighting as they retreated. Speckbacher was closely pursued by the enemy, and at Wal-

* The Tyrolese estimate the loss of the French on that day at 400 men.

drung, where he attempted to make a stand, nearly fell into their hands.

The misfortunes of the unhappy Tyrolese seemed to encrease daily, the tide of fortune had turned against them, and the overwhelming force of the combined armies of France and Bavaria, drove back and dispersed the hitherto victorious peasantry in every quarter. In the midst of these calamities, peace was finally concluded at Znaim between France and Austria, and the Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria for ever!— Thus did the House of Austria abandon to their fate a people, who, unaided and unsupported, had struggled against a superior force—who had sacrificed their lives and their property, to prove their attachment to that House, and their allegiance to its Sovereign. Buonaparte, however, engaged to procure a full and complete pardon for the inhabitants of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, who had taken a part in the insurrection; and Eugene Beauharnois, now styling himself Eugene Napoleon, issued a proclamation from Villach, confirming to them the assurance of pardon, provided they would instantly lay down their arms and return to their obedience.

“ Tyroleans! peace is concluded between his majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the

Rhine, my August Father and Sovereign, and His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

“ Peace therefore prevails every where except among you—you only do not enjoy its benefits.

“ Listening to perfidious suggestions, you have taken up arms against your laws and have subverted them, and now you are gathering the bitter fruits of your rebellion: terror governs your cities; idleness and misery reign among you; discord is in the midst of you; and disorder every where prevails. His Majesty the Emperor and King, touched with your deplorable situation, and with the testimonies of repentance which several of you have conveyed to his throne, has expressly consented in the treaty of peace to pardon your errors and misconduct.

“ I then bring you peace, since I bring you pardon; but I declare to you that pardon is only granted to you on the condition that you return to your obedience and duty, that you voluntarily lay down your arms, and that you offer no resistance to my troops.

“ Charged with the command of the armies which surround you, I come to receive your submission or compel you to submit.

“ The army will be preceded by commissioners appointed by me to hear your complaints, and

to do justice to the demands you may have to make ; but know that these commissioners can only listen to you when you have laid down your arms.

“ Tyroleans ! If your complaints and demands are well founded, I hereby promise that justice shall be done you.

“ EUGENE NAPOLEON.”

“ *Head Quarters at Villach,*
25th of October, 1809.”

In consequence of these proclamations, and the unpropitious appearance of affairs in the Tyrol, several hundreds of peasants threw down their arms and submitted to their fate, and those who still continued to stand out against the enemy had lost their accustomed ardour and activity.—Even Hofer (who had abandoned Innsbruck) for a moment offered to submit and deliver himself up to General Drouet ; but this was a momentary resolution and he continued steadfast and firm in his determination to defend his country to the last extremity.—Amidst the defects of his character, one of the most fatal in the present crisis of the Tyrolese affairs, was his want of decision.—This was the bane of himself and of his country, and to its operation chiefly may be attributed the unfortunate conclusion

of his short but interesting career. A strange notion, which had taken possession of his mind, that it was decreed by Providence that the French should be victorious, and that nothing could withstand the arm of Buonaparte, had for awhile convinced him that there was no choice left him but submission—for this reason he offered to give himself up to General Drouet, and issued proclamations to the Tyrolese avowing his intention of abandoning a cause which he for the first time considered as lost ; but it appears that notwithstanding this he still clung to a hope of future success, for he had scarcely resolved to submit to the French General, before he spurned the idea as base and cowardly, dispatched messengers in all directions to rouse the people, and as if by magic appeared again at the head of an army equally devoted to himself and their country.—His letters to Drouet, are the best proofs of his feelings on this occasion.

To General Drouet.

“ A courier from the Archduke John, furnished with French passports, has just brought to the Tyrol the news officially confirmed, that peace has been finally concluded between the house of Austria and the Emperor of the French.

“ Consoled by seeing the fate of our country

depend upon the generosity of the French Monarch, we have, in order to stop as soon as possible the unnecessary effusion of blood, sent deputies to the Viceroy of Italy, to express to him our respect, and to come to an understanding with him on the measures which circumstances require.

“ ANDREW HOFER,

“ Commander in Chief of the Tyrol.”

“ *Schonberg, October 29th, 1809.*”

To General Drouet.

“ His Majesty the Viceroy of Italy having deigned to give the deputies of the Pusterthal the assurance, that if all the Tyrolese would lay down their arms they would be treated in the most indulgent manner, that all offences should be pardoned and forgotten, and no person should be persecuted, the undersigned has not hesitated to give to that assurance entire belief, and to order all the troops occupying the different posts to disband and return home.

“ The undersigned most humbly begs your excellency to treat all the Tyrolese with indulgence and benevolence; and to draw a veil over the past.—In this case the undersigned assures your Excellency, that not the least injury shall be done to any of your soldiers.

“ However, to avoid all disorder, it may be as well if the entrance of your troops were delayed for a few days, to give the Tyrolese time to return home.

“ In once more recommending the people of the Tyrol to your Excellency’s benevolence, the undersigned has the honour to be till death yours, &c.

“ ANDREW HOFER.”

“ *Steinach, November 4, 1809.*”

The Bavarians meanwhile had gained every day a stronger footing in the country, and repulsed the Tyrolese in every attempt they made to oppose their progress. The first division of the army had advanced from Loser, by the pass of Strub to Waidring and St. Johann, commanded by the Crown Prince. The second under Wrede, by Kessen, and the third under Deroy, by the great road from Kufstein. The advanced guard of the Tyrolese was driven back from Reiterwinkel, and on the 18th of October the whole of the Bavarian force was combined at Worgl; on the 24th they marched by Kundel to Halle, and after some little resistance from the Tyrolese, made themselves masters of the bridge of Volders. Hofer immediately evacuated Innspruck and drew up his force on the Isel

mountain the scene of his former victory ; but the Bavarians did not appear inclined to attack them, and quietly taking possession of the city without firing a shot, proclaimed the peace which had been just concluded between France and Austria. The Tyrolese dispersed, and Hofer took up his head quarters at Steinach.

The partial dispersion of the Tyrolese in consequence of the pardon offered to them by Eugene Beauharnois, and the accustomed irresolution of Hofer, put a temporary stop to hostilities ; but upon the new and final declaration of their chief, who declared that he would fight till the last moment, the Tyrolese were again in arms, and appeared in force on their favourite position on the Isel mountain. It was not fated, however, that they should again be conquerors on this spot. The Bavarians were much superior to them in strength, and after an engagement in which they did not display their usual gallantry, they were completely routed.

Hofer had for some time past been the friend and companion of a man named Donay, a cunning intriguing priest, of moderate talents but quick of apprehension, who perfectly understood the character of Hofer, and by his constant flattery had gained such an ascendancy over him, that he could lead him as he pleased.—His

friendship for Hofer had no object but his own purposes and interests.—Disliked for his haughtiness, and despised for his profligacy, he at length became the betrayer of that friend who had confided in him, and for the sake of a paltry reward delivered him who had been his greatest benefactor, into the hands of his enemies and murderers.—This man was dispatched in company with Sieberer, as deputy from the Tyrol to Beauharnois who was then at Villach, to negotiate for the pardon and safety of those chiefs who had either instigated or taken part in the insurrection.—Beauharnois agreed to their request (as has been already seen), and on their return Hofer published the following proclamation to the Tyrolese.

“ TYROLESE.—DEAR BROTHERS!—

“ Peace between His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and the Emperor of Austria, was concluded on the 14th of last month.—We have been informed of this event in a manner which cannot leave us the least reason to doubt. The greatness of soul of Napoleon assures us of our pardon and of an oblivion for the past.—In consequence of this I have assembled as great a number as I have been able of the deputies of the different districts,

and with their consent I have sent to Villach M. Donay of Schlanders and Major Seiberer of Unterlangenkamf with a letter addressed to his Imperial Highness the Viceroy, and signed by all the deputies of the districts. The two commissioners have returned to day and have reported the answer of the Viceroy.

“ Brethren!—we cannot maintain war against the invincible forces of Napoleon. Entirely abandoned by Austria, we are precipitating ourselves into an abyss of misfortune.—I can no longer command you, as I can no longer guarantee your security from the disasters to which you would be exposed.—A power of a superior order guides the steps of Napoleon.—It is the immutable decree of Divine Providence which decides victories and the condition of states.—It is no longer permitted to oppose this decree.—It would be madness to strive against the course of a torrent; let us now render ourselves by our resignation to the Divine will worthy of the protection of Heaven; and by our fraternal love, and the submission which is expected of us, worthy of the generosity and benevolence of Napoleon, &c. &c.

“ ANDREW HOFER.”

“ *Sterzing, 8th November, 1809.*”

A proclamation which was published on the

15th, dated Passeyr, shows how much Hofer's feelings were changed in a few days.

“ I felt inclined to lay down my arms, prevailed upon by men whom I considered as friends to my country, but who, as I now find, are its enemies and traitors ; I therefore think it right to inform you, that, all the Passeyr Valley is again in open insurrection. All the inhabitants, both old and young, have taken up arms again, and the enemy was yesterday defeated with great loss ; I therefore call on you, brethren, to rejoin us ; were we to surrender to the enemy, we should soon see all the youths of the Tyrol dragged away from their homes, our churches and convents destroyed, divine worship abolished, and ourselves overwhelmed with eternal misery. Fight, therefore, in defence of your native country, I shall fight with you and for you, as a father for his children. I feel obliged thus briefly to communicate my sentiments to you, lest I fall a sacrifice for my own people ; you would incur the same fate were you to remain indifferent spectators, and not take up arms again for your God and your native country.”

The proclamations and entreaties of Beauharnois having no effect, and the peasants still continuing in arms, Rusca and Baraguay d'Hilliers were dispatched into the Pusterthal on the

3d of November. On the 4th they occupied Brunecken; here they were opposed in a gallant manner by the Tyrolese, who were however unable to make much opposition, and fell back fighting to Mulbach Clause. Rusca moved forward eagerly in pursuit, and at length, after meeting with the most determined resistance, succeeded in dispersing them, although his own loss was very considerable. Baraguay d'Hilliers advanced to Brixen. In the mean time the Bavarian troops marched from Innsbruck. On the 10th of November, the position on the Brenner was occupied, and Major Hoppe was at Sterzing. General Peyri at the same time appeared on the heights of Fleims, and hastened to join his allies, having overcome every resistance that he met with in the mountains. Thus the small force of the Tyrolese which remained in arms was completely surrounded.

On the 14th, however, Rusca made an attempt to enter the valley of Passeyr, and met with less success than he had formerly done. Torggler and Peter Thalgutier met him and drove him back from the old castle of Tirol, pushed forwards to Terlau and the heights of Jenesien, where the Bavarians were routed; Rusca himself was slightly wounded, and his loss amounted to 600 men killed and wounded and 1700 prisoners. Peter Thalgutier was killed in this action

in the very act of taking an eagle from the enemy, and fell universally regretted by his countrymen.

Baraguay d'Hilliers rightly judged that he should be able to effect more by clemency than by force of arms ; and for this reason dispatched a messenger to Passeyr, to invite Hofer and his friend Holznecht to Meran, promising them at the same time every indulgence, and full pardon, provided they would put an end to hostilities. Hofer for a long time hesitated what course to pursue. Baraguay d'Hilliers, as well as Beauharnois, was urgent in his entreaties, and would have done any thing in his power to have secured to him a safe retreat, but he refused to bend to the storm that hung over his head till it was too late to recede. Deceived by false intelligence, and traitorous companions, he had still clung to the vain hope of seeing better days, until he was surrounded and overwhelmed by those enemies whom he had so long and so gallantly opposed.

In this dilemma most of the chiefs took advantage of the proffered protection of Beauharnois, and joined a large party of Tyrolese emigrants at Warasdin. But Hofer persisted in his refusal to accompany them, and when they had all deserted him, suddenly disappeared, retiring to a place of concealment in the moun-

tains of his native valley, where he remained for some time undiscovered in spite of the active search that was made after him, and the reward that was offered for his head. Haspinger escaped through the Munsterthal to the Grisons; and Speckbacher, who, deceived by Hofer's orders and proclamations, remained under arms for some time, and made several attempts to oppose the enemy, was driven back from every position, and by degrees deserted by all his companions. General Derooy offered a large reward for the apprehension of his person; but after encountering innumerable difficulties, and meeting with the most extraordinary adventures, he succeeded in escaping to Austria. Kolb also, after remaining in arms so long as he was able to collect any force, followed the steps of Speckbacher, accompanied by twelve companions, and arrived in safety at Vienna.

At the beginning of December there were but few peasants in arms; here and there indeed some few straggling parties of desperate men, who had nothing to lose, and who hoped to profit by partial plunder, were still to be seen; but these too had lost their leaders, and resembled rather gangs of banditti than the remains of the once victorious army of the Tyrolese patriots. Baraguay d'Hilliers, however, who had laboured hard to restore tranquillity to the

country, was vexed at the continuance of the partial appearance of insurrection, and on the 9th of December published a proclamation, which ought not to be omitted.

“ TYROLEANS !

“ As I advanced with the French army into your country I found you in arms; I believed that you had been seduced from your duty, but that you were not then guilty, and I felt convinced that you would lay down those arms as soon as you were informed of the contents of the treaty of peace, which promised you pardon on that condition.

“ Touched by the generosity of my sovereign, the Emperor, I have acted towards you with the greatest clemency. I did not punish those who opposed me at Mulbach and Meran. Those same French whom you are so eager to destroy, have respected your villages, your women, and your property. The Pusterthal, the Vintschgaw, and the Passeyrthal, which were the scenes of your most obstinate fury, teem with examples of the moderation of the French. But while I relied upon the oaths of those amongst you who were inclined to take advantage of my peaceful offers, some traitors who depended only on the war, who had nothing to sacrifice and nothing to lose, persuaded the inhabitants of the district

of Brixen, to take up arms again, although their pardon was only on condition of their tranquillity. These were attacked, conquered and dispersed, and their houses, which were soiled by crime, burnt to the ground. Tyroleans! let this dreadful example be a warning to you. There will yet be many who will seek to seduce you, but spare me the pain of being obliged to punish you. And you freeholders, magistrates, and ministers of God, combine yourselves against these bands of disturbers; I desire nothing of you but that you will remain quietly at home; your property, your persons, your religion, laws, customs and prejudices shall all be respected; but those who have broken their words shall be deservedly punished. For the sake of yourselves remain faithful to your words, and trust in God and the Emperor Napoleon.

“BARAGUAY D’HILLIERS.”

“*Botzen, December 9, 1809.*”

On the 22d of December several of the Tyrolese chiefs were shot, for having borne arms after the publication of this proclamation.

The sudden disappearance of Hofer in the mean time had given rise to innumerable contradictory rumours and conjectures. Many believed that he had followed the example of

Speckbacher and his companions, and escaped over the mountains into Austria, and they expected to hear intelligence of him soon from that quarter; others were persuaded that he had actually been seen at Vienna; and some few rightly conjectured that he was concealed in the Tyrol. The place of his concealment, in which he remained from the end of November to the end of the month of January following, was a solitary Alpine hut, four long leagues distant from his own home, at times inaccessible from the snow which surrounded it; a few faithful adherents supplied him from time to time with the food that was necessary for himself and his family, and more than once he was visited by confidential messengers from the Emperor of Austria, who used every entreaty to make him quit his abode and follow them to Austria, assuring him at the same time a safe conduct through the enemy's army. But Hofer steadily refused all their offers, and expressed his determination never to abandon either his country or his family. He adhered tenaciously to all his old attachments and habits, and even resisted the urgent entreaties of his friends, who endeavoured to persuade him to cut off his beard, from an apprehension that it would lead to a discovery of his person. At length, the traitor

Donay, once his intimate friend, allured by the flattering promises of the French, basely persuaded a man who had been entrusted with the secret, to betray him to Baraguay d'Hilliers, and Captain Renouard, of the 44th Regiment, was appointed to the command of 1600 men to take him prisoner. Besides this force, which appears enormous when we consider that it was intended merely for the capture of one unfortunate man, who, situated as he was, could not hope to defend himself, 2000 more were ordered to be in readiness to assist them, so fearful were they of some attempt being made to rescue him.

The column began their march at midnight over ice and snow, and at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 20th of January Hofer and his family were made prisoners. It was dark when the French approached the hut, but as soon as he heard the officer enquire for him he came intrepidly forward and submitted to be bound.

He was then marched, together with his wife, his daughter, and his son, who was 12 years old, through Meran to Botzen, amidst the shouts of the French soldiery, and the tears of his countrymen. At Botzen he met with kinder treatment; Baraguay d'Hilliers gave orders that he should be removed to a more commodious prison, and that less rigour should be used

against him. The French officers also did all in their power to alleviate the pain of his confinement by such attentions as it was in their power to bestow, in return for the kindness with which he had always treated his prisoners. While at Botzen he requested forgiveness of several persons whom he feared he had offended, but was answered only by their tears; and having parted with his family, whom he was fated never to see again, he was hurried off under a strong escort to Mantua.

From his long confinement, in his miserable retreat, and his coarse food, his appearance was much altered, and his hair had become more grey; but his spirit was as untamed as ever, and his countenance in the midst of the gloom which surrounded him, preserved to the last the same expression of cheerfulness and serenity. He did not however expect the sentence which was passed upon him, but continued to hope that his innocence, and the justice of his cause would protect him.

On his arrival at Mantua a court-martial was immediately holden for the purpose of trying him, of which General Bisson, then Governor, was appointed President; on comparing the votes a great difference of opinion was found to prevail as to the nature of his sentence; the

majority were for confinement; two had the courage to vote for his entire deliverance; but a telegraph from Milan decided the question, by decreeing death within twenty-four hours, thus putting it out of the power of Austria to render him any assistance.

Berthier, who was then at Vienna, excited universal indignation by the hypocritical manner in which he affected to pity him; he ventured even to affirm that it would cause great pain to Napoleon, who would never have permitted such a proceeding had he been aware of it. Hofer received his sentence of death with the same unshaken firmness that had marked his character throughout, and requested that a priest might be allowed to attend him, which was immediately complied with. To this priest (Manifesti) who never quitted him till the moment of his death, he delivered his last adieu to his family, conversed with him of the Tyrolese war, with great eagerness, and constantly expressed his confidence that the Tyrol would sooner or later return to the government of Austria.

The fatal morning of his execution now arrived. As the the clock struck 11 the generale sounded, a battalion of grenadiers was drawn out, and the officers who were to attend the execution entered his prison. As he came from

thence he passed by the barracks on the Porta Molina, in which the Tyrolese were confined ; all who were there fell on their knees, put up their prayers and wept aloud. Those who were at large in the citadel assembled on the road by which he passed, and approaching as near as the escort permitted them, threw themselves on the ground and implored his blessing. This Hofer gave them, and then begged their forgiveness for having been the cause of their present misfortunes, assuring them at the same time that he felt confident they would once again return under the dominion of the Emperor Francis, to whom he cried out the last "vivat" with a clear and steady voice. He delivered to Manifesti, the priest, every thing he possessed, to be distributed amongst his countrymen ; this consisted of 500 florins in Austrian bank notes, his silver snuff-box, and his beautiful rosary ; a few moments before his death he also delivered to this faithful attendant his small silver rosary, which he constantly carried about him.

On the broad bastion, at a little distance from the Porta Ceresa, the commanding officer halted his men. The grenadiers formed a square open in the rear ; twelve men and a corporal stepped forward, while Hofer remained standing in the centre. The drummer then offered him a white

handkerchief to bind his eyes, and told him that it was necessary to kneel down, but Hofer declined the handkerchief, and peremptorily refused to kneel, observing, "that he was used to stand upright before his Creator, and in that posture he would deliver up his spirit to him." He cautioned the corporal to perform his duty well, at the same time presenting him with a piece of twenty kreutzers, and having uttered a few words by way of farewell, expressive of his unshaken attachment to his native country, he pronounced the word "Fire" with a firm voice. His death, like that of Palm, was not instantaneous, for on the first fire he sunk only on his knees; a merciful shot, however, at last dispatched him. The spot on which he fell is still considered sacred by his countrymen and companions in arms.

His body, instead of being allowed to remain for some time on the place of execution, as was usual on such occasions, was borne by the grenadiers on a black bier to the church of St. Michael, where it lay in state, and a guard of honour appointed to watch it, that the people might see that the much dreaded Barbone (or General Sanvird as the French used to call him) was really no more. The funeral then took place, and by the solemnity with which it was con-

ducted, it appeared as if the French were anxious to compensate for the injury they had done him when alive, by the honours they paid to him now dead. His family were permitted to depart for Austria, and the Emperor immediately gave them a pension of 2000 florins, and a sum of money to enable them to settle; but his widow could not prevail upon herself to abandon her native country, and in spite of the offers made to her by the Court of Austria, preferred returning to her old habitation in the valley of Passeyr. His son was also handsomely provided for.

Thus perished Hofer in the prime of life. Amidst the numerous crimes that stain the name of Napoleon, there is not one of a deeper dye than the murder of Hofer. With all his faults, all his irresolution, and contradictory conduct, when we reflect that Hofer was a simple, uneducated village innkeeper, who opposed for some time with success the enormous power of France and Bavaria, with an army of undisciplined peasants, we cannot contemplate his conduct without astonishment and admiration. It is true that his name will not occupy a conspicuous place in the page of general history; but in his own country, by those who knew and could estimate his merits, as well as by those who had experienced his power or his kindness, it will never be forgotten.

By his companions and countrymen, he was regarded as the hero, the saviour of his country. His faults were forgotten in his victories; and his name is never mentioned in the Tyrol at this day without tears of grateful affection and admiration.

A simple tomb has been erected to his memory on the Brenner, at a short distance from his own habitation; it contains no other inscription than his name, and the dates of his birth and death. The record of his actions is left to be transmitted, as it doubtless will be, to the latest posterity, in the popular stories and rude ballads of the mountaineers, who love and revere his name as a model of disinterested loyalty and devoted attachment to his native land.

THE END.

MEMOIRS

OF

ADJ. GEN. RAMEL:

CONTAINING

CERTAIN FACTS RELATIVE TO THE EIGH-
TEENTH FRUCTIDOR,

*HIS EXILE TO CAYENNE, AND ESCAPE
FROM THENCE*

WITH

PICHEGRU, BARTHELEMY, WILLOT, AUBRY,
DOSSONVILLE, LARUE, AND LE TELLIER.

EIGHTEENTH OF FRUCTIDOR,—A DAY OF JUSTICE
AND MERCY!

BAILLEUL'S NARRATIVE.

*Translated from the French Edition, published at
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BY C. L. PELICHET,

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CIBLE INFANTRY.

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LETTER
TO THE
EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY OF THE
FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Hamburgh, Oct. 29, 1798.

I am just arrived on the continent of Europe, Citizen Directors, having had the good fortune to break my chains on the third of June last. I hasten to announce it to you, and to inform you that I am now on my way to reside at Kiel in the Dutchy of Holstein, under the assumed name of D'Ekmar.

Can it be true that you are the authors of a decree circulated in the papers of the day, by which it appears that you

have inserted my name in the list of Emigrants? Whatever idea I may have formed of your excessive despotism, I can scarcely believe you guilty of such an act of barbarity and cowardice. What?—The man who was arrested, condemned, and exiled two thousand leagues from his native country, without trial or opportunity of being heard in his own defence, shall this man, I say, be classed among the enemies to his country, because he has succeeded in escaping from confinement and from certain death? Does the whole period of Robespierre's reign present one act of greater cruelty than this? But I forbear—I thought it my duty to make this declaration of my sentiments, that I may avail myself of it, should I ever find it necessary.

ADJ. GEN. J. P. RAMEL.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAD arranged and prepared this journal for the press a short time after my arrival on the continent, in the month of October last ; but the long illness with which I have been since afflicted, has delayed the publication of it. I know not whether any one of my fellow-sufferers has already published the facts I am now about to relate, many of which will appear the more improbable as they are the more faithfully related. In making known to the world the many instances of the unshaken fortitude they displayed, and of the attachment which I have experienced from them during the term of our afflictions,

I think I do no more than discharge a duty incumbent upon me.

Snatched away from my post, without having had it in my power to make the least resistance, I felt more panic-struck at the orders of my superiors than the hostile front of a whole army and formidable artillery have ever rendered me. It is of consequence to me that the details of my arrest should be published, since so many have been pleased to question the propriety of my conduct on the 18th Fructidor; when, surrounded by Augereau's army, and personally attacked by his staff, I obeyed the order to surrender myself prisoner. Such, however, was the situation of the Legislative Body with respect to its guard, that I actually found myself under the orders of Augereau; and discovered that this corps of Grenadiers made part of his army, and

of the 17th military division. The repeal of that absurd law, which evidently placed the Legislative Body under the power of the Directory, was yet under discussion in the last sitting which preceded our misfortunes.

The respect I feel for the opinion of every honest man, has alone induced me to take this short notice of a fact which will be sufficiently explained in the following narrative. I am but too sensible, that nothing but success will justify a man in the eyes of hasty judges; I am also well aware, that in the dreadful moments of adversity, he only is truly wretched who is not supported by a clear conscience. I have borne my full share of the weight of our common misfortunes. The Revolution has bereaved me of three beloved brothers, the eldest of whom was dragged to the scaffold after having signalized himself at the head of a regiment of Chas-

seurs; his crime was—the having voted with the defenders of the monarchical constitution, in the Legislative Assembly! I was shut up with him in the same prison: they tore him from my arms; and I should have undergone the same fate myself, after ten months' imprisonment, had not the gallant General Dugommier, by demolishing the scaffolds, saved my life, and those of thirty thousand inhabitants of the southern provinces. My fourth brother, an officer in the regiment of Auvergne, was killed by my side at the army of the Rhine. The fifth, who had a commission in the Irish regiment of Walsh, having refused, after the 10th of August, to take the new oath they required of him, and renewed that of fidelity to the constitution of 1791, was butchered at Châlons, by some gendarmes, or assassins, as I may more justly term them.

I have ardently wished, and have made every effort in my power, to overthrow that sanguinary despotism, which has cast a melancholy gloom over my whole life and my unhappy country ; but, when I took the command of the guard of the Legislative Body, on the 1st of January, 1797, I joined the well-meaning part of the people, who wished to re-establish good order, and put an end to the iniquity of revolutionary laws.

I have been in the army ever since I was fifteen years old ; I am now, thirty-two. I have risen gradually, and was promoted to the rank of Adjutant-General towards the end of the year 1792, since which time I have never wished for further promotion. I have always lived alone, both in the army and at Paris, devoting my whole time to my profession. Will they reproach me with having made it too much my study?—

I have not been able to procure the impostor Bailleul's narrative of the ridiculous conspiracy of the 18th Fructidor. As to what concerns myself, I solemnly declare that I have taken no part whatever in any project tending to overthrow the constitution of the third year of the republic. All that may have been said of me is most notoriously false; I am so sure of myself, so confident of my innocence, that I have offered to the Directory to appear before any tribunal they may be pleased to appoint; nay, this very day I would not shrink from my offer, were even Augereau himself president of that tribunal.

“ On Guilt alone, the Scaffold casts a stain :

“ It is an Altar, when the Just are slain.”

MEMOIRS

OF

Adjutant General Ramel.



AT last I am on the continent of Europe ! and I quit England, that hospitable land where my fellow-sufferers and I have met with a reception reflecting as great honour upon the government that granted it, as upon the victims of tyranny who were the objects of it. The most sincere sense of gratitude, however, could not detain me longer among our generous enemies : I esteem them sufficiently, to be persuaded, that the motives which induced me to refuse the asylum they offered me, have gained me their esteem. I am willing to believe that it is not against my country, but against the tyrants who keep it in subjection, that England is at war : still, must I remember, it was the blood of Frenchmen which has been lately spilt on the seas, and which will be again shed on our frontiers. I have shared their

toils and dangers ; and in their ranks should I have been found at this moment, had I not been torn from them by violence. I will espouse no other cause but that of the National Independency ; and will never have any other companions in the field of battle but Frenchmen, armed in defence of the liberty of their country. Thus is the sentiment of eternal gratitude blended in my heart with that of the inviolability of my duties ; and it is to make both appear, that, with the strictest attention to truth, I now publish this narrative, in the true style of a soldier, who became implicated in the great events which have occurred, solely by the rank he held in life : but who, never having exceeded the narrow limits of his duty, will not allow tyrants, whom he abhors, or intriguers whom he despises, to mark out the part he is to act, or the place he is to hold in life, as their caprice or their interests may prompt them.

If all who have had the misfortune to be concerned in the French Revolution, would in like manner confine their evidence to those facts only of which they were eye or ear witnessess, what

a fund of materials would future historians possess, who will one day be labouring to investigate the truth amidst a variety of contradictory accounts, when here might be found fragments, bearing such indisputable marks of authenticity, as can attach only to the testimony of a clear and irreproachable conscience.

I could only during my banishment, preserve a few notes, which have materially assisted my memory, impaired by illness, in arranging, and connecting the chain of events: many circumstances have undoubtedly escaped me; but the leading features and chief facts will be soon disclosed; they will be plain facts, dreadful truths: far from adding any thing to them, I will even avoid the smallest reflection: and while I am retracing the gloomy picture, I will repel the sensations which it might revive. My heart is too full of the disasters of my country, of the misfortunes of my family, and of the dreadful situation in which I left many of my fellow-sufferers behind me, for hatred and revenge to find place there.

I had been employed for eighteen months at the Army of the Rhine, commanded by the modest and immortal Moreau* and specially entrusted with the command of the fort of Kehl, besieged by Prince Charles, when, I received from the Directory, an order to repair to Paris, to take the command of the guard of the Legislative Body; to which I had been appointed by the choice of the two Councils. That body of Grenadiers, at first composed of a battalion of eight hundred

*General Moreau is, and always will be, in my opinion, a great man. I have been taught by experience, what degree of confidence is to be placed in party-men. Moreau is a republican, and so am I. If he impeached Pichegru (as is asserted), he must have had his reasons for so doing: if he has been deceived, I pity him. Besides, Moreau is not, as has been said, the creature of Pichegru; the latter was himself only a Chief of Battalion of National Guards of the Department of Doubs; and towards the end of 1793, was promoted to the rank of general by St. Just and Lebas, who were upon a mission to the Army of the Rhine, whereas Moreau was then already general to the Army of the North. I owe nothing to either of them, but my share of that gratitude which both have so justly deserved from the whole nation. Even Barrere Bailleul, who maintains that one cannot PROVE that there is such a thing as Light, shall, in vain endeavour to prove the contrary of what I advance. I censured, as did also General Moreau, the conduct of the Council of Five Hundred previous to the 18th Fructidor; which was by no means calculated to remove the fears of the friends of Liberty.

men, had just been encreased to two battalions of six hundred men each. They were originally formed out of the Grenadiers of the Convention. It is sufficient to recollect the period at which they were raised, to form some judgment of the spirit that reigned among them, and of the absolute necessity of a reformation. I laboured at it incessantly. The new modelling of them and the addition to their numbers of some of the best soldiers that could be picked out of all the armies,

I did not scruple saying, that such and such deputies were unfit for the situation they held in the Legislative Body. I have many times acquainted several of the representatives, especially the Director Carnot, with my promise to the officers of the corps which I commanded, that if ever the Legislative Body should openly dare to violate the Constitution, I would be the first to march against them at the head of my Grenadiers. How was it possible not to be uneasy? The Representative Dumas, my friend, a member of the Council of the Elders, having presented a petition to the Legislative Body, that the ex-minister at war, Duportail, should be struck out of the list of emigrants, they never condescended to take any notice of it. Monsieur Duportail had left France in 1793, to seek in America a safe retreat from the scaffold. He had doubtless given abundant proofs of his patriotism, for he had bled in support of the independency of North America: the services which he has rendered his country, and his being wholly devoted to the cause of Liberty, are sufficiently authenticated. The Council had but to speak, and they were silent!

gave me an excellent opportunity of effecting my purpose. I was so well seconded by the zeal of the two Committees, and by the Ministers, that in spite of the intrigues of the Jacobins, I completely re-established discipline in the service, and excellent order in the management of the corps.

The frequent attacks that have been made upon me, have given me more than one opportunity of convincing both the friends and the foes of government, of my fidelity to the constitution : the consequence was what I might have foreseen ; I became equally obnoxious to both these violent

At this very juncture I seized the opportunity to speak to the Committee of the Inspectors of the Council of Five Hundred, where several of general La Fayette's deputies and fellow-sufferers were collected. Although I lay under no particular obligation to that too unfortunate General, I repeatedly expressed my indignation at the ingratitude of the City of Paris. I took the liberty of saying, " that it was high time
 " to take the case of that ill-fated man into consideration ;
 " that he was a prisoner against the rights of man, proscribed
 " by the fanatic advocates of Liberty ; a man who was al-
 " ways distinguished by the partizans of the old administration
 " by the epithet of **NOTORIOUSLY GUILTY.**—"

I observed, " that his imprisonment was, in every respect,
 " a disgrace to the French Nation, and an insult to Liberty ;
 " that General La Fayette, so obnoxious to Louis the XVIII,

parties. As long as the power was in the hands of men of sense, I had only to contend with mean obscure wretches, who tried every method to corrupt the Grenadiers, and endeavoured, in vain to render me suspicious; but, after the last renovation of the Legislative Body, in proportion as the discussions grew warmer, and particularly when the Directory added fuel to the flame by presenting addresses from the Army of Italy, I was harrassed on every quarter, and found to my

“ to his courtiers, and, at the same time, to the citizens of 1793, and 1794, ought, at last, to find friends among those of the Constitution of the 3d year.” It will hardly be believed that two, only, of the Conventionists (these two Legislators, whom I feel a great inclination to name, are known well enough by the revolutionary excesses of which they had been guilty), differed in their opinion with me. They were proscribed by an inconceivable fatality,——I say no more. ——

The Triumvirate of the proscribing Representatives will perhaps tell me, that I myself acknowledge that the Liberty of France was in danger at the time of the 18th Fructidor: I am very far from denying it; but the Constitution was a sufficient safe-guard: they should have summoned the guilty before the high National Tribunal, and not have arbitrarily banished them: they should above all, not have huddled together men who had never seen each other before, and whose opinions were so diametrically opposite.——

“ Discete justitiam moniti, non temnere divos.”

What had I to do with Messrs. Brothier, and Lavalheurnois ?

cost that the factious knew but too well how to avail themselves of the general ferment so favourable to their plans. They no longer attempted to conceal their design; I caught their emissaries in the barracks, in the ranks; all the means of corruption were resorted to. To this hour, whenever I reflect on my conduct, in those trying circumstances, I do not regret the having acted as I did, since it rendered me obnoxious to the scum of mankind, and curbed the impetuosity of the rash. Some of them were very desirous of removing me; and a very little while before the 18th. Fructidor the Directory made me an offer of another post, and higher rank, provided I would resign my commission.† For the very

It is reported at London that it was I who impeached them; and yet at that very time am I accused of conspiring with them.

It is an actual fact, that the first time I ever saw those gentlemen was, when we met in the vehicle which received us on our way to Cayenne.

† I call upon the Representatives of the people, Petiet and Lacuée to testify the truth of what I advance, for it is in their power. The minister at war, Petiet, a short time previous to the 18th Fructidor, came to signify to the committee of the inspectors of the two councils that the government wished me to resign the command of the grenadiers, in lieu of which they

reason that I was determined to remain faithful to my duty, I was sure to be, in the end, the victim of my fidelity : since I could hardly expect justice from any of the parties that attacked each other without any discrimination whatever ; I looked for it therefore only from those few who were doomed to fall, in the end, a sacrifice to the fury of their adversaries. Satisfied with possessing the esteem of all true patriots, I leave it to rational men to decide whether I have deserved it. For several days already, upon the informations which the Committees of Inspection of the two Councils had received, I had been advised to be more upon my guard. I had taken every necessary precaution against being surprised by the only attack they seemed to fear, that of the Anarchists ; who for some time already, had filled every public place, and loudly threatened the Legislative Body, even in the very square where I kept guard. On the 17th, in the evening, after

had reserved for me the situation of Chef de Division of Gendarmerie of the Department of La Moselle, &c.

So then they were willing, it seems, to entrust to a CONSPIRATOR a post, the duties of which were of so important a nature !

visiting all my posts, I went to receive my orders from the members of the committee; they appeared to me as little disposed, as on the preceding days, to believe that the Directory would undertake to destroy the Legislative Body, or that they would dare to march an armed force against them. I heard several deputies, among others Emery, Dumas, Vaublanc, Tronçon du Coudray, and Thibeaudeau, express their indignation at the very idea of the kind of alarm which such a suspicion would raise abroad. Their security was such, that they withdrew before midnight, followed by such of their colleagues as had been induced by private information, to come and communicate to them their fears. I went back to my quarters, and assured myself that my Grenadiers were ready to stand to their arms.

On the 18th, at one o'clock, in the morning, I received, from the Ministers at war, orders to repair to his house. I went, at first, to the Hall of the Committees, where only one of the Inspectors, Rovère, had remained; I mentioned to him the order I had just received, adding that I

had been assured that several columns of troops were entering Paris, and that the commanding officer of the Horse-Guards, at the Council-room, had given me warning of his having withdrawn his sentries, and marched his detachment over the bridges, as well as the two pieces of cannon which were in the great yard of the Tuilleries. It is to be observed that this officer had received orders, from the commander in chief, Augereau, not to attend to any commands from me, and to march his troop to the other side of the bridges. Rovère replied, that the movements of those troops signified nothing; that he was informed that several regiments were to file off early in the morning over the bridges, to go to exercise; that I might make myself perfectly easy; that his information might be depended upon, and that he saw no objection to my repairing to the Minister at war. This I did not think fit to do, for fear of being separated from my men.

After I had returned home, at half-past three in the morning, the Brigade General Poinçot,

formerly of the life-guards, with whom I had been very intimate at the Army of the Pyrénées, requested to be announced as coming from General Le Moine, and delivered me a note, the purport of which was as follows:—"General Le Moine, in the name of the Directory, charges the commanding officer of the Grenadiers of the Legislative Body to permit a column of fifteen hundred men, who are entrusted with the execution of the orders of the Government, to pass the draw-bridge."—I answered Poinçot, that I was astonished that an old brother-officer, who should have known me better, had undertaken to bring me an order which I could not obey without disgracing myself. He assured me, that all the resistance I could make, would be to no purpose, and that my eight hundred Grenadiers were already surrounded by twelve thousand men, and forty pieces of cannon. I replied, that the forces directed to act against the post entrusted to my care would not compel me to do any thing contrary to my duty; that I could attend to no

orders but from the Legislative Body, and that I was going to receive them.

At that moment I heard the report of a cannon so near me, that I thought they were attacking my posts, but this proved to be nothing more than a signal. I kept my Grenadiers under arms, and repaired to the Tuilleries, accompanied by the chiefs of battalion, Pousard and Pleichard* the

* The chief of battalion Pleichard was always my intimate friend; we placed the most perfect confidence in each other. I know few military men of superior skill in their profession, better citizens, better men, greater disciplinarians, or more attached to the Republic than my friend. All these excellencies, especially his connections with me, and his thorough contempt for Ramponneau Blanchard have combined to bring upon him the hatred of the Triumvirs, and the proscribing Representatives, and, in the end, his being dismissed the service. Captains Zimmerman, Lambert, Duveyrier, all friends of mine and excellent officers: Lieutenants Teissier, Blot, Thibeau, La Riviere, and Bethisy, have all had the same fate, and for the same crime, the having said that Blanchard was nothing better than a thief and a coward. It is proper to observe that all these ex-officers are the only ones of the corps of Grenadiers, who had been selected from the armies, where they had particularly distinguished themselves. But we know well enough what their object is; the plunderer of Mayence, Reubell, wishes to get rid of all the military who have so gallantly served their country, saying, "that it would be dangerous to recall to mind their past services." VIDE, ADVICE TO THE ARMIES.

latter of whom was an excellent officer, and one in whom I placed the most perfect confidence. I found at the committee of inspectors, Generals Pichegru and Willot. I dispatched messengers with proper notices, to General Dumas, to the Presidents of the two Councils, Laffond Ladebat of the Elders, and Simeon of the Five Hundred: I, likewise, sent notice to the deputies, whose lodgings happened to be known to me, in the neighbourhood of the Tuilleries. I prevailed upon General Pichegru to come and reconnoitre the investiture of the square, which, we found was already formed: I repeated to Captain Vallière, commanding the post of the Carrousel, and to Lieutenant Le Roy, at the draw-bridge, my orders to be steady, and not to quit their posts until they should have directions for that purpose, signed by me.

We went back to the committee-room, and while I was demanding instructions for the disposal of my Corps-de-Reserve, word was brought that the gate of the draw-bridge had been forced open; that at the same instant the divisions of

Augereau and Le Moine had joined each other, the garden was filled with troops of both divisions, a battery was erected against the hall of the council of Elders, all the entrances were stopt, all the posts doubled, and covered by superior forces; and that the post of the council room of the Five Hundred, commanded by the brave Lieut. Blot, was the only one that refused to open the gates, and to unite with Augereau's troops.

In this distress I positively demanded an order to draw the Corps de Reserve of Grenadiers out of their perilous situation, and to repel force by force. The deputies replied, that all resistance would be useless, and forbade me to fire. It was then half past four o'clock. Gen. Verdière entered, to give notice to certain deputies, that he had been ordered to send them out of the palace, and to carry the keys of it to the Directory. Their non-compliance gave rise to much altercation. Verdière insisted upon it, and prevailed upon one of them

to go down to the garden, and speak to Gen. Le Moine. Rovère also went down, and I accompanied him with my two Chefs de Battalion; we did not find General Le Moine on the Terrace. Verdière, however, advised the deputies to retire for their own safety, and upon their refusing to comply, he ordered all the passages to be shut up, and went, as he said, to take the orders of the Directory.

I returned to my post to the Corps-de-Reserve of Grenadiers, from whence I sent a confidential person to meet Gen. Dumas, and to give him notice to provide for his safety. He received my notice at the very moment when he was about to show himself in the Barrack-Yard of the Grenadiers, and I have since learned from my fellow-sufferers the efforts which he made to join them. He advanced as far as the Terrace at the foot of the Pavilion where Augereau's troops were drawn up; and having found that the Inspectors were arrested, he was on the point of ascending into the Hall, to share their fate,

when his Friends threw him a note, in which they intreated him to fly immediately. He was fortunate enough to pick it up unperceived, and to make his escape from the sentries, whose orders were, not to allow any body to go out of the yard.

At half past five o'clock, an Aide de Camp of General Augereau, brought me the following order, "The Commanding Officer of the Grenadiers of the Legislative Body is ordered to repair, with his corps, to the Quay d'Orsay, where he is to wait for fresh orders."

Signed, AUGEREAU.

I refused to obey. I could have no further intercourse with the Committees who were besieged, and kept prisoners in the palace: I remained, therefore, with my corps, awaiting the orders of the two Councils. *I must do my Grenadiers the justice to say, that until that

*I shall leave it to others to compare the conduct of the Legislative Body, on the 18th Fructidor, with that observed by the Constituted Assembly, at the Tennis-court, in 1789. Surely the danger was greater at that juncture; yet, it was an old

moment, notwithstanding the critical situation we were in, the greatest order was preserved in the ranks, nor did I hear the least murmur; and I am of opinion that so far from their being inclined to revolt, at the instigation of a few insignificant mutineers, the faithful majority of the Grenadiers would have compelled the others to fight, like men, by their sides, had I been fortunate enough to have received the order to make resistance.

I had my officers in a circle round me, and communicated to them the order of Augereau :

man, the virtuous Bailly, who gave the signal for an insurrection against the Ministers of a deceived King. And you, too notorious Members of the first Legislative Assembly, of the Convention, and Councils, on the 18th Fructidor, you, who, a few days previous to that period, announced, with so much emphasis, that you were determined to brave the bayonets of the Directory, why had you not courage enough to join the Councils? Why did you not come to surrender yourselves prisoners in the Temple with your colleagues, and share their exile? The Representatives, Marbois, Tronçon, Murinais, &c. were not the instigators of the divisions that existed among the first constituted Powers; on the contrary, they had done all they could to reconcile the jarring and too violent parties: judge then which have a better right to the thanks of the Nation, they, or you?—

almost every one of them approved my conduct; a few seditious ones availed themselves of that moment to break out into abuse. Captain Tortel exclaimed: "We are not Swiss."—Lieutenant Ménéguin was bold enough to boast his having been the chief abettor of the revolt of the French Guards. Ensign Lavaux said: "I fought, and was wounded on the 13th Vendémiaire, in battle against Louis XVIII, I will not fight for him to-day." The Adjutant-Major Rabbé exclaimed loudly: "The Councils are plotting for the King; those rascals deserve to be exterminated." During these discussions and the quarrels which they occasioned among the officers, confusion began to prevail in the ranks. The Chief of Brigade, Blanchard, who commanded under me, and who, for two months past, had not dared to show his face, because I had exposed his intrigues, his correspondence with the blood-thirsty faction, and his peculations in the management of the corps, *came forward on a sud-

*One single trait will suffice to give an idea of the STRICT

den, and called upon me to order cartridges to be distributed, on account (as he expressed himself) of the danger we were in. I felt indignant at his cowardly impudence, and expressed my indignation in strong and passionate terms.

I observed that the sentiments of my Grenadiers, at that moment fully coincided with my own, those very fellows, who, an hour after, marched under the command of a man whom they despised, and followed him to the Directory.—What a lesson for a commander!

PROBITY of that Blanchard. At the time when the Mandates were issued, the Minister at war, Pétiet, had paid to the corps of Grenadiers, a sum of six thousand livres; at that moment paper of this description fell sixty per cent. this, therefore, was actually not worth more than two thousand, four hundred livres. M. Blanchard, who superintended the Cloathing-Department, received that money, and gave no account of it to the Council of Administration. When I took the command of the Grenadiers, (that is to say eight months after, and Mandates had fallen so low as even ninety-nine per cent), this identical Blanchard had the six thousand livres in Mandates still in his possession.

When I first took the command, every officer, commissioned, or non-commissioned, and even the privates, were continually laying before me complaints of the roguery and meanness of this Blanchard, who, from Captain Superintendent of the Cloath-

A few moments after this transaction had taken place, I ordered my men, who still kept a pretty good countenance, to take open order, that I might inspect them. I was coming up to the third company, when, amidst the repeated shouts of *Vive la Republique*, Augereau made his appearance at the head of so numerous a staff, that the first barrack-yard was completely filled with them. More than four hundred officers of all ranks, amongst whom I recognized some deservedly notorious; as for instance, San-

ing-Department had just been promoted to the rank of Brigadier. It was some time before I could be persuaded that an officer could be guilty of such rascally actions. I rather supposed that the dislike which the corps of Grenadiers had against Blanchard was owing to the indignation excited by his connection with all the Parisian Cut-throats, and Conventionists, so notorious for their crimes and robberies; and, in short, to his having been the intimate Secretary of Robespierre, and his favourite Spy, during the Reign of Terror. But their repeated complaints at length convinced me I was wrong. I was struck with the story of the Mandates, and saw but too evidently, that Blanchard was nothing less than a KNAVISH PATRIOT; he soon got the name of an OPPRESSED PATRIOT, when I wished to make him refund. I had in my power to bring him to a Court-Martial; I confined myself to making him restore sixty livres; for I always felt the greatest disinclination to distress any offi-

terre, Tunk, Yon, Rossignol, Pujet, Barban-
tanne, Châteauneuf, Randon, Bessière, Four-
nier, Pache, the widow Ronsin, dressed *a l' Ama-
zonne*, Dutertre, and Peyron, both of whom had
made their escape from the galleys, in short, the
refuse of the brave French Armies, and all the
leaders of the revolutionary bands in an instant
penetrated into the ranks of my Granadiers,

cer under me. Blanchard is strongly supported by Révellière
and Reubell; he passed the night between the 17th and 18th
Fructidor at the house of the former. Blanchard has never seen
any service, or other fire than that of the 13th Vendémiaire;
and yet this man, as deceitful as he is despicable, has now the
command of the twelve hundred Grenadiers of the Guard of
the Legislative Body!—I am sure that he is generally despi-
sed by the officers, but particularly so by the Grenadiers who
served in the armies. He does not know one single principle
of the Military Art.

I cannot conclude this note without adding an observation
which I have repeatedly made to the Legislators during the time
of my command at Paris.

The Guard of the Legislative Body is composed of twelve
hundred Grenadiers: if it be intended as a check upon the Di-
rectory, it is too weak; if for a guard of honour, it is too strong.
A body of picked men cannot but be very dangerous, even to
all parties. I have often proposed to disband them; my pro-
posal has been repeated in the papers of the Committee of
Inspectors.

shouting, *Vive la Republique!* At that moment Augereau came directly up to me, and among his retinue, who got between me and my corps, I caught sight of Blanchard, encouraging his worthy associates, and mixing with them in the ranks. Among several other exclamations that boded no good, I could plainly distinguish, “Soldiers, they wish to serve you as they did the Swiss, on the 10th of August.” “General Ramel,” cried Augereau, “why have you not obeyed the Minister’s orders and mine?” “Because I had received contrary ones from the Legislative Body.” “You have made yourself liable to be tried by Court-Martial, and shot.”—“I did my duty.”—Do you acknowledge me as commander in chief of the division?” “Yes:”—“Very well; I order you under arrest”—“I go”—I crossed the gallery that communicated from the Grenadier’s quarters with my apartments, when I heard Augereau following me, with part of his staff; among other threats I distinguished the following words; “you shall suffer as much

“ as you have made others suffer.”—“ I have
“ made no one suffer, but I knew how to pun-
“ ish the robbers who deserved it.” As, at
that moment, they were following close upon
me, I laid my hand upon the hilt of my sword ;
but the whole gang fell upon me, broke my
sword, and, as they dragged me along, almost
pulled me to pieces. The most inveterate of
these assassins was a second Lieutenant of Gre-
nadiers, named Viel, whom I had put under ar-
rest a few days before ; he attempted to avail
himself of the confusion that reigned during the
fray, to stab me with his sabre. Augereau him-
self saved me from being murdered ; which he
effected by crying, with a loud voice : “ Hold,
“ hold, don’t kill him, I give you my word that
“ he shall be shot to-morrow.”

My hat, which I lost in the scuffle, was torn
in pieces by these ruffians, but not, as was re-
ported, my general’s uniform. It was my
blood they thirsted after. A faithful servant of
mine, who was hastening to meet me, was dread-

fully cut in the face by a sabre, and escaped into my wife's chamber, covered with wounds. When I had reached my house, I was not permitted to put my affairs in order; but was almost immediately hurried to the Temple, together with my brother Henry, who requested and obtained leave to accompany me thither. The keeper of that prison, upon taking charge of us, said, "This is
" then one of them: we must put this gentle-
" man in the *Chambre des Opinions*." It was the very same apartment which the unfortunate Louis XVI. had occupied, and I doubted not but I should, like him, leave it to go to the scaffold. At half past eight the jailor came to inform me, that the Deputies who had been arrested in the Committee of Inspectors, had just been brought to prison. They were also led into the King's apartment, and a communication was left open with those that the Queen and Princesses had formerly occupied. The Representatives who had been arrested were Pichegru, Willot, D'Auchy-de-l'Oise, Jarri, Lamettrie, Larrue, Bourdon-de-l'Oise, and Durumare. We

found, in the Temple, Commodore Smith, Lavilheurnois, Brothier, and Duverne du Presle; but this latter was removed to the prison *de la Force* the instant we arrived. At three o'clock they brought the Deputy Aubry; at half past three Lafond Ladebat, President of the Council of Elders, Tronçon-du-Coudray, Marbois, Goupil de Préfelne, all members of the same Council. These latter were apprehended at the house of Lafond Ladebat, under pretence that they were met there for seditious purposes. They were, at first, taken before the Minister of Police, Sotin; to whom they complained of the violence exercised against the Representatives of the Nation, and demanded to see the orders of the Directory. Sotin, sneeringly, replied: " My producing these orders would be perfectly useless, Gentlemen, as you must know that to a man who has gone such lengths, it is of trifling consequence whether he risks a little more, or a little less."

On the 19th we learned the details of the sit-

tings of the minority of the two Councils, held under the eyes of the Directory, and the law which condemned us without a shadow of reason, or even the form of a trial, to be transported to any place that should be determined by the Directory itself.

This sentence filled us with astonishment, having already concluded, from the violent manner in which we had been arrested, that they were preparing for us, under military forms, a punishment less tedious, and consequently milder. 'Such of the Deputies who were imprisoned, but not proscribed, were set at liberty : these were Goupil de Préfelne, Lamétrie, D'Auchy, Jarri, and Durumare.

On the 20th General Augereau issued an order couched in the following terms : “ The
“ Commandant of the Temple, General Duter-
“ tre, is charged not to allow any one to have
“ communication with the prisoners condemned
“ to transportation, whatever may be the order of

“ which he is the bearer, or the power that gave
“ it, unless the said order be signed by me.”

N. B. This same Dutertre, a month since, was discharged from the galleys at Toulon, to which he had been sent, by sentence of a Court-Martial, for having been guilty of robbery, murder, and setting houses on fire in La Vendée. This day our wives were permitted to come and visit us in the Temple. How many heart-breaking scenes! How many cruel separations! I was not allowed to see my wife but in the presence of an officer, who would not permit us to speak in a low voice, nor in the dialect of Languedoc, which he did not understand. Irritated at this constraint, I broke off our conversation, and besought my wife to withdraw; she complied, but her cries and sobs, at the moment I am writing this, still vibrate in my ears. They brought, that same day, to the Temple, General Muri-nais, one of the Inspectors of the Hall of the Council of Elders; that venerable old man was arrested at the very moment when he was repairing to the Council-Hall in the fullest security.

On the 21st (7th September) I parted with my brother Henry, having, with great difficulty, at last prevailed upon him to leave me. He had resolved to share my misfortune, and had it not been for the persuasion of my fellow-sufferers, Tronçon du Coudray, and Barbé Marbois, I should never have been able to convince him in how much greater degree he would be my benefactor by becoming the protector of my family, than in assisting me to bear my confinement. At midnight the keeper came to announce to us that the Minister of Police had just arrived with the Director Barthelemy, and that, very probably, we were on the point of departure. We were not even indulged with one quarter of an hour to put our things together, although not one of us was prepared for so precipitate a removal. When we reached the bottom of the Tower, we saw Barthelemy between Augereau and Sotin, who, as he was conducting him to the Temple in his Carriage, had said to him: “ See what a Revolution is ; to day is our turn
“ to triumph, yours will perhaps, come to-

“morrow.” Barthelemy having asked him if any unfortunate event had happened, and whether the public tranquillity had not been disturbed? “No,” replied Sotin, “the Dose was a good one, it has operated wonderfully well, the people have swallowed the Pill.” That same Sotin left us affecting to be very merry, saying to us: “Gentlemen, I wish you a good Journey.” Augereau called over the Names of the condemned, and in the same order as our names were read, we were conducted, by a guard, to the carriages, through a double file of soldiers, who insulted us as we passed; and some of us were even treated roughly. Our faithful servants, amongst whom was my poor Stephen, whose face had been cut in several places by a sabre, still remained at the door of the prison, watching the moment of our departure to bid us adieu; but they were kept back and beaten by the soldiers, who loudly exclaimed, “This is not what was promised us, why are they suffered to go?” Augereau observing how composed, and how much at

ease we appeared, could not contain his rage, but vented it in a manner which deserves to be related. Le Tellier, servant to Barthelemy, was running towards us at the very moment they were putting us into the conveyances; he brought with him an order from the Directory, permitting him to follow his master: he delivered it to Augereau, who said to him, after he had read it; “Do you wish then to share
“ the fate of these men who are ruined for
“ ever? Whatever may become of them, you
“ may rest assured that they never will come
“ back.” “My resolution is taken,” answered Le Tellier, “I am too fortunate in
“ being allowed to share the misfortunes of
“ my master.” “Well, go then, foolish fellow, and perish with him,” replied Augereau, adding: “Soldiers, let this man be as closely
“ watched as those rascals.” Le Tellier threw himself at his master’s feet, esteeming himself too happy, in those dreadful moments, to press such a friend to his heart. This poor fellow has constantly shewn the same attachment, and

the same courage ; we have always regarded him in the light of a companion.

The four caravans between which the sixteen prisoners were divided, without the least regard being paid to the ill health and weakness of some of them, were placed upon carriages, not unlike artillery-waggon's ; they were a sort of cages secured all round with iron bars breast-high, which bruised us at every jolt. We were four in each carriage, besides a keeper entrusted with the key of the padlock which fastened the grate through which we had entered. General Dutertre had the command of the escort, horse and foot, in number about six hundred, with two field pieces. During the time they were preparing the carriages, and arranging them in due order, in the Temple-yard, we were loaded with abuse by a pretty considerable group of Anarchists.

We set out, at two o'clock, in the morning of the 8th September. The weather was very

bad, and we had to ride through the whole city of Paris, to pass the turnpike-gate *d'Enfer*, and take the road leading to Orléans : instead of going down the street St. Jacques, the Escort took to the right, after they were over the bridge, and brought us near the Luxembourg, where our dismal procession was detained near three quarters of an hour. The apartments were lighted up, and amidst the shouts of the Guards, we could hear them call to the Commander of the Escort, the terrible Dutertre, and enjoin him to *take good care of those Gentlemen*. Some too well known Members of the Minority of the Council of Five Hundred, who held the famous permanent sitting at l'Odéon, came out to see us, and cowardly insulted us ; they mixed with the Chasseurs of the Escort, gave them something to drink, and coming near our carriages, drank our healths, hinting something to us about *pardon* and *clemency*. The stormy night, the light of the lamps, which were hanging round the Theatre of l'Odéon, and the howlings of the Terrorists, rendered this last scene, and

these dreadful adieus worthy the savages from whom they proceeded. The Escort, at last, filed off through the street *d'Enfer*, and we left Paris.

At two o'clock we arrived at Arpajon, eight leagues distant from Paris, much fatigued by our journey, the road being paved the whole way. Barthelemy and Barbé Marbois, especially, seemed to be quite exhausted. To our astonishment, instead of affording us comfortable lodgings, where we might refresh ourselves, the Commander, Dutertre, ordered us to be conducted into a dark filthy prison. He watched our looks at the moment we were made to alight from the carriages, to enter this dungeon ; when enraged that none of us appeared affected by such severity, he exclaimed : “ These villains look as if
“ they had a mind to defy me ; but we shall see
“ whether I shall be able to bring down their
“ insolence.” I was already laid upon the straw, with several of my companions, Barthelemy, standing up, raised his hands towards

Heaven, when Barbé Marbois, who was extremely ill, now entered, and shrinking with horror at the sight and unwholesome stench of that subterraneous cavern, said to Dutertre : “ Order me to be shot instantly, and spare me “ the horrors of a lingering death.” The latter, smiling, beckoned to the jailor to do his duty. The jailor’s wife then, addressing Marbois, said to him : “ You are very difficult to “ please, fellow ; many others, who were full “ as good as you, have not been so nice about “ it.” As she ended her observation, she seized Marbois’ arm, threw him from the entrance to the bottom of the cell, and in spite of our cries, and those of the poor sufferer, that termagant closed the door upon us. We raised our unhappy friend in the dark, covered with blood : but were refused leave to procure a surgeon to attend him, and denied the smallest assistance, even water, to wash his wounds. His face was much bruised, and his jaw-bone shattered.

On the 9th of September we passed the little town d'Etampes, (too well known during the revolution, for its anarchical disturbances, and for the murder of a respectable Magistrate). Here Dutertre ordered the troops to halt in the center of the place, and gave us up to the insults of the mob, who were permitted to surround the carriages. We were hooted at, cursed, and pelted with mud. In vain did we remonstrate against it, and desire the Escort to proceed on their way, or suffer us to alight. Tronçon du Coudray, who was very ill, was permitted to take his place in the same carriage with his friend Marbois, who had obtained the favour of a bundle of straw on account of the hurt he had just received, and the fever which attended it. General Murinais, Barthelemy, and Laffond Ladebat, had joined them. These five men, who were thus thrown together by similarity of opinion, and their viewing in the same light the causes and consequences of the 18th Fructidor, never quitted each other again. Du Coudray found himself at Etampes, in the

Department of the Seine and Oise, the very place for which he was Deputy ; in the very district, the inhabitants of which had shewn such zeal at his election. He resented, very warmly, their ingratitude, and the cowardly manner in which he was deserted by his countrymen : and instantly getting upon his feet, as if he had been at the rostrum, he cried out, “ Yes, it is I, your Representative.—Do
“ you know him in this iron cage? It is
“ I, whom you had entrusted with the main-
“ tenance of your rights, and those rights are
“ now violated in my person : dragged to pu-
“ nishment without a trial, or even having
“ been accused. The only crime I have been
“ guilty of is,—the having protected your li-
“ berty and your properties : the having en-
“ deavoured to procure peace to my country,
“ the having attempted to restore to you your
“ Children, and the having always been true to
“ the Constitution which I had sworn to defend.
“ And now, by way of return for my zeal in your
“ service and protection, you side with my mur-
“ derers.”

This vehement speech of Du Coudray, of which I have here given a mere sketch only, stung that licentious mob to the quick, among whom there was probably not one true French citizen. The effect lasted but a few moments ; and then they repeated their insults without intermission, until the moment when some bread and wine were brought for our dinner. After being thus exposed three hours on this kind of pillory, we set out for Augerville, distant four leagues from Orleans. Dutertre had again determined upon crowding us all together in a dungeon, when Adjutant-General Augereau (he must not be mistaken for the General of that name), touched with compassion, took upon himself to procure lodgings for us at an inn. Dutertre ordered him immediately under arrest, and to be sent back to Paris.

On the 10th September we arrived at Orléans, at an early hour, where we passed the remainder of the day and the following night, in a convent, formerly belonging to the Ursuline Nuns. There

we were fortunate enough to meet with some compassionate souls, whose humanity contrived means to elude the vigilance of our keepers. They offered us refreshments, the comforts of which can be known only to those who have experienced them in the depth of misery. We were not guarded by our Escort, but by the Gendarmerie, whose commanding officer did his duty in a polite and gentlemanly manner. Two ladies, natives of the place, or rather, I should say, two angels, having previously seen every thing that was necessary for us, ready in the convent of the Ursuline Nuns, had disguised themselves in coarse dresses, in order to obtain leave to waite upon us. They offered to supply us with every thing, even money. We could only thank them most affectionately: but, the remembrance of their generous favours is deeply engraved upon our hearts, and has often supported our drooping spirits.

We might have escaped to Orléans, not through the assistance of these ladies, but of

some other friends, (whose names I shall never disclose) who risked their own security to save us. We were unanimous in not accepting the offer. The greatest part of us, but, especially, the Members of the Council of Elders, through some unaccountable blindness, would have thought it, at that time, a derogation from their character, to have made any attempt to avoid their punishment.

On the 11th September we were conducted from Orléans to Blois; where, on our arrival, we saw a great number of Bargemen assembled. They attacked our carriages with fury; but Captain Gauthier, who commanded the cavalry of the Escort, repulsed the wretches who were the ringleaders of the Mob. We could plainly observe very different impressions upon the minds of this assembly: "There they are," exclaimed some of them, "these are the villains who killed our King, they have loaded us with taxes, they eat our bread, and are the cause of the War." In short, all the abuse

which might, with great propriety, have been bestowed upon Tyrants themselves, were ignorantly lavished upon their victims.

We were put into a small damp church, on the pavement of which they had spread a little straw; but it was impossible for us to enjoy the least repose. We were at a loss to account for the motives of these unfriendly sentiments in the people, until we learned that the noted Abbé Grégoire had prepared us this *favourable* reception by his pastoral letters.

On the 12th of September, before we left the Prison of Blois, we were witnesses to the interview, and heart-rending separation of Madame and Monsieur de Marbois. That Lady was on her estate near Metz, when she was informed of her husband's arrest: she hastened immediately to Paris, which, however she did not reach, until we had left it. She followed the Escort without giving herself time to apply to the Directory for leave to

see her husband, wherever she might overtake him. The Commissary of the Executive Power took advantage of that circumstance to deny her her request. She experienced the same treatment from the Commandant Dutertre. At last, a few minutes only previous to our departure, upon her exhibiting to our keepers the warrant of access to the Temple, she obtained leave to enter our Prison. They allowed her one quarter of an hour only, during which time an officer held his watch in his hand. A little before the last minute was elapsed, Marbois, collecting all his resolution, led to us his amiable Wife, who could scarcely recognise Barthelemy and Du Coudray, so much were they already altered in their looks. "My Friends," said he to us, "give me leave to introduce to you Madame de Marbois, who, on the eve of being separated from me, perhaps for ever, wishes to take leave of you also." We surrounded her with ecstasy: she wished us, not fortitude, but our health and strength. As she was melting into tears, Marbois, mustering all his courage,

said to her, "Go, go, it is time." He embraced her tenderly, led her away to the door of the Prison, which he opened, and shut again himself, then fell senseless to the ground.

We ran to his assistance. "My Friends," said he to us, as soon as he came to himself, "now I am myself again. I have recovered my courage." In fact, from that moment he suffered less from his illness, and partly regained his strength, together with that firm deportment, and composure of mind, which always attend the truly brave.

The preparations for our departure from Blois lasted so long, that we had every reason to fear they would oblige us to make some stay there. We learned the cause of that delay in an extraordinary manner. Adjutant-General Colin, notorious for the share he took in the massacres of the 2d of September, and Guillet, his worthy comrade, entered our Prison at ten o'clock. They seemed very agitated. "Gentlemen,"

said the Municipal Officer on duty, who had not quitted us since our arrival, “ why do you defer
“ proceeding on your journey? Every thing
“ has been ready for a long time. The crowd
“ is increasing, and your behaviour looks ex-
“ tremely suspicious. I have seen and heard
“ you both attempting to call the mob together,
“ and excite them to commit violence against
“ the Prisoners: I declare to you that, when
“ they set out, if any accident happen to them,
“ I will enter my deposition in the Register-
“ Book of the Municipality.” The two Ruf-
fians stammered out some lame excuse.

On our coming out of Prison, we were greet-
ed with the same abuses, curses and threats,
which we experienced, on our arrival, the even-
ing before.

On the 12th of September we passed the night
at Amboise, and were lodged in so narrow a
room, that we had not space enough to stretch
ourselves upon the straw: we longed to be at

Tours, where we hoped to enjoy a little rest. We arrived there on the 13th of September. In a riot which had lately taken place in that town, several lives had been lost. The Anarchists who had been kept under restraint a long time, took advantage of the supposed Conspiracy of the Legislative Body. Emboldened by the late change of Government which was now got into the hands of villains and no longer countenanced men of honest principles, they had not contented themselves with merely enslaving their fellow-citizens, but had attacked them with arms, and rioted in their blood. The established Power had just undergone what these assassins are pleased to call a *Purification*. The situations lately held by Magistrates of worth and honour, were now occupied by the very men who, during the war in la Vendée, had rendered themselves notorious as Informers and Executioners.

We were led to the Prison of the Conciergerie, then crowded with galley-slaves, with whom

we were shut up, in a yard surrounded with cells, in which they were secured during the night. One of these was intended for us. Our conductors had scarcely left us, when the galley-slaves of their own accord, withdrew to a corner of the yard, and whilst they kept themselves apart, one of them came forward in a modest manner, and said to us : “ Gentlemen, we are
“ sorry to see you here : we are not fit com-
“ pany for you ; but, if in the unhappy situa-
“ tion to which we are reduced, we can render
“ you any little service, be pleased to command
“ us. The cell which was prepared for you is
“ the coldest and narrowest in the yard ; we
“ beg your acceptance of ours, which is more
“ roomy and less damp.” We thanked these poor creatures, and accepted this peculiar kind of hospitality offered by persons whose hands indeed had been stained with crimes ; but whose hearts were not entirely closed against sentiments of commiseration. We had not tasted any food for more than thirty hours, when they

brought, to each of us, a pound of bread and a pint of wine, the allowance to which we were now reduced.

On the 14th of September we arrived at St. Maure. Our Escort were much fatigued, for we had come twice the usual distance, without halting once upon the road. Our infantry had been relieved from the different garrison-towns through which we passed; but the cavalry were completely jaded. Dutertre, finding here a moveable column of the National Guards, composed of peasants, delivered us up into their custody, that his own soldiers might take some rest; making, at the same time, the Municipality responsible for our persons. And here let me offer my tribute of gratitude to the citizens of St. Maure for their tender and compassionate attention to us! They procured us good food of which we were so much in want. We were less strictly guarded, and such was the carelessness, or rather the humanity of these good countrymen, (most of whom were only

armed with pikes) that we were at liberty to go as far as the causeway, without being either followed or observed by the sentries.

As we were within musket-shot of the Forest, it was proposed to avail ourselves of so favourable an opportunity, and I must confess I was of that opinion. I had no wish to leave one of my fellow-sufferers behind; but then I felt a most anxious desire that they would all agree upon making their escape. Unfortunately they were not unanimous: all the Members of the Council of Five Hundred were willing and desirous to attempt it, while all of the Council of Elders persisted in remaining. They argued that it was impossible but that the Nation would some time or other open their eyes, and grant them a trial. "Why, are you not already judged, condemned, forsaken?" replied their Colleagues. "Seize this opportunity, such another may, perhaps, never occur again." Willot, who had served a campaign here and knew the country well, urged us, by all means,

to escape, and offered to be our guide. Marbois declared he had rather submit to his fate, than furnish his enemies with a pretence against him by such an attempt. Tronçon du Coudray positively declared, that as far as concerned himself, however ungrateful his Constituents and his Countrymen might be, he thought it became him to consult his character, and await in confinement the moment of his justification.

As to the King's Partisans, they had no doubt but a party of Royalists would release them before they had reached Rochefort; and the Abbé Brothier from his heart pitied us who were for the Constitution, because, as he supposed, we should be very ill received, and, perhaps, cut to pieces by the inhabitants of la Vendée. The Elders prevailed; the day appeared, and we again saw our iron cages, and the Cerberus Durtre. We set out, and, for a long time, could only go a foot-pace through that immense forest, so well calculated to afford us shelter, and favour our flight. The roads were so very bad,

and the jolts so hard, that we requested leave to walk on foot in the middle of the Escort, but it was to no purpose; for no sooner were we placed in the carriages, than padlocks were fastened upon the doors, which remained unlocked till night. Pichegru and I, although young, and inured to the hardships of war, could not bear those we now struggled with. As for our three old men, Marbois, Barthelemy, and du Coudray, who were ill, they suffered excruciating pains. Our arrival at any place was still more distressing, as we were, every evening, exposed to the unfeeling abuse and taunts of the mob, then shut up again in prison, where we met with worse beds, and coarser food, than the vilest felons.

The Prison of Châtellerault, at which we arrived on the 15th of September, appeared to us worse than any of those we had hitherto occupied. They confined us in so unwholesome a cell, that several of us fainted, and we should all have been suffocated in it, if they had not im-

mediately opened the door, at which were stationed sentries, who kept a strict eye over us. Marbois was very ill, and du Coudray, who nursed him, was sitting on the straw by his side, when an unhappy wretch, who had been confined in irons three years, came to visit us in our cell. He exerted himself to get us fresh water, and offered his bed to Marbois, who accepted it, and found himself a little refreshed after his sleep. "Have patience, Gentlemen," said that poor fellow to us, "habit reconciles us to any thing."

On the 16th of September we arrived at Poitiers, where we were not much better treated, although some of its inhabitants, whose names it would not be prudent to mention, sought to give us proofs of their sensibility. This was the native place of the Deputy Thibeaudeau, member of the Council of Five Hundred, who, seeing himself excepted from the list of proscription, had courage and generosity enough to claim the honour of transportation.

On the 17th of September we arrived at Lussignan. The Prison of that small market-town being too confined to contain us all, Dutertre gave orders that we should remain all night in the carriages in the midst of the Market-Place, notwithstanding the heavy rain and cold wind to which we had been exposed the whole day. The Mayor, and Commandant of the National Guard, a very humane old man, offered to be responsible for our appearance, and, with much trouble, obtained leave to procure us lodgings at an inn, where we were but just seated, when a courier arrived. Each of us formed his own conjectures: some brightened up with the sudden hope of being released, and all of us concluded that something of importance had lately happened. But we soon learned how little this circumstance concerned us: being merely an order from the Directory to Adjutant-General Guillet, to put General Dutertre under arrest, and send him back to Paris, to answer for his extortions, and the knavish tricks he had

been playing since our departure. They found upon him the eight hundred Louis d'or which he had received to defray the expences of our Escort, but for which he had provided by laying the Municipalities under contribution. I acknowledge it gave me some satisfaction to see that wretch himself chastised by his masters, before he had completed the errand upon which they sent him; and of which he acquitted himself *so well*. I heard the carriage draw up that was intended for him, and wished in my turn to observe his looks; when my curiosity had very nearly cost me dear. As I was opening the window, a sentry, who was on the other side the way, in obedience to a late order of Dutertre, fired at me, and the ball broke the bar just above my head. I have already said that the arrest of Dutertre was of little consequence to us: the Adjutant-General Guillet, who succeeded him, was altogether as bad a character, of which he gave us proofs the very next day, the 18th of September, at St. Maixant, where he ordered the Mayor to be arrested, because, being much affected at our

deplorable situation, he had said to us with tenderness, "Gentlemen, I feel much interested by your misfortunes, and every good citizen feels the same." This act of violence excited so much dissatisfaction and murmur, that Guillet was obliged to release that excellent man from his confinement. Here they took a description of our persons; we were called two and two by an officer of the staff, who asked us several questions, and dictated to the ruffian Cordebar our several descriptions. This same Cordebar was tried at Vendome with Babœuf, and now acted as Secretary to the Commander of the Escort. These wretches had recourse to the most scurrilous language whenever they addressed us. "And you, fellow," said one of them to me, "what profession did you follow?" "I followed that which villains like you have disgraced." We knew nothing as yet of the fate that was in reserve for us, having had no intelligence whatever during the whole of our journey; nay, the first information we had of our proscription was by means of the criers about the Temple. The

pretended law of the 6th of September was never officially announced to us. We wished much to read the newspapers on our arrival at Niort, on the 19th of September, and with great eagerness we requested leave to see them. We were lodged in the deep ditch of the Castle, in a dark damp cell, more than five and twenty feet below the level of the earth. The Municipal Officer who kept guard over us, promised us that he would procure us, the next day, all the newspapers he could collect; but the ex-conventionalist, Le Cointe Puyraveaux, one of the vilest tools of the Anarchical Party, and one of the Commissaries of the Executive Power at this Place, forbade under a severe penalty, all kind of intercourse with the Prisoners. For this once not one of us escaped the bad effects of the dampness of our cell; and when we were taken out of it, the next day, we had almost entirely lost the use of our limbs.

We stopped that night at Surgères, where the Rochelle and Rochefort roads divide. The bus-

tle that we now observed about us, the passing and repassing of Couriers, the unusual precaution they took of placing sentries within side our cell; every thing, in short, led us to conclude, that we were near our journey's end. We entertained hopes that we should be allowed to rest for a few days, and receive the luggage, and necessaries of every kind, which, in the hurry of our departure, we had not time to take with us. We even flattered ourselves that the Directory, having turned out the Party which they had most reason to be afraid of, on account of the favour it stood in with the public, and eased of their fears by the lethargy in which the Nation seemed buried, would not exercise a needless severity against us, as it would only serve to augment the general detestation they had already brought upon themselves. We were greatly mistaken; and honest men will always be mistaken in their attempts to calculate the measures of villains, or the several degrees of crime of which they are capable.

We left Surgères on the 21st of September, at three o'clock in the morning; and after having travelled upon very bad roads for nine long and tedious leagues, during which we were jolted and bruised on all sides, we arrived at Rochefort, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Instead of entering the town, as we had hoped, the Escort filed off along the Glacis, and marched quite round the town, in a direction towards the harbour. That moment was a dreadful one! We then saw but too clearly that our fate was determined, and that we were about to be separated, perhaps for ever, from every thing that can make life desirable. Our prospect was the most gloomy and inauspicious. The garrison of Rochefort lined both sides of the road on which we were travelling, while a crowd of sailors made the air resound with the ill-boding shouts of "*Duck them, duck them!*" In this manner we arrived at the banks of the river Charente. The numerous workmen of the dock-yards, the soldiers of the garrison,

and the sailors flocked to the river-side, crowding about our Carriages, and Escort, and loudly exclaiming, “ *Down with the Tyrants, make them drink out of the large bowl !*”

Such was the manner in which our Countrymen bade us farewell ! An Adjutant or Commissary of the Navy, named Lacoste, whose scarred face I thought I recollected, called over the Names of the Prisoners, and received us from the hands of Guillet, Commandant of the Escort.

In the same order as we alighted from the carriages, the Commissary Lacoste made us get into a boat. He found Monsieur de Marbois was in so weak a state of health, that he refused, at first, to put him on board, declaring that he believed he was actually dying, and would not be able to bear the sea two days. Guillet flew into a violent passion, threatened Lacoste to put him under arrest, and swore he would inform

against him, and have him turned out of his situation. Marbois was carried to the boat, and Guillet himself embarked with us.

We were taken on board a brig, that lay at anchor in the middle of the river. This was the *Brilliant*, a small privateer, that had been taken from the English. Some ill-looking marines roughly drove us down the hatchway, pushed us about, and huddled us together in the fore-castle of the vessel, where we were nearly smothered by the smoke from the kitchen. We suffered both hunger and thirst, not having eaten or drank any thing for six and thirty hours. At last, they set a pail of water in the midst of us, and flung down, in the most contemptuous manner, a couple of ammunition-loaves ; but it was impossible to eat, so annoyed were we by the smoke, and the confined position we were in. The sentries, who pressed us closer and closer, held the most horrid language. Pichegru, having rebuked the insolence of the soldier who was placed in the midst of us, he re-

torted upon the General. “ You had better
“ hold your tongue, you are not yet out of our
“ clutches.” This was a lad of sixteen years of
age !!

We had every reason now to consider the bed
of the Charente as the extent of our transport-
ation ; and we believed that we were already in
one of those horrid instruments of punishment,
boats with plugs, invented to satiate the thirst of
tyrants, by secretly dispatching a number of vic-
tims, at one blow, and as instantaneously as their
thought and will could strike them. Night
came : and what a night ! We listened in
momentary expectation of the fatal hour, and
when the crew began to be in motion, we no
longer doubted but it was arrived. The Bril-
liant however was now got under way, working
down the river against tide, and at eleven
o'clock, in the evening, dropped anchor in the
great road. A few minutes after, six of us were
summoned upon deck. This was a most dread-
ful interval ! I was not one of those who were

called up the first; we bade adieu to our companions, not expecting ever to see them again. The sending for us by a few at a time, the savage exultation of the marines, and the presence of Guillet, fully confirmed us that they were going to death. We remained more than half an hour in this distressing suspense, in silent reflection and resignation. Six more of us were called in our turn; still four remained, Aubry, Bourdon, Dossonville and Willot. At last, contrary to our expectation, we all met again on board the corvette la Vaillante, commanded by Captain Julien, who, as he received us on board, exhorted us to have patience, assuring us, that although he should punctually follow the orders of the Directory, he would neglect nothing that might contribute to soften the severity of our fate. The Commander Guillet followed us on board la Vaillante, when observing the disagreeable impression which his presence made upon us. "Yes, Gentlemen," said he, "here I am again."

We were put down between decks. “ Will they starve us ? ” exclaimed the wretched Dossonville, who suffered, more than any of us, from want of food. “ No, no, Gentlemen,” replied des Poyes (an old officer of marines), with a smile, “ they will bring you some supper.” “ Give me only a little fruit,” said Marbois, almost dying. A moment after they threw us, from the upper deck, two ammunition-loaves. This was the promised supper ; which, however, frugal it might be for wretches who, for forty hours, had not tasted a bit of food, we have very often, since then, had reason to regret the want of ; for this was the last time we had an allowance of bread !

Our removal to a ship of war, the motion of the crew upon deck preparing to get under way, the reception we met with from the Captain, whose address to us was mild and affable notwithstanding the sternness of his looks, and peremptory manner of speaking to his sailors ;

every thing, in short, concurred to dispel our fears, and to assure us that we were not yet, at least, to be put to death. When, all of a sudden, Captain Julien who, the moment before, was in conversation with Guillet, on the side of the hatches, came down between decks, followed by some armed soldiers, and distributed hammocks to twelve of us only, whom he called by name. The four who had none given them were Pichegru, Dossonville, Willot, and myself. We were separated from our companions by the guard who followed Captain Julien, and ordered to go down lower into the hold of the vessel, saying to us, "As for you four Gentlemen, this is the apartment intended for you." This unexpected blow fell like a thunder-bolt upon our twelve companions, who were extremely averse to a separation from us, and requested that they might be permitted to fare as we should; Tronçon du Coudray and Barbé Marbois became very warm, and insisted upon it. Barthelemy, and his faithful servant le Tellier, seeing us dragged by the marines into the dungeon below, ran to

the hatchway, and leaped down into it with us. The Captain threatened to drive them up again with the bayonet. His threats would have been ineffectual, but our intreaties prevailed upon them to obey his orders. Four of us then remained in total darkness, in that dreadful hole, which stank intolerably of putrid bilge-water and rotten cables, with neither hammock nor blanket, nor any thing to rest our heads upon ; and unable to stand up, owing to the lowness of the ceiling. Our twelve friends were also much confined between decks, above us ; the hatches were closed, and, like us, they were deprived of air, of exercise and of every necessary. We were under weigh at four o'clock in the morning, as the bustle of the crew, and the motion of the vessel soon discovered to us.

On the 22d of September, at eight o'clock in the morning, they opened one of the hatches : the bell rang to call the crew to breakfast, and a single biscuit was presently after handed to each of us.

Our companions sent for the Captain, who came to the hatches. Marbois was spokesman. “ Prisoners, what do you want with me ?” said the Captain. “ To observe to you, that the biscuit which has been given us is a kind of food to which none of us are accustomed : we have some old men among us who cannot chew it, and besides, this is so full of maggots, that none of the crew can eat it. We wish to see the orders which have been given you respecting us.” “ Prisoners, I have no other biscuit for you, it is the food I am to allow you : take what is given you, and think yourselves very fortunate that I do not execute the orders I have received with more severity. It seems very strange to me, that in your situation, you should talk of requiring me to shew my orders.” “ I have made several long voyages,” replied Marbois, “ and I can tell you that, if you keep us thus confined, and deprived of air, and of the indispensable precautions for keeping the air pure,

“ you will not only destroy us in a very few
“ days, but you will create an infection in your
“ ship, and lose your crew.” “ Well,” said
the Captain as he turned away, “ I shall see
“ what I can do, when we are out of sight of
“ the French coast.”

At twelve o'clock they brought each of us again one biscuit, and set, in the midst of us, a pailful of *gourganes* (a kind of large beans) boiled in water, without any seasoning whatever. This was our appointed allowance, the only food we received during the whole of our voyage. Two cabin-boys superintended the distribution of it: the one who waited upon our companions was called Aristide, a handsome, good-tempered boy; ours, on the contrary, was as ugly as he was depraved. The dispositions of these boys, the only individuals that were permitted to have any intercourse with us, were of great consequence to us, situated as we were. Aristide contributed very much indeed to the little comforts we experienced.—Excellent Aristide!—

Thus were we disposed of in that floating grave, which bore us away from France, and conveyed us to a far-distant, inhospitable land.

Hardly were we on the main ocean when the wind changed full in our teeth, and blew such a hurricane, that the Captain was compelled to run for Rochelle roads, where we came to anchor before night.

The next day, the 23d of September, about eleven o'clock in the morning, Admiral Martin, notwithstanding the gale, came on board, with Captain Laporte, who was sent by the Directory to supersede Captain Julien. We learned this circumstance only by listening to the proclamation of Admiral Martin, who came to confirm the Captain in his new command. Shortly after the latter announced himself in a manner which made us feel that under the command of Captain Julien, we had not yet arrived at the height of our misfortunes. We heard him harangue the crew with a voice as harsh and as loud as a

speaking trumpet, in the following manner :
“ Soldiers, I charge you to watch these culprits
“ very closely. And you, sailors, I forbid you,
“ on pain of death, to have any intercourse
“ whatever with the villains.” He afterwards
went his round, called over our names, and,
after having closely examined us, said to us,
“ Gentlemen, you are very fortunate to have
“ been treated with so much lenity.”

The wind was contrary, and the sea very rough, when, about three o'clock, that same day (the 23d of September), a boat from Rochelle was observed pulling hard for our vessel. On being hailed, she answered that she brought some things that belonged to the transported. Captain Laporte called to her to keep off, threatening to sink her if she persisted. The boat was already under the stern of La Vaillante. The son of Lafond Ladebat told his name, and earnestly begged permission to see his father, and to give him a few clothes. The Captain was inexorable ; alike unmoved by the

groans of the unhappy father, who, knowing the voice of his son, was howling with rage, and struggling between decks, as by the tears and cries of the young man, who, in despair, begged upon his knees, to be permitted, for once only, for the last time, to embrace his father. “ No, “ no,” cried Laporte, “ be off immediately, or “ I will sink you.” He would only allow young Lafond to deliver the portmanteau to the sailors, and ordered the boat to be pushed off, with that affectionate son, who was never to see his father more.

An hour after this heart-breaking scene, the Captain gave orders to weigh, and notwithstanding it still blew very hard, risked the dangers of the Bay of Biscay and the equinoctial gales, partly to make us feel them, and partly, no doubt, with a view of avoiding the falling in with the English cruizers. We now, for the second time, left the coast of France, on the 23d of September, at five o'clock in the after-

noon. The night was extremely stormy, we were very near being lost in our attempts to weather the rocks of Pertuis d'Antioche; and the following day, the 24th of September, the Captain was compelled to put back once more, and come to anchor near the mouth of the river of Bourdeaux, in Blaie roads.

I cannot give any nautical details, or add any thing to what I have before said respecting our situation when we first sailed; for, notwithstanding the sickness which the motion of the ship occasioned in almost every one of us, we had not yet been able to obtain leave to come upon deck: and the hatches being shut up, on account of the stormy weather, we had a hard struggle between life and death. On the 25th they set sail again, the weather having a little moderated. Four days however elapsed before we were permitted to come upon deck for an hour. One half of the Prisoners were called up at four o'clock, the other half at five. During

these two hours the marines were under arms, and we were only permitted to walk on the gangway, between the masts; but all conversation with the crew was strictly forbidden.

The detachment which they had put on board *la Vaillante*, to guard us, was chiefly composed of men who had been sent home from the Isles of France and Bourbon, by Admiral Circey, together with the Commissaries of the Directory, charged with carrying to those settlements the decrees that had disorganized and ruined the French settlements in the Antilles. These fellows had been picked out of the revolutionary bands of the Committee of Nantes, so famous in the annals of terror, for murdering and drowning the poor priests, under sentence of transportation. We heard them relating their exploits to each other. One boasted of having stabbed his Captain behind his back, upon a march, and of having thrown him into a ditch, because he suspected him of being an Aristocrat. Another coolly related the number of the priests

whom he had drowned in the Loire. A third explained to his comrades in what manner they drowned them, mimicking the distorted countenances of the wretched victims at the moment they were going to the bottom. Several boasted of having knocked down, with the oars, such as attempted to escape by swimming, when they were thrown into the sea. They acknowledged that government was very right in fetching them away from the Island of Bourbon, for "they should soon have worked a complete revolution there."

The horrid conversations of these monsters were, now and then, interrupted by their still more indecent and disgusting songs. They chose the time when we were asleep, and crowding to the hatches, as near to us as they could, they roared out their obscene and blasphemous expressions, and such songs as the rudest savages would have thought beneath them. If we requested them to desist, they loaded us with abuse, and resumed their hellish chorus.

On the eighth day of our voyage, we were allowed to taste the fresh air upon deck, for an hour every day, but only three of us, Tronçon du Coudray, Pichegru, and la Vilheurnois, were able to avail themselves of that indulgence; all the others were too weak to come on deck. I was myself unable for four and twenty days to leave the hold. Old General Murinai, having attempted to get up, his strength failed him, and he fell to the bottom of the hold from the upper deck. We hastened to his assistance, and thought he was killed; some of the sailors also came down and helped us to raise our unfortunate veteran, who was terribly bruised by the fall, and his white hair was all over blood. The unfeeling Captain ran to the hatchway, and hollowed, "Sailors, you are acquainted with the
" orders that I gave you, not to have the least
" intercourse with the Prisoners: go about
" your business, and let that sick man have
" a glass of water."

Captain Laporte lost no opportunity of in-

flicting any tortures which he thought likely to drive us to despair, and, by a refinement of barbarity, would not even allow us a ladder to climb upon deck ; so that being obliged to get up by means of a rope, through the open part of the hatches, such of us as were too much weakened by illness, and stood the most in need of breathing the pure air, could not avail ourselves of it. We were denied the most trifling relief, and the most indispensable utensils for common purposes : we four Prisoners in the hold, asked for a little straw, or some means or other to defend us from the bruises we got against the ship's planks, “ Surely they are laughing at me,” said the Captain : “ why, the floor is already too soft for such rascals, I wish I could have the birth paved.”

Our companions having sent a message by that good lad Aristide, that they had neither spoons, nor cups, nor bowls to divide their mess, the Captain answered, “ What occasion is there for spoons to eat beans and biscuit ?

“ Have those beggarly fellows no fingers, and
“ cannot they drink out of the pail? Do not
“ let them trouble me any more. Tell them,
“ that circumstanced as they are, all their com-
“ plaints are quite useless.”

After being at sea fourteen days, the want of air and food had brought the greater part of us to the very brink of the grave. The surgeon, in the course of his short visits to us, had given us no other comfort than that of telling us, that our illness was nothing more than sea-sickness; and that, as to the scurvy, we should find a cure for it at Cayenne, for it abounded in turtles.

Pichegru was the only one of the four Prisoners confined below that was not sea-sick, but he suffered most severely from hunger, sometimes even to madness. However, as he had more strength left than his companions, he acted in the capacity of their nurse.

On the 4th of October, at seven o'clock in

the morning, they opened the hatches to air the ship. Our gloomy prison became a little less darksome than usual, where we were struggling for life : our dim eyes, and death-like looks could hardly express our mutual adieus ; when, on a sudden, the Commandant of the Marines on board our ship, the humane Captain Hurto, whom we had only noticed for his gentleman-like behaviour to us, sprung into the hold, fell in the midst of us, and hurt his leg. “ Gentle-
“ men,” said he to us, much agitated, “ do not
“ ruin me, do not ruin me ; I cannot bear such
“ shocking doings. Here is a little tea and su-
“ gar for you, and our first mate Dominique
“ shall bring you some hot water : do you hear
“ Dominique ? You may trust him, Gentle-
“ men, but be cautious, or you’ll ruin me ; I
“ have nothing but my pay to maintain my
“ poor wife and family.” The good man was so choked with sobs, that he could hardly articulate—“ Heavens ! I—I—I am compelled to
“ execute such barbarous orders !” These

were the last words we heard him utter. He left us.—

Soon after, Dominique brought us some hot water and a bowl. This draught tasted like manna from heaven to us ; it restored us to life : but what revived us most, and cheered our sad hearts, was this unexpected act of kindness, this proof that Providence had not forsaken us, and that there were some guardian angels among the demons who tyrannized over us.

On the 7th of October we came in sight of the Spanish coast : Marbois took notice of it, and got information from a sailor, who privately sold him some maize-bread, that we were off the Abbey of St. Andero, and that some of the natives had brought refreshments. He was of opinion that we ought to make another attempt with the Captain, as this was, perhaps, the last opportunity we should have of procuring fresh provisions, and that, probably, his avarice pre-

vailing over his inhumanity, he would allow one of the crew to go on shore, and buy what provisions we wanted. Marbois, therefore, wrote him a letter, and sent it by the faithful Aristide. It was as follows :

“ Not having had any notice that we were to
“ embark for so long a voyage, we had no op-
“ portunity of laying in a stock of provisions,
“ and you have not acquainted us with the in-
“ structions you have received respecting the
“ manner in which we are to be treated on
“ board your ship. It is impossible that you
“ can have directions to starve us, and we have
“ reason to think, that the severity you exercise
“ upon us is an abuse of your authority. Re-
“ collect, you may, one day, repent it: our
“ deaths will lay at your door, and France,
“ perhaps, but most assuredly our relatives
“ and children, will call upon you to account
“ for the lives of us who have been entrusted
“ to your care. We request that, before we
“ quit the Spanish coast, and the bay of St.

“ Andero, you will dispatch a boat on shore, to
“ purchase such provisions as are absolutely ne-
“ cessary to us; and for which we are willing
“ to pay.”

Captain Laporte answered, “ I have nothing
“ to fear from any man’s resentment, I shall
“ neither send a boat on shore, nor in the least
“ alter the orders I have given; and I shall or-
“ der the first of you, who shall dare to trouble
“ me with his representations, to be well
“ flogged.”

On the morning of the 9th of October, we learned from Aristide that we had passed Cape Ortegale; and, in the evening of the same day, Pichegru, who had been upon deck, came down to us, and said, that we were now out of sight of the coasts of Europe, and that we were standing to the northward with a fair wind. Our ship, *la Vaillante*, was a very good sailer, and ran twelve knots an hour, with a good breeze. I must here mention a singular circumstance. Willot, who

was Commandant at Bayonne at the time this very vessel was built, had himself named her, and was now—chained to her keel !

The moment we were allowed to walk upon deck we endeavoured to sound the dispositions of the crew. We observed that Dominique, the same man that I mentioned before as being the first mate of our ship, about sixty years old, appeared affected whenever any one of us, more like spectres than human beings, came out of our *grave*. He never looked at us without emotion. We have often noticed him, sitting by the main-mast, with tears in his eyes, whilst we were walking backwards and forwards. We learned from Captain Hurto that it was Dominique who threw down some pieces of bread and cheese into the hold, when it was his turn to be upon duty in the night ; and though he was almost toothless, he deprived himself of his share of bread to give it to us. The first time that he brought us some hot water, under pretence of going to clean the pump, we were

eager to give him some proof of our gratitude. This man, whose manner of speaking to the sailors was stern and even churlish, this tender-hearted creature, almost fainted in our arms. " Ah ! Gentlemen," said he to us, " this voyage will be the death of me, because I am obliged to smother my grief."

Dominique was incessantly employed in endeavouring to procure us some little comfort or other. It was with very great difficulty that he could elude the watchful eye of the Captain. He entrusted Aristide with his errands to us, and whenever he had occasion to be displeased with his want of punctuality or dexterity, he beat the poor little boy. We were at the same time grieved to hear him cry, and uneasy for fear that Dominique should be found out. The soldiers too, who noticed how often Aristide visited us, were continually reproaching him with the care he took of us, and even sometimes cuffed him ; but the good boy said nothing, nor ever once complained.

Dominique now and then had it in his power to buy us bread and wine : they asked him four livres for a pound of bread, and as much for a glass of wine. One day he came to us in very high spirits, and told Monsieur de Marbois that he intended to provide us a supper, and that we need not therefore eat the beans that would be brought us. And at twelve o'clock at night, he actually sent us a hind quarter of roast pork, with a loaf and some wine. This surely must have been the private stock and last resource of the good Dominique.

His active humanity at last betrayed his secret, and he was found out by the Captain, who, in presence of the whole ship's crew, called him to account for his conduct, and threatened to have him put into irons, and executed. We heard all that passed. Dominique's conduct was consistent throughout : he confessed the whole. " I regret," said he firmly, " that I had not in my power to offer more to those Gentlemen ; I wish I could relieve them, even at the ex-

“ pence of my blood : order me to be shot immediately, what do you want more ?” The Captain was speechless. Lieutenant Dubourg took Dominique’s part : the second mate, Chappuiset, was himself rather implicated, and Laporte could not rely so much upon his crew as he could upon the marines.

Dominique was so good as to take charge of several letters for our families ; we have since learned they were faithfully delivered. That truly worthy man died a short time after the return of la Vaillante.

Our dreadful situation sometimes melted the most obdurate hearts. One day, when old General Murinais was leaning upon the carriage of one of the great guns, whilst the crew were at supper, and was trying to chew the bad biscuit that was given us, but having no teeth, he could neither grind nor soften it. The Captain passing near him, was, all of a sudden, struck with the noble countenance of that old man, whom

even the sailors could not help looking upon with respect. "I see," said the Captain, "you cannot chew the biscuit, I will order you some bread." "No, sir," answered Murinais with a firm voice, "do your duty; I will accept no favour from you, nor will I be treated differently from my companions. Leave me alone."

About the 16th of October, we were off the Azores, a little to the northward. It blew very fresh, and the sea was rough. A Portuguese vessel, homeward bound from the coast of Brazil, fell in with us; and after a chase, was taken and boarded by our Captain and his crew. Whilst Laporte and his gang were plundering the unfortunate passengers, honest Dominique availed himself of the confusion, to lay in a stock of provisions for us, with some cocoa and para nuts.

Notwithstanding the small supplies which the humanity of Dominique and Captain Hurto, and the activity of the boy Aristide procured us

now and then, we were cruelly tormented by hunger; and yet even this could not overcome our aversion for the black biscuits which we seldom broke without finding great maggots in them: the large beans were still more loathsome; for, whether it was owing to want of cleanliness, or whether it was intentional, not a pailful of beans was served up to us, but we found both hairs and vermin in it.

Since the violent sickness, occasioned by the motion of the ship, had abated, the torments of hunger affected us in various modes. The greater part were reduced by weakness almost to death; particularly Tronçon du Coudray, Lafond Ladebat, and Barthelemy. Marbois, Willot, and Dossonville, had fits of madness; and the coarse food they took, in too small quantity, served only to provoke their ravenous appetite. “The Directory, no doubt, have a better dinner to-day than we,” said one of us, one day, looking at the pail of black beans. “Yes,” an-

swered a person, who was listening and who never spoke to us but that once (I dare not mention his name), “ Yes, the Directors have a better
“ dinner, but I much doubt whether they eat it
“ with their minds so much at ease, or whether
“ they would show the same courage as you do,
“ if they were in your situation.”

I recollect a most remarkable circumstance, one single sentence, one shriek which made our brutal Captain tremble. Marbois was walking upon deck, and was so overcome with hunger, that he could scarcely contain himself any longer: the Captain passed close to him. “ I
“ am starving, I am starving,” exclaimed Marbois, with a hollow voice, and looking at him with his eyes glistening. “ Give me food, or
“ throw me overboard.” The Cerberus looked absolutely petrified. He sent him something to eat.

Another day, Willot, devouring every thing

he saw with his eyes, gave a sailor a livre for a pound of hog's lard, and swallowed it in an instant, but was extremely sick after it.

In this situation we reached the tropic: and here the mildness of the climate, and the smoothness of the water, did but increase our raging desire of food. The horrors of that dreadful famine will never be erased from my memory! The wretched Dossonville uttered cries of rage, and made us fearful of being bitten by him. The crew had caught a large shark, and the Captain had ordered them to give us the part usually allotted to the officers, that is to say, the worst. It is well known how oily, indigestible, and unwholesome the flesh of that fish is: but we were hungry enough to have devoured the whole of it, if it had been offered us. Dominique sent us word not to touch our allotment of the shark, and sent us, in the evening, the best part of it, well seasoned with onions and pimento, and a plenty of vinegar. Dossonville ate more than six pounds to

his share, with dreadful voracity, but was very nearly paying for it with his life.

If we, now and then, obtained from some other quarter the same kind of supplies, which the generous **Dominique** furnished us with gratis, we were obliged to pay very dear for them. In order to plunder us, they calculated the different degrees of our sufferings. **Dossonville**, for instance, once gave an excellent blue great coat, quite new, for a three-pound loaf only.

About that time a fit of impatience in **Pichegru** furnished **Captain Laporte** with a new pretence for harassing the four prisoners confined in the hole below. The **Bourdeaux** cabin-boy, in spite of our repeated prayers and threats, always brought us the pail of black beans so filthy, that we could not touch them. One day, when **Pichegru**, oppressed by hunger, was waiting with impatience for this coarse diet, in came the boy with the pail almost covered with hairs.

Pichegru, unable to restrain his indignation any longer, knocked him down. The boy fell into the scalding pail, and roared out amain for help. Pichegru accused himself immediately : we would not agree that he alone was in fault, the Captain, therefore, had us all four put in irons, and confined by both legs for the first two days.

We suffered unspeakable torture, as we had now been kept thus for six days ; yet the Captain did not appear at all disposed to release us ; when the only motive that could make any impression upon guilty consciences, fear, compelled him to it.

Since the capture of the Portuguese ship, the crew had been dissatisfied with the unfair manner in which the Captain had divided the prize. Some of the sailors loudly expressed their discontent, and the compassion they felt for us added fuel to the flame. We had been confined among them on the fore-castle, where they had

before their eyes Generals loaded with chains. Pichegru, especially, had attracted their attention, and interested them much in his behalf.

On the seventh day, by order of the Captain, we were released and again sent down the hold. It was well he did, for he had not a moment to lose, so dissatisfied were his men with his conduct.

A few days after, *la Vaillante* took another prize; this was an English vessel, bound from London to Antigua. Captain Laporte, willing to ingratiate himself with his crew, set them an example in his own person of the most dreadful pillage. An English Colonel, a passenger, because he claimed his trunk, was sent to bear us company in the hold, where he remained till the end of the voyage.

After we had passed the tropic, we chased a Swede, bound to St. Bartholomew's, and came up with her about five o'clock in the evening.

The worthy Lieutenant Dubourg, the same that gave us proofs of the interest he took in our misfortunes, was sent to examine the prize. When he returned he assured the Captain that her papers were very regular, adding, "It is the same vessel that lay with us in Blaie roads, when we anchored there: she has on board several French Planters, whom the law of the 19th Fructidor compels to leave France." "You found her papers regular, did you," said Laporte in a rage: "a Royalist could not have said more. Go," addressing himself to another officer, "examine her again, and if you find in her any under sentence of transportation, she is a lawful prize."

Luckily there was not one of that description; but, can it be believed, that, in order to be the more certain about it, by comparing the list of the passengers with that of the proscribed, that wretch had the impudence to ask us to lend him the bulletin which contained, at full length, that inhuman law, by which ourselves, and a long list

of other unfortunate persons, were so unjustly proscribed and condemned to transportation. I need not add that we refused to comply with so impertinent a request.

We had been upwards of forty days at sea, and thought we must be very near the North Cape, although we had not observed any change as yet in the colour of the water. We were becalmed, and almost overcome by the excessive heat. Aubry, almost lifeless, after enumerating all our hardships, added with a faint sigh, “ Ah ! why “ did he not throw us overboard ?”

“ You are very welcome to do it yourself,” said the Captain, who had been listening to him, without his knowing it, “ and you will greatly “ oblige me if you will do it. I will even lend “ you a ladder to help you to come upon deck.”

At last, on the fiftieth day, at day-break, we heard them shout, *Land, Land*. This gave us new life : it was the first gleam of hope we had

had since the 4th of September, the day on which we were arrested; and our tormentors had, by their needless cruelties, made us look forward with eagerness to the day that was to lead us to the spot of our exile.

When we came upon deck, we had a view of the continent, and a point of land more elevated than the rest of the coast, well known as the anchorage ground of the North Cape. Nothing but eminences were yet distinguishable; yet even this prospect, imperfect as it was, gratified our impatience. Our fancy was already penetrating those distant forests, and busied itself in delineating, arranging, and even ornamenting the spot we should choose for our retreat. Now, thought we, shall we be released from the odious presence of our tormentors: free as the winds shall we range over yon country, and find comforts, perhaps friends, there. Our persecutors surely will rest satisfied with having placed the ocean between them and us: their fears of us will have subsided, and they will think them-

selves amply revenged by the forlorn situation in which they will have left us, and the deep oblivion that will be our lot.

The very quitting la Vaillante, the satisfying our ravenous appetites, and the drinking fresh water appeared to us the summit of bliss. In the most pressing moments of hunger and thirst, Marbois, who had formerly been intendant of St. Domingo, and who was well acquainted with the natural productions of that country, raved of nothing but the delicious fruits that we should gather. He kept up our spirits by such illusions, which the breeze that came from the land seemed already to realize, by wafting to our weakened senses the fragrant perfumes of lemon-trees and pines.

On the 10th of November, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we came to anchor in Cayenne roads, in sight of the town, and within three leagues of it. From that moment we had leave to walk on deck whenever we pleased; but the

Captain repeated to the crew his orders to have no intercourse with us. He immediately sent to announce our arrival to the Agent of the Directory, Jeannet, who still bore the old title of Governor of Cayenne.

On the 11th of November, before noon, a schooner, commanded by Captain Despeyroux, came to take us on board. Laporte seemed much surprised that the Agent-general had not sent for him, to speak to him, and to give him charge to land us himself: the order, which he received at the same time, to remain at anchor where he was, and the strict orders not to permit his crew to have any communication with the shore on pain of death, gave him much uneasiness; he said he would not give us up to any other officer, but the Agent himself. We have since learned, from Dominique, that suspecting Jeannet of being already too well acquainted with the late events at home, he was very near weighing anchor, and setting sail for Guadaloup, to give us up to the notorious Hugues,

the tyrant of the Antilles. The order, however, being positive, he was obliged to let go his prey, and sent a detachment of soldiers to escort us as far as the shore. The brave Hurto took the command of them, and received our last adieus. We then went on board the schooner, attended by the last looks of the enraged tiger, and the blessings of Dominique, so well expressed in his eyes, which were flooded with tears.

We anchored within cannon-shot of the shore, to which we were conveyed in boats that came to meet us. With much difficulty we were, at last, landed upon a flat and rocky shore, upon which a tremendous surf broke with great fury, and found ourselves over against the hospital, which is a very handsome building, erected on the beach, at the further end north of the Savanna.* A great number of people flocked to see us; the magistrates, and the principal inhabitants of Cayenne also repaired thither: and we could

* Or meadow.

easily perceive from the impression that our appearance made upon them, that curiosity was not the only motive that brought them thither. The commanding officer of the troops, Desvieux, received us with a guard of blacks, exceedingly well disciplined, and escorted us to the Hospital, at least with politeness; he permitted the chief Inhabitants, who were crowding around us, to lend us their arms. We found ourselves again in the company of men, and recognized them as countrymen. At the Hospital, the agent of the Directory, Jeannet, with his secretary, Mauduit, received us, and after calling over our names, delivered to Captain Hurto a receipt for sixteen convicts.

When Jeannet accosted us in the upper gallery of the Hospital, his eyes were moist with tears. “ You have gone through great hardships, Gentlemen,” said he, “ It is but too plain from your looks : I have ordered apartments to be got ready for you, which, however confined they may appear to you, are

“ what will suit you the best in your present
“ state ; they are likewise the most healthy I
“ have to offer you. You will be under the
“ care of the respectable Sisters of the Charity,
“ who will not let you want any thing : and I
“ will take upon myself the supplying you with
“ provisions and refreshments. Be assured that
“ as long as I shall have it in my power to con-
“ sult my own wishes, you will have no occasion
“ to be dissatisfied with your treatment.” He
withdrew, leaving us at full liberty to go whither
we pleased ; not even restraining us from walk-
ing into the town.

So sudden a change in our situation, added to
the compassionate cares of the good sisters,
and the enjoyment of fresh provisions and fruits,
restored us to life. We entertained no doubt
but that after our healths should be re-estab-
lished, they would leave our persons, as the law
of the 19th Fructidor directs, entirely at our
own disposal. We were confirmed in that ex-
pectation by the very style of those lying reports,

which we had read, in which the orators of the triumphant Minority in the two Councils, endeavoured to throw a veil upon the injustice and barbarity of a *Proscription en Masse*, by representing it as nothing more than a *simple Exile*. I heard several of our companions, particularly Lafond, regret the not having his wife and children with him, to form a voluntary settlement in this retired spot, which seemed to enjoy a tranquillity to which the mother country had been so long a stranger.

These pleasing illusions unhappily soon vanished. Governor Jeannet, the very next day, by a reverse of his former conduct, destroyed the effects and impressions his momentary civilities had made on our minds; far more guilty and inhuman for having thus fed us with delusive hopes, than in returning us again to our former tortures.

This part of our melancholy story would be as unintelligible to the reader, as the strange

behaviour of Jeannet appeared unaccountable to us, if I were not to explain the reason for that change, as far as we were able to learn them from some friends, who were acquainted with the circumstances, and whose resolute interference and good wishes, could not, after all, render our situation more comfortable. Their names and acts of kindness I dare not mention, but they shall, for ever, remain engraved upon my heart.

I will now endeavour to convey some idea of our capricious Governor.

Jeannet, nephew to Danton, is about forty years of age, of a pleasing address, and polite manners, with a shrewd and facetious countenance: he has lost his left arm, but is very well made in every other respect. Jeannet belonged to that formidable faction which oppressed the Legislative Body, in 1792, dethroned the King, and destroyed, at one blow, both the Executive Power and the Monarchical Constitution. I

give no credit whatever to the tales of those whom I have heard accuse him of associating with the most abandoned reprobates, in order to throw a slur upon his character in early life ; I shall only give it as my opinion, that he was an useful man to his uncle's party, and that the latter had interest sufficient to recompence his services with the appointment of Governor at Cayenne, shortly after the meeting of the Convention.

The flourishing state of that settlement, and the excellent order which he has maintained there, are sufficient proofs of his abilities. He has always conducted himself with great firmness in his office, and strict justice towards the settlers : taking care, however, to keep them under through fear of the Blacks, while these he manages also to restrain in due bounds, and at the same time, to gain their affection. The natives all acknowledge that they are indebted to him for the preservation of their property.

When Danton and his party were compelled to quit the field before his more successful rival, Robespierre, Jeannet, having refused to proclaim the emancipation of the Negroes, was obliged to quit that settlement, and retired to America.

Returning to France after the 9th Thermidor, he was reinstated in his place, a short time after the installation of the Directory.

The Proprietors gave him a hearty welcome, and he justified the confidence they had in him, by checking the Terrorists. Those monsters, Billaud Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois, who had been transported to Cayenne, were at that time enjoying unlimited freedom there: far from endeavouring to expiate their past offences, they plotted others under the banners of a leader* fully worthy of them. Happily, the unexpected return of Jeannet prevented the explosion of a

* Cointel.

conspiracy which the Blacks had formed, headed by Collot d'Herbois, to murder all the Whites at one blow. A Negro-woman gave information of the plot, of which, by some private means, she had gotten intelligence. Jeannet ordered Collot d'Herbois to be immediately apprehended with his colleague, Billaud Varennes, who, it was said, was not implicated in the plot ; but it was too late to prevent the rebellion of the Blacks, which was not suppressed till they had made a great slaughter of them. Collot d'Herbois, a short time after, being taken ill, was removed to the Hospital of Cayenne, where he died. Billaud Varennes is still living in the fort of Sinamary.

One may judge from these details that Jeannet, who was in league with the party who had enacted the law of the 9th Thermidor, was holding out against the Anarchists, and, pursuing the plan which his friends should have adopted in France ; that is to say, uniting with the honest part of the people, to defend their common

interests, to maintain the new laws, and protect their several properties. He contrived, in spite of the full execution of the orders for the emancipation of the Blacks, to keep them employed in their several occupations.

The attention which Jeannet pays to the protection of property is not altogether disinterested; he is accused of being rapacious: he levies the duties in an oppressive manner, and gives no account. He seizes all vessels indiscriminately that fall into his hands, whether they be friends, neutral, or foes: he condemns them all like a pirate, and shares the spoils like a robber.* He has appropriated to himself, under

* I certify, that during our captivity at Guayana, Jeannet seized, at least, twelve vessels, either from Hamburg, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and even Ragusa, all bound for Surinam, except that from Rugusa, which was for Vera Crux. As the story of its capture and seizure made much noise in the colony, I shall give some account of it. This vessel left a Spanish port, with a cargo of wine and other provisions, for Mexico. It is to be supposed that the Captain who commanded her was very little acquainted with the Atlantic Ocean: he ~~landed~~^{touch'd} at Cay-

pretence of their being national property, the possession of the finest plantations, which he has sequestered. In particular, he takes care to improve and cultivate the beautiful estate of Ge-

enne, and not knowing where he was, sent his boat on shore, where he was soon informed that he was among friends: he asked leave to come into harbour, and take in fresh water, which was granted him. They visited and examined her frequently; but, unfortunately, her papers were so regular (*en règle*) that they could not possibly make her a lawful prize. After remaining five days in port, they suffered her to sail. The weather being stormy, she received much damage off the Devil's Islands, and was forced to put back into Cayenne. "Oh! now," exclaimed Jeannet, "I am certain that she is "one of Pitt's spies." He immediately sent a guard of soldiers on board, caused the Captain to be apprehended, and summoned the Board of Trade. He made a fine speech, and told them that the magazines of the colony were empty, that he did not know what to do, that he knew of no other resource than to seize the Ragusan. "As for the consequences, Gentlemen," said Jeannet, "you need not have any scruples, I take the whole upon myself: it is better to do this than to turn the Blacks loose. You understand me." Two of the Members of that Board gave in their resignation, rather than have any hand in such an iniquitous transaction. The other scoundrels, with their two new comrades, condemned the vessel. The reason alleged for such an open breach of faith was, that the Republic of Ragusa had supplied the armies of the Emperor

neral La Fayette, called *la Gabrielle* ; which, it is said, brings him in, annually, near three hundred thousand livres ; the estate of the Jesuits, *la Royale* and *Beauregard*, are also appendages to the treasury of the Governor.

After these successes, and with such passions, Jeannet, seeing the Republican Government daily acquiring new strength, was very far from suspecting that a new reign of terror existed. The news of the events of the 18th Fructidor, which he heard before our arrival, by an American ship (on which he had laid an embargo), the names of the chief actors, such as Augereau,

with provisions, contrary to the orders of the Grand Seignior, the faithful ally of the French Republic, and for having refused to supply Buonaparte, &c. I was informed of these facts (all very well known to my companions) by one of the two Members who resigned, and called at Sinamary fort when he quitted Cayenne. The Directory is likewise made acquainted with all those iniquitous doings. After all, Jeannet is less guilty than any of them : the government sends him neither money nor provisions, and expects him to maintain between six and eight hundred men, and to pay the public officers.

Sotin, &c. frightened him so much, that he was on the point of leaving the settlement once more. The term of his government was expired, and he had no doubt but some friend of Billaud Varennes would arrive to supersede him. The ghost of the frightful Collot d'Herbois already presented itself to his troubled fancy. The planters, however, prevailed upon him to remain at his post, and wait for further information.

The accurate detail which our Lieutenant, Dubourg, furnished him with, at the time of our landing, and the affecting description which he gave of the hardships we experienced on board *la Vaillante*, most probably confirmed his first surmises, and were the occasion of the humane reception we met with at the Hospital.

In the meanwhile Captain Laporte, enraged, and the more hurt at the insulting precautions of the agent, because he knew he acted under the authority, and possessed the confidence of

the Directory, did not give up the point: he wrote to Jeannet, and insisted upon seeing him, and delivering into his own hands, at Cayenne, some letters and private instructions of which he was the bearer.* Jeannet, over-reached by the Revolutionists about him, such as his Secretary Mauduit and Captain Malvin, could no longer defer giving leave to Captain Laporte to come on shore, and invited him to dinner. We saw him arrive, about four o'clock, in the afternoon, in his launch, and we had reason to shudder at it.

As it was at the conclusion of that dinner that our ruin was resolved upon, such particulars as we have been able to collect respecting it deserve to be mentioned.

Whilst Jeannet was reading his letters, with

* I can assure the public that three persons at Cayenne have read a private letter from Reubel to Jeannet.

much attention, Laporte commented upon every passage in the most treacherous manner, seconded by some advisers still greater traitors than himself. “The villains I brought here,” said he, “have already involved France in a civil war. They have been butchering the Republicans without mercy or restraint, and betrayed us all to the Princes.” He asserted roundly, that *we all wished to proclaim the King, for whom we expected once more to form a strong party; that we had settled a correspondence at Cayenne, and had actually planned a Revolution in favour of Louis the Eighteenth. The Directory, added he, has had undoubted information of the whole plot.*

These base aspersions, which effectually silenced the honest Magistrates who were present, at that dinner, encouraged the Revolutionists, who would not wait for one word from the General Agent, to break out into the most violent abuse against us.

Jeannet seemed all this while balancing with himself: now taking a cursory survey of the list of the persons transported; then glancing his eye over the Conventionists, against whom, perhaps, he still felt an old Party-Grudge. "I see," said he, "such a small number of culprits; the more I read my dispatches, and reflect on their contents, the less do I understand them."—He twice interrupted the harangues of Captain Laporte, to talk to him of the dreadful situation we were in: "Is it not true, Captain," said he, "that those gentlemen have suffered much?" "Yes" replied Laporte, with an ironical air, "Yes they have suffered, and, if I had followed the orders I received, I should not have brought one of them here alive."

The following day, the 18th of November, we were forbidden to leave our rooms: the sentries kept a strict eye over us; no excuse, no wants exempted us from their troublesome

vigilance. Even the natives were forbidden to have any communication with us. Some of them, notwithstanding, ventured to disobey those rigorous orders; others sent us refreshments. A Mulatto-woman, named Maria Rose, about forty years old, who was very rich, and much respected by the whole settlement as a woman of great benevolence and sensibility, distinguished herself by her generous forwardness to send, and bring us in person, whatever she thought we were in need of, or that could be acceptable. She was so often with the Sisters of the Charity, that the order of having no intercourse with us did not affect her. The Hospital was the favourite resort of Maria Rose, and her visits there grew more frequent as our situation became more distressed. The lively interest she took in our misfortunes, has never suffered the least diminution: her little presents were always addressed to Pichegru, who never failed to share them with his fellow-sufferers, as, likewise, the gratitude that we all owe to that excellent woman.—

Marbois, Tronçon du Coudray, and Muri-
nais, requested leave to walk, and obtained us
permission to go, for an hour every morning,
upon the Savanna, as far as the walls of the
town, attended by a guard. Desvieux himself
superintended the whole. Upon one of these
occasions he insulted Maria Rose, and at an-
other time ordered two serjeants of the regiment
of Alsace to be shot, because they had answered
Marbois, who spoke to them in German, and
nothing but the entreaties of a great number of
the inhabitants prevailed upon him to save the
lives of those two poor fellows. Desvieux made
even Jeannet tremble: nor did he ever forgive
the Sisters of the Charity the attentions they
had shewn us during our short stay with them.
“Your friends, the convicts, are ruined men,”
said he with emphasis, one day to the superior;
“they are ruined men, and if they wont *kick up*
“very soon, we shall find the means to dis-
“patch them.” This Desvieux is an old Cap-
tain of Dragoons, who once was Aide-de-Camp
to Monsieur Boufflers; and, it has been said,

is related to a very antient family at Rome. In this manner we passed our time for a few days after we came on shore; but notwithstanding these repeated hardships, we were still in hopes that our sentence would be put in execution, in conformity with the decree, and that they would leave us in peace within the limits of our exile. While the manner of disposing of us was still in suspence, the inhabitants asked permission to take us into their houses. Jeannet replied that he would not part us, or run the risk of disturbing the peace of the settlement. His first intention was, it seems, to send us to the old habitation of the Jesuits.

The Terrorists raised a great outcry, threw out menaces, asked the same favour for Billaud Varennes, and upbraided Jeannet with detaining him prisoner contrary to the order of the Directory, which allowed him the privilege of going whither he pleased within the precincts of the settlement.

The cowardly Governor yielded ; and with the same hand, which a few days before, had wiped away the tears that our forlorn situation brought in his eyes, he signed the inhuman order for our second exile.

On the 18th of November, in the morning, we were ordered to be in readiness to set out for the province of Sinamary.

The Members of the Council of Elders proposed to enter a protest against the extension of a law, which, in itself, was a violation of all laws. Those of the Council of Five Hundred thought that this would be a kind of acknowledgment of the legality of the act of proscription, and its agents ; they preferred, therefore, submitting in silence, and I was of the same opinion with them. Jeannet contented himself with merely sending a verbal answer in the negative, by a Commissary of Marine. Indeed, he never chose to give a direct answer to any of us, or suffer us

to have copies of any letters or orders which we received from him. Our sick, who appeared wholly unequal to the fatigues of the voyage, remonstrated also in vain. Old General Murinais, our highly respectable veteran, being refused leave to remain in the hospital, was in absolute despair; and wrote to Jeannet in the following terms: “ Enquire what a situation I am in : your order “ will be the warrant for my death.” Jeannet was deaf to all the entreaties of the inhabitants and to the tears of the Sisters of the Charity : they were compelled to go. We took an affecting leave of the humane Captain Hurto, who had always been our friend when he was able, and of Dominique, who passed two days with us, and gave us fresh proofs of his generous attachment.

On the 22d of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, some boats came to take us off, at the same spot at which we landed, when we left la Vaillante, and put us on board the vessel la Victoire. They wished to avoid taking us through the town; but the inhabi-

tants came down in crowds to the beach, every one of them exhibiting marks of the most tender sensibility: the women and children were drowned in tears. But it is out of the power of my pen to do justice to so affecting a scene! Here we were without our guards, surrounded by these worthy colonists, and attended only by the Commandant Desvieux, who, in the presence of those oppressed people, affected to be extremely polite. Jeannet did not make his appearance.

When our ship weighed anchor, how did we regret the cruel loss we had sustained in being thus torn from the soothing attention of those hospitable friends! The sight of the crowd which covered the shore, with their arms stretched towards Heaven, their screams of despair, their adieus, all combined to break our hearts!

Captain Brachet, our worthy commander, did every thing in his power to alleviate the pangs of

our separation. He lavished his attentions, and the refreshments with which he was provided, upon us : he seemed so entirely devoted to our service, that I have not the least doubt but he would have assisted us in making our escape, had we proposed such a plan to him. Our guard consisted of no more than three men; and a captain; the crew were four sailors only, and a master, who would in all probability, have made no resistance. We were sixteen, and the cabin in which we were stowed was hung with arms in every direction. But the happy thought never struck one of us, so totally were we resigned to our fate. We had been imposed upon with the assurance that Sinamary was, if not *the most populous, at least the most healthy, and one of the most fruitful departments of the Settlement ; where we should find a profusion of every thing, and finally, enjoy full liberty.*

The river of Sinamary lies thirty leagues east of Cayenne. We got under weigh at noon, with both wind and tide in our favor, and

anchored, about eight o'clock in the evening, at the mouth of the river, after passing the Devil's Islands. Captain Brachet wished to lay close in land, to give us an opportunity of landing before night; but, as the posts had not been apprized of our coming, we were fired at with shot from the batteries of the eastern point, and were, therefore, obliged to pass that night on board. At day break, the 23d of November, we disembarked under the redoubt of the point. The Commandant of the District, Monsieur de ***, Captain in the regiment of Alsace, was on the beach, to receive us. "These," said the Commander of our Escort, "are the persons condemned to transportation, and here is the provisional order of the Agent General concerning them." "Condemned!" "do you say," replied that officer, "these gentlemen have not been tried, it is a shame to send them hither." This single expression, and the manner in which he spoke it, cost him his situation; he was cashiered shortly after, and expelled from the settlement. I have

the satisfaction at least to hope, that this act of severity saved his life; he was young, but his health appeared already much injured by the climate.

Within a hundred yards of the sea shore, leaving the redoubt and signal post on our right, we passed by the house of Monsieur Kormann, a paltry lone habitation, in which one could hardly suppose that any human being would voluntarily fix his residence. It is the only dwelling to be seen in that extensive solitude, on the banks of the river, which is almost concealed with woods, and its waters not only obstructed, but infected by the branches of the *Palétuwers* rotting in the mud.

As we stopped before that hut, to beg a little fresh water, Monsieur Kormann, who appeared to be about thirty years old, but of a constitution more broken than Europeans generally are at sixty, came forward to salute us, and said to us, in a very weak voice, " Ah ! Gentlemen,

“ you are coming to a grave !” “ We know “ it,” said General Murinais, “ and the sooner “ the better.” Such were the omens that attended our arrival on the continent !

We walked three miles upon a burning sand, along a narrow path by the river side. It was with great difficulty that I was able to crawl after my companions, who were themselves quite overcome by heat and fatigue. None of us were yet sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of the voyage, to be able to bear such an exertion, and as for myself, I had been spitting blood for several days. At last we arrived at the fort of Sina-
mary, which, on quitting the wood, can only be seen when you are within musket-shot of it. This fort, built of thick boards, and inclosed with palisades, has no outwork : it is a square building, of about a hundred feet, flanked by four bastions, and surrounded by a deep fosse, filled with the water of the river ; so that the fort is altogether insulated. On our entering that fortress, it was but too evident that not a shadow

of hope existed of our ever enjoying the least liberty, even in the midst of these deserts. The foul deed was complete !

It now remains for me to relate the barbarous means that were resorted to in this horrid prison, of tormenting the poor remains of our wretched existence ; the indefatigable rage of our persecutors ; the heroic patience of the victims of their fury ; the miseries of those of our companions who died in our arms, as well as of those who are yet struggling with a more slow, but unavoidable dissolution ; and, finally, our miraculous escape.

However limited the stage on which those horrid scenes were acted, it is necessary that I first give a description of it.

The Garrison-Barracks, the apartments of the Commanding Officer, and a few huts for the Sutlers, occupy that part of the curtain between

the two bastions, on the right hand, towards the river-side. The Garrison consisted of eighty men, half of them whites, the rest negroes; they were a detachment of the old regiment of Alsace, almost entirely renewed since their arrival at Guayana.

Along the curtain, opposite that on the river-side, stands the old chapel, which the revolutionary whites have defaced, but which the negroes still treat with respect.

By the side of the chapel stands a kind of shed, under which are formed eight small huts, formerly used as prisons for the Maroon negroes, or any other criminals.

Opposite the entrance of the fort is the lodge of the magazine-keeper; the platforms of the bastions are taken up by store-houses, for provisions and ammunition; and one of the four bastions, that is to say, the one north of the river,

serves as a guard-house. The square in the middle of the fort is planted with orange-trees. The fort is well armed, and kept in good repair.

The Commandant conducted us immediately towards the shed, and, pointing out to us the huts underneath it, said, “ These are the apartments which are designed for you : Billaud Varennes occupies one of them ; the seven others are to be divided between you ; and, according to their size, receive each as many as they will contain.”—Then addressing himself to Monsieur de Murinais, as being the eldest, while he pointed out one of the huts that was to be allotted to one prisoner only, said to him, “ This will do very well for you.” “ Give me that,” cried the old General, “ which is the nearest to the burying-ground, for that will suit me best.”

After having compelled our gallant veteran to take the first hut to himself, the others were

divided between the remaining fifteen in the following manner :

Second hut. Aubry alone:

Third hut. Pichegru and Marbois.

Fourth hut. Willot, Larue, and Dossonville.

Fifth hut. Bourdon and Rovère.

Sixth hut. Lafond, Tronçon du Coudray, and Barthelemy.

Seventh hut. Brothier, La Vilheurnois, Le Tellier, and Ramel.

The Commandant ordered each of us a hammock ; but there were neither beds, tables, chairs, nor furniture, or utensils of any kind, in the huts.

We had no other food than an allowance of biscuit, a pound of salt meat, and a glass of rum to correct the water, which was very bad. They now and then, indeed, gave us bread, which we could not touch, because it was full of maggots ; and, at last, they distributed a small quantity of

wine among us, which had become sour in the store-houses.

As we could not all mess together in one hut, nor eat our soup out of the same bowl, we divided ourselves into four parties: and in forming these we did not choose to leave the matter to chance, but took care to consult the convenience of age, of character, and similarity of sentiment.

First mess. Marbois, Tronçon du Coudray, Barthelemy, Lafond, Murinais, Le Tellier.

Second mess. Pichegru, Willot, Larue, Aubry, Dossouville, Ramel.

Third mess. Bourdon and Rovère.

Fourth mess. Brothier and La Vilheurnois.

This arrangement was soon changed by untoward circumstances. Marbois wished to eat by himself. Barthelemy and Le Tellier joined our party afterwards, and the Abbé Brothier formed an intimacy with Billaud Varennes. As these associations had no little influence on our

future destinies, I thought it proper to be thus particular.

The soup for all four messes was made by one negro, to whom we were obliged to look very close, and when it was ready, we took care to serve it up ourselves: for this formidable cook, who had been fetched on purpose out of the house of correction at Cayenne, has twenty times threatened that he would poison us.

Our sick were attended by two old negro-women; another, whose husband was in the fort, and whom the humane Maria Rose had sent to us, as being sure of her honesty, waited upon General Pichegru. I have read with indignation the malicious falsehoods which have been circulated with the diabolical purpose of diminishing the interest the public always takes in the sufferings of the unfortunate, and which innocence will ever claim as long as it preserves its dignity. Our persecutors cannot deprive us of this consoling reflection.

We were kept close prisoners in the fort, which I never quitted but once, and then—never to see it, I trust, again. We were obliged to answer to our names twice every day; the first time at nine o'clock, in the morning, and again at four in the afternoon.

Our first object was to clean our huts, which swarmed with venomous insects to such a degree, as to be wholly unfit to live in; but we had no choice of others. Perhaps no European, besides ourselves, ever experienced the hardship of being thrown in a warm climate, into such dens, a prey to scorpions, centipedes, mosquitos, gnats, and several other kinds of insects, as numerous as they were dangerous and loathsome. We were not even secured from serpents, which often found their way into the fort. Pichegru found and killed one in his hammock, as thick as a man's arm: it had crept into the folds of his cloak, which he constantly used as a pillow.

The insect which tormented us most was the

chique, or *niguas*, a kind of bug, which lodges itself in the pores of the skin, and, if not carefully extracted, breeds there, and eats away the flesh so rapidly, that amputation becomes absolutely necessary. We were covered with pimples and tumours, deprived of sleep, harassed and weighed down by the deepest melancholy. Some of us, during our removal from the Temple to Rochefort, had received clothes, linen, and money; but others were entirely unprovided, of which last number I was one, the precipitation with which we were embarked having baffled the precautions that our families had taken to supply us. Jeannet sent us a few shirts and handkerchiefs, taken out of the stores designed for the negroes.

Such was our establishment at Sinamary. There was no one in the fort besides the garrison, and a store-house-keeper, named Moigestin, a very good kind of man, who would willingly have alleviated our distress if it had been in his power.

The black soldiers of the garrison appeared to have more feeling for us than the whites : who, as I before observed, were the residue of the regiment of Alsace, and kept in excellent discipline ; but, at the same time, in the most abject slavery. The surgeon of the province of Sinamary, Cabrol, was a very humane man, but very infirm, and seldom able to visit the sick. We likewise saw, now and then, the mayor of the district of Sinamary, Vogel, an old gentleman of Lorraine, who made us some unmeaning offers of service.

To these few human beings was our intercourse confined. I do not reckon as one the convict Billaud Varennes, who could not justly be said to be on the same footing with ourselves ; and this consideration heightened our repugnance at meeting him there : at the same time, we avoided any thing that might add to his mortification, or aggravate his punishment. The Abbé Brothier was the only one of us who could digest so monstrous an union, and soon contracted an intimacy with him.

I can give no description of the surrounding country, improperly termed the province of Sinamary. I frequently heard of several considerable Indian villages, situated at some leagues distance in the interior, the natives of which, now and then, came to sell fruits and vegetables. The plantations higher up the river, lying in a cluster, form a kind of hamlet, and it is said, they are on a very rich soil ; but, the unhealthiness of the climate has much reduced the number of French who settled there in the last century. This is all I am able to say of the country ; for the view from the ramparts is altogether bounded by a deep forest, which appeared to me impenetrable. The dismal howlings of the tigers, which came within musket-shot of the fort, the shrill cries of the apes, the discordant chatterings of paroquets, and the croaking of the enormous toads, with which the ditches and muddy sides of the river were filled, all added to the horrors of that solitude.

On the fifth day after our arrival, Lieutenant

Aimé came to relieve Monsieur de ***, and take the command of the fort. This was an unfortunate change for us.

This Aimé, at the beginning of the revolution, was footman in a family at Nancy. He was one of the ringleaders of the disturbances that happened there, and of the mutiny in the regiments du Roy, and de Châteaueux, which was quelled by the National Guards. He then enlisted into the regiment of Alsace, in which he was promoted. Jeannet could not have made choice of a more unfeeling jailor. Aimé's first step, upon taking the command, was to issue a new set of regulations to the garrison, and to contrive others still more harassing to the men every day. He prevented the soldiers from speaking to us, on pain of death; and ordered the drummer to beat the Réveillé every morning before our huts, nor could we prevail upon him to cease so disagreeable a practice, which to our sick friends soon became a real torment. It

seemed as if it gave him pain to know that sleep sometimes brought relief to our miseries.

The drummer, or rather the vulture, whom he had selected for this service, insulted us by shouts and loud bursts of laughter, whenever we entreated him to spare our dying friends, and more than once have the most cool amongst us restrained the others, when their blood has boiled within them, from throwing that wretch headlong into the ditch. The Lieutenant was particularly strict in calling over our names, and if any of us had been absent at the time, he would have immediately ordered him into irons.

A few days after the arrival of the new commander, Monsieur de Murinais was taken ill; it was in the beginning of December, and I believe, on the 2d or 3d he lost his senses almost immediately. We could give him no relief; and before the messenger who was sent to Cayenne, to acquaint Jeannet of his situation,

arrived there, our ill-fated senior was no more. To the last moment of his life, he taught us, who survived him, a forcible lesson of courage and resignation. This venerable old man, a total stranger to the intrigues which his enemies laid to his charge, merely that they might have some pretence for striking so illustrious a victim, was never once heard to complain of his fate, in being thus snatched away from a numerous family, and a noble fortune, but repeatedly expressed his indignation at their daring to question his honour, or the fidelity with which he had determined to discharge his duty to his constituents.

What an affecting scene was this our first separation ! I was myself half dead, and it was already conjectured that the youngest would soon follow the oldest to the grave. However, I collected all my strength, and crawled to the old General's hut, whom I found suspended in his hammock, with nobody at this moment by his side. I found him with his mouth wide open

and dry. I endeavoured to make him drink, but it was to no purpose, he was already struggling with death, and in a very few moments expired. How dreadful for a father, to be thus left alone in his last moments! Monsieur de Murinais was buried out of the fort. We piously prepared every thing for his interment, and I cannot but acknowledge this melancholy scene gave me new strength.

They had put all the effects that belonged to General Murinais under seal and sold them by public auction in the fort. The Justice of Peace having used the word *Citizen* in the *proces verbal*, which he was reading aloud in presence of the Commander. "Scratch out that title," said Aimé, "those scoundrels do not deserve " it."

Scarcely a week had elapsed since the death of General de Murinais, when Barthelemy was taken ill of a disorder apparently of a very violent nature; fortunately they had time to

send to Cayenne, to inform Jeannet of it, who immediately sent a sloop to convey him to the Hospital. We all took leave of him, despairing of ever seeing him again, but his faithful servant le Tellier, obtained leave to accompany him.

Notwithstanding the certainty that we were buried alive, and the melancholy omens that surrounded us, we kept up our courage, and submitted with as good grace as possible to what was inevitable. Political discussions, private conversations, occupied much of our time. Our common misfortunes were an inexhaustible topic; but, God forbid, that I should ever take notice of the many disputes to which I was witness! Men, whose opinions, professions, talents, and interests differed as much as their ages and dispositions, were here reduced to lead the same tediously uniform life. From their respective situations, thus blended together, might be taken some very animated sketches, both interesting and instructive; but, I will not attempt to paint them. Notwith-

standing the confusion which the authors of the 18th Fructidor were under the necessity of creating, in order to effect their purpose, of producing feuds and animosities among the people, it is well known that the Members of the two Councils united with opposite parties, previous to that catastrophe: and surely, it is not the inactive state of adversity, that will bring those to agree together in sentiments, whose opinions and views differed so much whilst they were on the busy stage of public affairs. I shall therefore, only observe, in general, that every one of us employed or amused himself, as his taste and habits inclined him. Marbois, whose serene soul seemed to adapt itself, almost without effort, to the multifarious miseries we endured, displayed such calmness of mind, such evenness of temper, that any one, who did not know him sufficiently, and had not heard him calling upon his absent wife, his dear Sophia, might have imagined that he wanted sensibility. He knew better than any of us how to employ and vary his leisure hours; he had a few books

with him, and read a great deal ; he also worked with his hands, but always upon some object or other intended for the use or benefit of our society in common. He put together, and very neatly too, such furniture as he wanted most ; he contrived to make a violin, upon which he played to the negroes while they danced ; they became extremely attached to him. One of them, who was at Saint Domingo during the time he was intendant there, talked much of him to his companions, who all respected him.

Marbois undertook also to clean the orange-tree walks, which were encumbered with rubbish ; he prevailed upon the negroes to assist him in the work, and thus made us a comfortable promenade, the only one indeed we had.

Tronçon du Coudray, with as much firmness as his friend, bore his misfortunes without complaining, and treated, with the utmost contempt, the despicable instruments of his punishment. But he could neither contain his rage, nor be si-

lent when the 18th Fructidor happened to be mentioned. The audacity and impunity of the crime exasperated him as much as on the very first day ; the suspicious light too, in which the Directory so unjustly viewed his conduct, without a possibility of vindicating himself, hurt his mind exceedingly. He asked them what they accused him of, and invoked the echoes of Sinamary to be his judges. Tronçon wrote memoirs, and applied to them with so much assiduity, that he would allow himself no time for recreation, by which his health was materially impaired : he composed an elegy to the memory of his deceased friend, General Murinais ; he called us together, and pronounced it before us, with the same solemnity, the same grace that he ever displayed in the rostrum of the Council of Elders ; the soldiers of the garrison, and the negroes all flocked to hear him. His motto was, *Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus, donec recordamur Sion.**

* By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee. O Sion! Psalm, cxxxvii. 1.

His pathetic eloquence, his harmonious voice, the spirited description he gave of the wretched situation of France, the brilliant colours in which he painted the fortitude, the loyalty, the candour, and innocency of the old General, brought us all to tears. The soldiers and negroes seemed much interested, even at the commencement of his address ; but, as he proceeded, they became so affected, that the fort echoed with their lamentations. Jeannet, who was informed of this affecting scene, gave notice that whoever should in future by speeches, or otherwise, endeavour to excite the commiseration of the soldiers or negroes, should be shot instantaneously.

Lafond bore on his countenance the marks of the deepest melancholy. The confusion in which his commercial concerns must have been thrown by his arrest ; his friends, his correspondents, occupied much of his thoughts, especially since he had been deprived of all the means of corresponding with them, and, perhaps, of establishing at Cayenne, through his credit and in-

fluence, new commercial enterprises, advantageous both to his country and to himself. He lived much to himself, and spoke but little, except of his family, his six children, and his wife, whose miniature he constantly had in his hands.

Pichegru, always firm, displayed that confidence, that kind of *presentiment* of better days in store, which communicates itself to others, and which it gave me pleasure to participate. His chief object was the learning the English language. He retained in his amusements the manners and habits of a soldier; and to drive away melancholy, he would sometimes sing by himself, and at other times join me in fragments of songs that were analogous to our profession; not in the plaintive or romantic style, but such as were written in impassioned language, or on martial subjects.

Barthelemy was so sickly and weak, that his existence was a miracle almost, which he no more expected than his persecutors did; but he

possessed within him a life, a strength of mind, which one could hardly have suspected from his composure and apparent apathy, but which exerted itself with energy upon every occasion. Previous to his being removed to the hospital of Cayenne, in the beginning of our imprisonment in the Fort, he and Le Tellier had taken upon themselves the task of ridding us of scorpions, and other insects which half devoured us: they were continually in chase of them, and, by that means, rendered an essential service to the colony.

I could wish to give the reader in the same manner a few traits of each of them; but, to avoid being too minute, I have confined myself, in this gloomy picture, to bringing into the fore-ground our elder and most prominent characters, and filling up the piece with the rest of their fellow-sufferers, as second-rate figures, who have no greater claim than myself to particular notice.

I must not, however, altogether pass over in silence the conduct and infamous behaviour of l'Abbé Brothier, whose intimacy with Billaud Varennes I have already mentioned, nor can I avoid giving him the same contemptible place in my memoir, that he held in our society. I shall, therefore, use the very words of La Vilheurnois who, it will be recollected, messed with him, as they will convey a tolerably correct idea of that miscreant priest's character. The former, in consequence of a quarrel, in which the most abusive terms were not sparingly dealt out, was giving Monsieur l'Abbé a sound cuffing. We ran to their hut.—“ Hold, hold, Gentle-
“ men, let me have the satisfaction of chas-
“ tising this scoundrel : he richly deserves it ;
“ and when you shall know him as well as I do,
“ you will thank me for it. He is a very de-
“ mon of discord ; and l'Abbé Maury was per-
“ fectly right, when he wrote to the Princes :
“ *If it is the intention to embroil every thing, one*
“ *could not make choice of a fitter tool than*

“ *l'Abbé Brothier : he would breed an uproar
“ in heaven itself.”* ”

In the beginning of January, Willot, and Bourdon were taken ill. We requested, but to no purpose, the same favour for them that Barthelemy had obtained, and which, there is no doubt, saved his life ; for, it was impossible for him to have better nurses than the kind Sisters of the Hospital, and their worthy friend, Maria Rose. Jeannet obstinately refused to consent that Willot and Bourdon should be removed to Cayenne, though he well knew, that if they remained at Sinamary their death was inevitable : in fact, the unfortunate Bourdon soon after fell a victim to the burning fever, to which his natural irritation of temper, and the never-ceasing resentment he entertained against his former colleagues, daily added fresh fuel. Willot himself was at death's door : we supplied as well as we could, by every attention, the absolute want of assistance in which he was left. Never shall I forget the zeal and affection with which Marbois, who, had,

however, great reason to complain of him, in a violent dispute they once had on political subjects, attended him in an illness. He prepared his meals with his own hands, and deprived himself of his best provisions, to give them to him while he was recovering.

Towards the end of January, Barthelemy informed us, that an American vessel had just brought bad news from France. The Republic was completely enslaved, all good citizens were oppressed, revolutionary laws were put in full force, and bloody tribunals were re-established, bearing the name of Military Commissions. We lamented the fate of our unhappy country, and gave up all hopes of a speedy change in our own forlorn situation.

It seems that Jeannet, until now, had doubted whether the Directory would be able to maintain their ground after their violent conduct of the 18th Fructidor, and whether after having overthrown the constitution, they would have it

in their power to establish a second *reign of terror* in France. This last account from home removed his doubts, and his subsequent behaviour to us too plainly evinced what his political sentiments were. He dismissed Barthelemy from the hospital, and sent him back to the fort of Sinamary, although but now slowly recovering. About the end of February, he declared by proclamation to the negroes, that the persons transported to Sinamary were Royalists, who, previous to the 18th Fructidor, had aimed at reducing them (the negroes) again to slavery. He ended his proclamation with devoting us to their daggers. He forbade the inhabitants, under the most severe penalties, to have any communication whatever with us. Monsieur Grimard, Attorney General of the District, who had paid a visit to Lafond, even previous to the prohibition, was turned out of his situation shortly after.

Not satisfied with such glaring persecutions, Jeannet intercepted our letters. He had an-

nounced that a packet would sail for Europe, and informed the colonists that they might avail themselves of that opportunity to send letters thither. Some of us, learning this, ventured to send a few letters to Cayenne : at the moment when the packet was setting sail, with the mails on board, Jeannet gave orders to fire at her with shot, brought her to, and seized the whole correspondence. " The convicts complain of me," said that inquisitor, " but they would bless me for the " mercy I show them, if they were acquainted with the orders I have received."

Jeannet, however, notwithstanding his zeal in seconding the views of the Directory, and his endeavours to make himself useful, was not without serious apprehensions : he foresaw that, if the Anarchists should ever come again into power, they would carry every thing their own way ; and that the partisans of Robespierre would have but one step more to take to absolute dominion. He was confirmed in this opinion by his last advices,

and was so terrified, that he proposed to Billaud Varennes to give him his liberty ; but the latter refused the offer, adding, that it would be in vain for him to coax him now ; that he never could forget his behaviour to him ; and that he would make him smart for it some day or other.

About the same time, Desvieux, going his rounds to the several posts, came to visit the fort of Sinamary : when he examined our huts, he went first to that of Marbois, with whom he held the following short dialogue. “ Good morning to you, prisoner : how do you like your present situation ? ” “ Very well, Monsieur.” “ Monsieur, do you say ? I had rather you had given me a box on the ear than have addressed me by such an offensive title. “ Do you want any thing ? ” “ Nothing, Monsieur.” “ Have you any complaint to make ? ” “ We complain of nothing, Monsieur.” “ Adieu, then, till our next meeting.” “ Adieu, Monsieur Desvieux.” He visited all the huts, and found us all immove-

able, with a book in our hands, without seeming to perceive him.

Since the return of Barthelemy every thing about us seemed to assume a more threatening aspect, and even our communication with each other became more difficult. We knew that Jeannet had said, " They are ruined, if the English do not carry them away : for they have nothing to hope from France." Lieutenant Aimé also, in one of his visits, had told us what he termed the *good* news, that, in the district of Conamama, they were building huts for three thousand persons condemned to transportation.

In the month of April, about the time of the elections, we saw fifteen hundred negroes, with thirty or forty whites, collected together, who, after they had received each an allowance of rum, voted, by order of the Directory, for the nomination of Monge (then Commissary for the spoliation of Italy)

to the situation of Representative of the inhabitants of Cayenne. It was nearly at this period, that eight of us, who messed together, came to a determination of venturing every thing to effect an escape, and to rob our tyrants of the pleasure of seeing us die by inches under their unfeeling hands.

Barthelemy and his friend Le Tellier, who made up their minds to share our fortunes, were the last admitted into the number of the *conspirators*. I use this term, because the revolutionary savages have been pleased to adopt it,* according to whose definition, the victims

* Pichegru, Dossonville, la Rue, and myself, arrived in London at the very time the news was received of the complete victory gained by Admiral Nelson over the French fleet; the Directory had, long since, been informed of that disastrous event, but were in great perplexity how to break it to the People. It was, however, impossible to remain longer silent on the subject: at last, therefore, they made it public by sending a message to the two Councils. This message, replete with lies, and ridiculous boastings, concluded with a call

that withdrew their devoted heads from the impending blow, are considered guilty of a crime against the state ; and with whom, in short, he

of two hundred thousand men for the armies. The governing Trio promised to exterminate all tyrants, particularly that of the seas, Nelson, and all Swiss slaves. The demand was complied with, and the levy decreed : but, the farce did not end here. It was the Anarchist, le Cointe Puyravaux, that vile tool of Robespierre, who, during the whole of that monster's reign, took upon him to raise the spirits of the nation to a pitch of enthusiasm. After making some common-place observations, by way of proving that the French Nation had no occasion for a navy, all on a sudden inspired by the genius of Liberty, he announces to the Republic at large, that the convicts Pichegru, Dossonville, la Rue, and Ramel, have had the audacity to make their escape from Guayana, and that he is assured of their being in London, plotting against the French Republic.—Very well, le Cointe, and pray who has given you such accurate information? With whom have we plotted? Why did you not add, at once, that we had been seen in Admiral Nelson's fleet?—Profligate man! you judge of others by yourself. It is you that plot against the nation, you, who are its rulers and agents. Let them but suffer you to go on, and there will soon be an end of all Liberty! Know, le Cointe, that the royalist, the conspirator, the dangerous Ramel, has been more sincerely affected by the defeat of the French fleet, than you, with all your *pure* Republicanism. The ships which I regret the loss of, were the property of the nation, not of the Directory. My

is a *conspirator*, who dares to stand in defence of his liberty!—

We imparted our design to Marbois, Lafond, and Tronçon du Coudray; but, they declined engaging with us. Nothing could divert them

tears have fallen for the brave fellows who have perished; but, you, vile cowards! are you susceptible of one generous sentiment?—

General Pichegru was in a dying state, on his arrival in London, and I have not heard whether he is recovered; but, I am told that he is reduced to the greatest distress. That plunderer, Reubel, will be surprised at this, as well as his relations, Rapinat, Sherer, and Merlin de Thionville. These wretches have no idea of disinterestedness—I am proud of sharing poverty with Pichegru; nor do I advance too much when I affirm that the man who saved France in 1793, 1794, and 1795, is incapable of having ever plotted against his country. At present, I believe, there exists no law which convicts a man of treason, because he does not chuse to give Barras, and la Réveillère credit for a grain of worth or morality: we may, however, live to hear of such an one.—At the very time that the Emperor Caligula was assassinated, he had come to a resolution of confirming in full Senate, the choice he had made of his HORSE for a Consul.

from their former way of thinking, they trusted to their innocence, as if that very innocence had not been the first cause of their condemnation: they thought that the honour of their country, of their families, and their own, all imperiously demanded of them to wait in the deserts of Sinamary for the day, when the French nation would do them justice. “ Yes,” said Marbois, “ let them do us justice, severe justice. Let them summon us before any Court of Judicature whatever, let them try us, and, if we are to be sacrificed, let our judges, at least, hear our defence.”

For my own part, more exasperated by injuries, more impatient of confinement, I preferred rushing into dangers perhaps more threatening than real; yet, I could not but admire their constancy; and their error, if it was one, claimed my respect.

We had several motives for extending our

confidence no farther : where we had deposited our secret, it was faithfully kept.—

The plan of our escape frequently underwent some alterations, as one or other of us suggested any improvements. Hope, mean while, buoyed us up, till the moment of putting our scheme into execution arrived. We could think of nothing else, could amuse ourselves with no other object. The idea which very naturally first occurred to us, was, to take refuge among the natives, and afterwards to push through the interior to the Portuguese settlements : but then, we had no guides, nor could we hope to find any who knew the language, or customs of those people, or would undertake to conduct us thither. We knew that the Galibis, the nearest people to the French settlements, in that direction, had conceived a great dislike to the French, particularly since they had heard of the murder of Louis XVI. in the very heart of his country ; and we further learned, that the Chiefs of those people

had studiously shunned all further intercourse with them.* In short, our information was so very vague, and so many insuperable obstacles to this plan were foreseen, that we therefore gave it up.

* I think I already hear the revolutionary bands exclaim : “ HABEMUS CONFITENTEM SE REUM ! It is no longer possible to doubt of the conspiracy ; it has, certainly, existed : “ he disapproves the murder of Louis XVI.”—In order, therefore, to prevent any error respecting the true meaning of this phrase, I will explain it. I meant to say, in the first place, that, after swearing to the constitution of 1791, they could not proceed criminally against Louis XVI. Secondly, that they who judged, and condemned him, were Legislators, not Judges. Thirdly, that the pretended judges were, at the same time, accusers, and witnesses, against him ; and it was even said, at that time, his executioners. Several members of that horrible assembly, such as Carrier, Cavaignai, Lebon, Maignet, and a great many more, were truly worthy that respectable office.—I have a right to say, that Louis XVI. has been as illegally judged as I was transported ; and that the tame forbearance of the nation, and the suffering so many atrocities to go unpunished had brought upon it all the evils with which it has been cursed since that period.—I call upon the French nation to compare the reign of the TYRANT Louis XVI. with the WISE administration of Reubel, and Réveillère Lepaux. Let them, moreover, compare the present situation of France with the situation it was in at the 18th Fructidor.

Before I relate the particulars of the scheme which we adopted, it will be necessary to inform the reader of what passed relative to ourselves during our consultations and previous measures. My intention is to conclude the detail of these our heaviest afflictions, these the last motives that urged us to fly from that land of sorrow and desolation. I shall, by this means avoid the necessity of interrupting my narration when I resume the subject of our escape.

Lieutenant Aimé, having been taken ill, was removed to Cayenne, and succeeded by M. Fréta, a very resolute, but at the same time a very honest officer. He put an end to the impertinent behaviour of the blacks, and discontinued the beating of the drum in the morning; and, in short, did what lay in his power to relieve us.

Tronçon du Coudray, already very ill, and in want of some one to wait upon him, requested to have a negro; Jeannet sent him one, named Louis, a very bad character, taken out of the

house of correction. We were sure they would place nobody about us in whom they could not confide ; but this Louis had the impertinence even to add insults to the torments he inflicted upon du Coudray. He complained of this to M. Fréta, who sent Louis a prisoner to Cayenne. This displeased Jeannet, who recalled Fréta immediately, sent Aimé in his place, and ordered the negro Louis back again to the fort. The latter therefore returned more insolent than ever, to obtrude his disgusting services upon the unhappy du Coudray. We were not sorry at M. Fréta's leaving the fort, as it would have been very painful to us to have exposed him to the reproaches of Jeannet by our escape.

Lieutenant Aimé signalized his return to the fort in the manner I am about to relate. I have already mentioned the intimacy of l'Abbé Brothier and Billaud Varennes. The behaviour of that reprobate priest shocked us every day more and more. His whole conversation was of re-

venge, blood, and of the new system of terror which, according to him, was to produce a counter-revolution. When we made some remarks on his threats of revenge, he answered in the words of the famous revolutionary doctor : “ *What care I how many perish, provided the species remain.*” He broached the most infamous calumnies, and reviled every body. We expressed our disapprobation of his behaviour in strong terms. Aimé, to put an end, as he said, to our disputes, ordered us all into irons. He came to look at us, when, perceiving that Barthelemy was in great pain, and that he was really too weak to bear that punishment, he told him he would order his irons to be knocked off, and would put him under confinement in his own hut. “ Let me alone,” replied Barthelemy coolly ; “ I have still more strength and patience than you have courage : leave me to suffer in peace with my companions.”

L'Abbé Brothier, very charitably, begged that

we might be released from our confinement; but his request was denied. Luckily for us Jeannet resented this arbitrary act of Aimé's, and, as soon as he was informed of it, he sent the Mayor of the District, Vogel, who was then at Cayenne, with an order for our release.

In the beginning of May, Tronçon du Coudray and Lafond, who messed together, were both taken ill almost at the same time: a few hours after, they began to vomit violently, and the most alarming symptoms appeared in both. They were in excruciating and incessant pain. We immediately wrote to Jeannet, to request a favour that was never denied even to the vilest criminals; but he refused to have our friends removed to the hospital. We had at first no answer to our application, and the danger was increasing. We were without the necessary succours, our attentions therefore were but of little service to our suffering companions. We urged our petition a second time. Tronçon du Coudray, already swoln, and almost unable to

stir, wrote to Jeannet.* That monster, at last, condescended to give an answer, and wrote to Lieutenant Aimé as follows: “ I cannot conceive why those gentlemen are constantly troubling me: they ought to know that they were not sent to Sinamary to live for ever.”

The two victims, of whose recovery we had already lost all hopes, were in the same hut, lying on their death-beds, opposite each other. The cries which their pains extorted from them were heard all over the place: nothing could abate their dreadful vomitings. Lafond, especially, shrieked with all his might, raised his hands towards heaven, and loudly called upon his wife and children.

This state of torment lasted twenty-five or thirty-days; and whenever I recal to my mind

* These letters are to be seen in the Memoirs of the other Exiles, making a continuation of this narrative. They will appear very soon. (Editor's note.)

that woeful period, my heart sinks with grief. We did every thing in our power to assist the unhappy sufferers. Marbois, especially, would not leave his friend du Coudray for a single moment. I never can forget the ardent zeal, the resolution with which he surmounted all the disgusts attendant on a sick bed ; the despair that was visible in his eyes, while he endeavoured to support the drooping spirits of his friend.

Tronçon du Coudray bore up against his disorder with all the energy of his character. On the very eve of his death he was still crawling round the shed, leaning upon a negro. He came to my hut. I think I still have that spectre before my eyes, sitting on my hammock. " I have no hopes of getting over this," said he to me, " but if you succeed in your plan while I am alive, take me away with you : I wish to breathe my last out of this dreadful prison : my dear Ramel, take me away if you possibly can." He then talked to me of his two

friends, Dumas and Portalis, congratulating them upon having escaped his terrible fate, and requested me, if ever I should see them again, to tell them that his last moments were employed in thinking of them, and that he recommended his children and his memory to their protection.

This was his last effort: he died the day after, the 27th of May. A few hours before he expired, he called Barthelemy, Le Tellier, Pichegru, Marbois, Willot, Aubry, Dossonville, and myself round his hammock, and addressed us in the following manner: “ Fly, my friends, “ fly from Sinamary, and may Heaven befriend “ you! As for me, I have but a few moments “ to live; but if ever you should see my friends “ again, tell them that my last sigh has been for “ them and my country. Do not forget my “ children. Should fortune favour your wishes, “ disturb not our country; rather suffer any “ thing.” Then, raising his head, and pointing towards Brothier’s hut, “ That man talks of no-

“ thing but a civil war ; he wishes for it. Ah !
“ my friends, promise me that you will prevent
“ him, if you can : give me your word that you
“ will.” He suffered in his last moments the
most racking pains, tormented with a burning
thirst ; yet he still retained all his senses and fa-
culties. He divided among us all the ready
money he had remaining, and again charged us
to defend his memory : he saw our tears flow,
and bade us a last adieu. A few minutes before
he expired, Brothier came to offer him his spi-
ritual help. Tronçon du Coudray thanked him,
saying only, “ I have always believed in God,
“ and have trusted in his justice.” He then
expired, and Marbois closed his eyes.

Lafond, who witnessed that affecting scene,
was himself dying, and, according to all appear-
ances, could not outlive his friend many days.
Absorbed in grief, he could scarcely articulate a
sentence at times ; and then at others, in an af-
fecting manner, he would name his children and
wife, on whose miniature his eyes were con-

stantly fixed. I cannot find words capable of expressing our anguish! Struck with the loss we had just sustained, and with that which threatened us, we could only express our feelings by inward groans, a thousand times more painful than the bitterest tears.

The severity of our treatment, the licentious rage of the commander Aimé, who, when signal was made for an enemy's fleet, exclaimed, " Ah, you rely upon the English to save you, " but it is in vain for you to entertain that hope, " they shall never take you alive," and, above all, the approach of the fatal season of rains and hurricanes, made us anxiously wish for the day when we should be able freely to brave other dangers, and fly from that grave.

Our resolution was taken before Tronçon du Coudray and Lafond were taken ill. We had, as I said before, renounced the thought of seeking shelter among the Indians, and had made up our minds to trust ourselves to the sea. We

knew that the inhabitants of Surinam took a lively interest in our situation, of which they had already given us sufficient proof, by sending a small cargo of beer and fresh provisions to General Pichegru ; which, however, never reached him. The insolence of the French coaster, who had taken charge of it, and who came to the fort to boast of having eaten and drank with his crew, the provisions intended for us by the generous Dutch of Surinam, made us acquainted with that important circumstance. Our hopes, indeed, were much strengthened by it ; but we had no knowledge whatever of that extensive and uninhabited coast, and no means to get thither. The small sloops that were the only vessels which ever entered the river of Sinamary, always anchored at the Point, not less than a league from the fort ; and our hopes of escaping the vigilance of the commander, of reaching and cutting out any of those vessels, were very faint ; we were destitute of all assistance, and we had no arms.

How often have we walked on the ramparts along the river, and cast a longing look towards the western coast, while our imagination has sickened, and our very eyes tired of that monotonous unvarying prospect, unable to discover either on the water, or in the woods, one object that could convey to us the least idea of finding assistance there! At the foot of the bastion outside of the fort, on the bank of the river lay a small canoe, which was used for the purpose of relieving guard at the point of the redoubt. This canoe was rigged, and under charge of the sentry placed at the angle of the bastion, in the inside of which was the guard-house. We had often cast a wishful eye on this canoe; but it ~~lay~~^{was} only by degrees, and after being urged to it by despair, that we could reconcile ourselves to the idea of venturing out upon the main sea, in so weak a skiff. None of us knew how to manage a boat, especially a canoe, the working of which is so difficult and dangerous on the open sea. We had no compass; we must then entrust the

management of it to one of the natives, or to a sailor.

Our first attempt miscarried. Pichegru had tried to secure an Indian, who used to bring vegetables to the fort; but the fellow divulged the suspicions which this hint had given him.

We ventured to open ourselves without reserve to a person then in the fort; but whose name I must not mention. Should this book ever chance to fall into his hands, let him hereby receive, under the veil of secrecy, this public testimony of our gratitude; let him rightly appreciate the motives of my discretion, and my regret that I dare not publish his name, as I thus do his generous action.

That person was sensible of the confidence we reposed in him, and justified our choice: he was well acquainted with the coast, and his description of it confirmed us in the opinion that

we could not do better than make for Surinam ; at the same time giving us every information we wished concerning the different posts of the Dutch. He assured us that it was impossible to get thither in so weak and diminutive a boat ; that the distance from the river of Sinamary to the gates of Fort Orange and Monte Krick was, at least, one hundred leagues ; that it would be quite unsafe to land before we reached that point, and even supposing we could reach it, that there was so strict a look-out kept by the Dutch settled there, that we must not make ourselves known ; and, on the other hand, that all strangers who could not produce proper passports were not permitted to land. It was by this strict and steady kind of policy that its veteran Governor had preserved that happy settlement to the mother country. Monsieur de Fréderici has thus maintained himself in his post, since the beginning of the revolution, equally independent of the English, whose protection he had refused, and whose attacks he was fully prepared to withstand, and of the re-

volutionary party, to which he refused to abandon so valuable a part of the property of his countrymen. What an additional encouragement to our hopes was this intelligence, and yet, what a combination of unlooked-for difficulties did it present to our view !

We had a friend also at Cayenne, and such an one as is rarely to be found in the age we live in, who ran all hazards to serve us ; and should an indiscreet gratitude ever induce me to divulge his name, I know he would resolutely brave the resentment of the tyrants. We acquainted him with our schemes ; and a week had scarcely elapsed before he sent us, by a confidential person, eight passes, all signed by Jean-net, and, in every respect, similar to those which he usually granted to the planters whose business called them to the neighbouring settlements. These passes were under the following fictitious names : that of Barthelemy bore the name of Gallois ; Pichegru, Picard ; Dossonville, Dannon ; Aubry, Desailleux ; Larue, Del-

véracci; Le Tellier, Jollibois; Willot, Toulouse; Ramel, Frederick.

As the plot ripened, we redoubled our precautions to deceive our jailors; but the most difficult task was to observe the same cautious conduct with those of our fellow-prisoners who were not in the secret. L'Abbé Brothier suspected the mystery, but could not unravel it: he was often heard to say, " They conceal their
" schemes from me, they are plotting some-
" thing I am sure, and I will take care that the
" parties concerned shall be caught in the very
" fact." He was very capable of doing it.

We could not have admitted more into our party without endangering the success of the plot. When I reckoned the number that were engaged, and from the top of the rampart privately measured in my eye that small canoe, it appeared to me much too small to contain them. Nevertheless, although we were already too many, we made another attempt to

prevail upon Marbois to follow us, but he was immoveable : he was loath to quit his sick friends ; and since the loss of du Coudray, he seemed rivetted to the spot that covered the remains of one he held so dear.

Neither Marbois' opinion, nor the description he gave us of the dangers of a voyage with which he was better acquainted than we were, nor the keen pain of a separation from him, could dissuade us from executing our design ; so great was our horror at the very thoughts of the prison of Sinamary.

We wanted nothing now but a pilot ; but where could we find, in that desèrt, a man who would be willing to devote himself for our sakes ? Where find an angel who would deliver us out of that infernal place ? Kind providence supplied our wants in the following manner.

The positive order, issued by the Directory,

to chase all neutral ships, drew out of the port of Cayenne, about the 20th of May, a number of small privateers, which Jeannet had encouraged the settlers to fit out by the lure of plunder. One of these privateers, commanded by Captain Poisvert, captured an American vessel off Sinamary, Captain Tilly commander and owner, laden with flour and several other kinds of provisions, with which he was then bound to Cayenne: he had also on board a valuable stock of forty thousand bottles of claret, rhenish, and different kinds of Spanish wines.

The fear of being captured in his turn by some English frigate or privateer, while beating up against the currents in his run to Cayenne, determined Captain Poisvert to come to anchor with his prize in Sinamary road; perhaps, also, he was suspicious of being compelled to share his prize with the Lion Jeannet.

Poisvert himself conducted his prisoners to

the fort of Sinamary, and Captain Tilly, whom he treated with much respect. This was a good windfall for the commander Aimé, who expected to share in the profits, and to have the pleasure of tasting the excellent claret. The blacks, and part of the garrison, were also highly delighted with their employment while they were bringing the cargo on shore. The bustle which it occasioned was a favourable circumstance for us.

But judge of our astonishment, when Captain Tilly one day came to us alone, and, with tears in his eyes, said to us, “ Ah! Gentlemen, “ I came here to look for you. I knew you “ were here, and I bring you news from your “ families and friends. I had also with me “ some packets and letters for you, concealed in “ flour-barrels; but they are now taken out of “ my hands. I had no idea of being attacked “ by a French privateer, and, therefore, suf- “ fered my ship to fall to windward of Cayenne, “ that I might have a pretence for anchoring in

“ Sinamary or Courou road ; from whence I
“ was in hopes of carrying on a correspondence
“ with you, and, perhaps, of being able to carry
“ you off : but Heaven has disposed otherwise ;
“ I am now a prisoner with you. How can I
“ assist you ?” I leave my readers to conceive
the impression that the Captain’s words made
upon us in our present situation. His presence
itself we considered as a blessing from Heaven :
he was the only person who, since our imprison-
ment at Sinamary, could have any communica-
tion with us, or give us the least information
about our wretched country, and the general
state of affairs. We had heard, but without
knowing the particulars, of the peace of Campo
Formio. Tilly raised our surprize and indigna-
tion to the highest pitch, by informing us of the
invasion of Switzerland. Barthelemy, especially,
was much affected at it. In short, the acts of
violence which had been committed against the
Americans, of which Tilly himself was too con-
vincing a proof, confirmed our fears that our
unhappy countrymen were totally enslaved, and

that the tyranny of the Directory had exceeded all bounds.

The patriotic spirit of Captain Tilly, his frank and open manners, the interest which he seemed to take in our situation, and of which we had reason to believe his free and generous countrymen partook with him, gained him our confidence. We made him acquainted with our plot. Under pretence of taking a walk, we went with him to the rampart, and pointed ^{out} to him the canoe. He shuddered at the sight of it. “ No, no, Gentlemen,” said he to us, “ do not run such a perilous risque : you must inevitably perish if you do. That canoe cannot contain you all, nor carry you to Surinam : trust to my experience, the thing is impossible.”

To this we answered, that, rather than remain in the hands of those ruffians, we were determined to die ; that, after all, it was but voluntarily seeking a death which sooner or later

was inevitable here ; - and that, if it should be our lot to meet with a premature and violent end, the recollection that we thereby escaped the long and wearisome sufferings which the friends we left behind still endured, would greatly lessen the horrors of it. “ Well,” replied he, “ I cannot think you will be able to “ escape so many dangers ; but do not refuse “ me leave to share them with you : I will “ steer the canoe myself, and take with me my “ undaunted Barrick, trusting to Providence for “ protection and favourable weather.”

From that moment Captain Tilly became as eager as ourselves to forward our escape. He acquainted the gallant Barrick with our scheme, who, without a moment's hesitation, devoted himself to our service. We would have persuaded Captain Tilly to give up the idea of going with us ; but he appeared as regardless of our remonstrances as of the fears which he himself had suggested respecting the smallness of the canoe.

Every thing being now ready, there remained only to elude the vigilance of the commander Aimé and of l'Abbé Brothier, to attack the post, or, at least, the sentry who had the care of the canoe, then, stealing out of the fort, to carry off the little bark, and at last to reach the main sea before the alarm could be given to the garrison.

If my readers will recollect what I have before said respecting the services which certain friends privately rendered us, they will easily conjecture that no pains were spared to overcome these last obstacles : without exactly pointing out the agents, therefore, it will be sufficient to relate the means that were employed.

It was the 1st of June. We were now very near the day appointed for the scene that was to facilitate our enterprise. The *dénouement* was at hand, under the inauspicious omens of the funerals of our friends, which were yet fresh in our memory, when Captain Tilly informed us, that

Jeannet had given orders to remove him to Cayenne with all his crew, and that they were to embark the very next day. We were thunderstruck and dismayed at this intelligence. Tilly insisted upon joining us, and on secreting himself in the woods until the next day, the 3d of June; and to run to the canoe the instant we should make the signal agreed upon. It was with great difficulty that we could prevail upon him to give up the honour of so gallant an attempt to Barrick. We observed to him that the absence of Barrick, when they should call the names of the crew over, would create less suspicion than his would, whose frequent visits to us, and walking with us, had already been but too much noticed. After some difficulty this last consideration induced Tilly to agree to our arrangement, and by so doing he exposed himself to greater dangers than we encountered; the weight of Jeannet's anger, whether we were fortunate enough to escape, or had the ill-luck to be discovered and brought back with Barrick. Tilly thought only

of us; and if he could but learn that we got safe to Surinam, he was very indifferent what they might do with him. What a parting was ours!—Could any one of us dare to hope he should ever see thee again, incomparable Tilly?

Barrick disappeared immediately, and hid himself in the woods. It was agreed between us that on the 3d of June, exactly at nine o'clock, he should repair to the river-side, under the bastion, and should spring into the canoe the moment he should see us. But we felt very uneasy about him, and not without reason, for (as we have since learned) he was almost devoured by wild beasts. He had no means of defending himself against the serpents and dreadful *caymans*,* but by remaining six and thirty hours upon the top of a tree; and even then he was not secure from the tigers.

On the 3d of June, Captain Poisvert invited the Commander of the fort to dinner on board

* A kind of crocodile.

his American prize, being willing to make some return for the civil reception he had met with, and the assistance afforded him by the garrison two days before, when they kept off an English privateer that had stood close in shore. Whilst he was giving a sumptuous treat, and the choicest wines to the Commander, he ordered some inferior claret to be distributed amongst the privates. A young girl, lately come from Cayenne, did the honours of the feast, dealing out the wine in great profusion to the soldiers in the barracks and in the guard-house, to the negroes in their huts, to the sentries at their posts, and to the exiles under their shed. How long did that day appear to us! How interested were we in seeing that young girl merrily filling out bumpers to the soldiers, already staggering. Her activity and zeal seconded our wishes admirably.

All drank very freely; and we, also, appeared to enter into the spirit of the frolic, pretending to quarrel with one another during dinner-time,

in order to do away any suspicion of the plot. Aubry and Larue insulted Barthelemy, upon which Le Tellier interfered. Dossonville and Pichegru threatened each other. Willot and I took upon us to pacify them all. The glasses and dishes flew about, and in short the noise was such, that the other exiles ran to part them. Even l'Abbé Brothier begged us for Heaven's sake to put an end to so scandalous a scene, which his interference made even still worse. Barthelemy acted his part more awkwardly than any of us; for, throwing himself into an attitude of the most violent anger, but breaking his glass, at the same time, with a coolness and indifference that agreed but badly with his action, he was very near betraying himself by a burst of laughter.

The night was coming on, when we saw Lieutenant Aimé carried home in a state of intoxication. A dead silence had succeeded the singing and shouting of the Bacchanalians. The soldiers and negroes were lying about here

and there, the duty was neglected, and the guard-house quite forsaken.

Before we retired to our huts, we took our last leave of Marbois, to whom this separation was a most painful sacrifice, for he considered that moment as our last.

The last hour of our stay at Sinamary was now arrived : the clock struck nine. Dossonville, who was upon the watch, gave notice of it to every one of us. We came out of our huts, and assembled together at the gate of the fort, the draw-bridge being still down. Every soul in the fort was buried in a profound sleep. I went up the bastion of the guard-house, with Pichegru and Aubry, and approached the sentry, who happened to be the same rascally drummer that had so much tormented us. I asked him what o'clock it was ; he looked up at the stars, and at that instant I collared him, while Pichegru disarmed him. We dragged him along, squeezing him hard, to prevent his crying out.

We were on the parapet, the fellow struggled, disengaged himself from our grasp, and fell into the water. We went back to our companions at the foot of the rampart ; and, not perceiving any body in the guard-house, we ran thither, to seize some arms and cartridges : this done, we quitted the fort, and flew to the canoe. Barrick was already there, and assisted us to get in. Barthelemy, infirm, and less active than the rest of us, fell, and stuck in the mud. Barrick seized him with a powerful arm, drew him out, placed him in the canoe, and cut the cable by which it was moored to the bank.

With Barrick at the helm, motionless and silent we fell down the stream with both current and tide in our favour. We listened, but could hear nothing but the murmur of the water, and a gentle breeze from the land, which soon swelled our little sail, and the grave of Sinamary disappeared from our view.

When we approached the redoubt of the

point, which we were under the necessity of passing, we lowered our sail to avoid being seen. We knew that the eight men upon duty there, had received a pretty good allowance of Captain Poisvert's wine, and that they must have been as much intoxicated as their comrades. They did not hail us, and the tide soon carried us over the bar.

We left, on our right hand, the vessel that lately belonged to our noble friend Tilly, passing close under the sloop *la Victoire*, which had just come in from Cayenne, and, we knew, was commanded by the honest Captain Brachet. I have no doubt but he was much pleased to hear of our escape, and most certainly would not have opposed it.

The breeze freshened, and the sea was smooth; but, if we ventured out too far, we ran the risk of losing our way; whereas, on the other hand, if we kept too near the land, we

might run upon the rocks which extend along the coast, in great numbers, as far as Iraconbo. At this critical moment, the moon, as if to light us on our way, appeared all at once. This was a delicious moment. We congratulated each other, and returned our acknowledgements to Providence, and our generous pilot Barrick, who was in a dreadful state, swoln and tormented by the stings of the musquitoes.

We had now been out six hours without an accident, when we heard the report of three guns, two from the fort of Sinamary, and one from the redoubt of the point. Soon after, the post of Iraconbo also fired three guns. We could no longer doubt but our escape had been discovered; but we had so much the start of them, that we no longer feared being pursued from Sinamary, not a single ship lying there that could be armed; the vessels that were in the road were the only ones able to chase us, but the Captains Poisvert and Brachet, to whom the

commander Aimé could give no directions, would not have got under sail without an order from Jeannet.

We had then nothing to fear but the detachment of Iraconbo, which, we knew, consisted but of twelve men; and they could only come out to meet us in a boat about the same size as our own, with eight, or ten armed men. We still kept along the coast, and prepared our arms, resolutely determined to defend ourselves in case they attacked us, or attempted to stop our passing before the fort of Iraconbo.

At four, in the morning, the reports of two guns were heard in the east, and within a minute, or two, they were answered by another gun, almost close to our ears. We were then off the fort, going at a pretty good rate, but could see nothing of it as it was dark, and at day-break we found ourselves to the windward of Iraconbo; so that there was no further

danger of our being pursued. We had no dangers therefore, to fear now, but those of the sea.

Our canoe was so small, and so little out of water, that every swell half filled her, and we were continually employed in baling it out with a hollow gourd. It was, besides, so light, that the least motion would have upset it. An imprudence, of which I was guilty, had very nearly cost us our lives. I was rowing, and by a false stroke, having entangled my oar, my hat fell into the sea, when I hastily leaned over to pick it up: my weight drew the canoe so suddenly out of its equilibrium, that it filled with water; but the skill of Barrick, and our activity in baling it out again, happily saved us. I was severely reprimanded by Pichegru, whom we had appointed our Captain. Barthelemy, quite black yet with the mud of Sinamary, took this opportunity of washing it away. I had the misfortune, however, to lose my hat, and could no longer shelter my head from the rays of the sun,

but by making a turban with the leaves of the bananas, which the negro-fishermen had left at the bottom of the canoe.

We had neither compass, nor instruments for taking observations, so that we were in danger of losing our way in the night ; the least gust of wind might drive us off the coast, when we were obliged to keep in the offing, to avoid the rocks and currents. We had not been able to lay in any provisions whatever ; not even biscuit or fresh water. Le Tellier only had brought with him two bottles of rum. Nevertheless, we were confident that the winds, which constantly blow from east to west along the coast, would carry us in two days to Monte Krick, and that it would be possible to support our strength with some spirituous liquor.

We suffered much from the heat during the 4th. However, the breeze was fresh ; we coasted it all day, and, at night, lost sight of the land. We concluded that we were already over against

the mouth of the river of Marowni, the two banks of which form the respective limits of the French and Dutch settlements, and are more than forty leagues to the windward of the post of Monte Krick. At eleven, at night, however, when the moon rose, there was nothing in the motion of the water that seemed to indicate our being near the mouth of a great river. We were not more fortunate on the 5th, continuing our way till night, without a symptom of the river, or of the fort of Marowni. We were probably still a little to the windward, and on this side the river of Amaribo, a part of the coast which raises towards the north-east, and intercepts the view beyond it.

On the 6th we were becalmed, and tormented by hunger, having eaten nothing for three days: we were scorched by the sun; its burning heat being no longer tempered by a cool breeze. Our attention not being at this time engaged by the boat's way, nor our spirits at all supported by the least hope of being soon at the

end of our fatiguing voyage, we then felt all the horrors of our situation. Every exertion was made to keep up our courage, but in vain; we had nothing now to hope for from human assistance, nor from any efforts of our own, for they were rendered useless by the very elements.

It was on that day of despair that we mutually vowed, in the presence of each other, to sacrifice our just resentment, and never suffer the passion of revenge to take root in our breasts. "Yes, my friends," exclaimed Barthelemy, "let us swear in the presence of the Almighty, never to bear arms against our country."—We then resigned ourselves to the will of Providence.

The following day, the 7th of June, and the fourth of our voyage, the breeze freshened, and became rather more brisk about eight o'clock in the morning. At ten we were in sight of the fort Marowni, and over against the mouth of the river, which the shallowness of the water,

the shoals, rocks and currents render very dangerous. After much fatigue, and no little risk, we, at last, happily surmounted all difficulties. We were much annoyed by enormous sharks, which attacked our canoe on all sides, nor could we keep them off but by repeatedly firing at them.

We bore the cravings of hunger with so great patience as even to joke on the different symptoms of our sufferings. We kept a sharp lookout for the river of Orange, but to no purpose; and about six o'clock in the afternoon, we were again becalmed.

On the 8th, at three o'clock in the morning, we set sail again with a fresh breeze, steering the same course; and at one o'clock, in the afternoon, discovered fort Orange. We passed it, with the intention not to land till we were off the fort of Monte Krick, as we had been advised. We were opposite to, and within cannon-shot of the fort, when we were saluted with se

veral balls of a large size, which succeeded each other with such rapidity, that they would inevitably have sunk us, if we had not stood off as fast as we could. This kind of reception made us still more cautious of nearing the land, which we have since learned was merely intended to make us hoist our flag : but, alas, we had none !

About four in the afternoon, as the sky became overcast, the gale increased, and drove us at a great rate ; notwithstanding which, we had much ado to stem the swell which set us in very fast towards shore. Our intrepid steersman expected to have been able to reach Monte Krick before the storm came on ; but finding it impossible to keep above water any longer, he set the boat's head directly for the beach, and ran on shore, The moment we took ground, a large billow broke over us, and upset our canoe. It was low water, and the shore muddy ; yet notwithstanding the efforts we were obliged to make to extricate ourselves, and in spite of the

storm that raged around us, we did not quit our hold of the canoe, till our repeated exertions had succeeded in setting it once more afloat.

Here then we were at length landed, neither knowing where we were, nor whether we should be able to make our way along the coast as far as fort Orange, from whence we reckoned ourselves eight leagues distant, although it proved to be but four.

We were quite worn out by hunger and fatigue : our clothes were wet, and covered with mud ; and we had no other place of shelter but a wood filled with insects and reptiles. We had lost all our arms when our canoe was upset, and, as night approached, we heard the howling of tigers, between the intervals of the roaring of the sea. What a dreadful night was this ! The rain fell in torrents, and the cold was piercing ! The whole of the night we laboured hard to keep our canoe from drifting out to sea ; but

all our exertions were ineffectual to preserve it uninjured by the dashing of the waves. Will it be credited that we had yet strength left equal to such a task, after having suffered so much from hunger and fatigue, during five days, and six nights? We were in the sea stark naked, struggling against the waves, which were thus robbing us of our last and only resource. Barthelemy, notwithstanding his infirmities, took a share in our toils, and set us a most heroic example of patience and fortitude, during the whole of this tremendous night.

At day-break, on the 9th of June, which was the sixth day since our departure from Sinamary, we eyed each other with looks of mutual compassion, benumbed with cold, and ready to sink under our hardships. Even in this forlorn state we felt comfort at the reflection, that we should not, at least, die under the hands of our persecutors.

Pichegru having fortunately saved his pipe

and steel from the wreck, we struck a light, and kindled a fire, before which we dried our tattered clothes. At length, the weather cleared up again, but the wind continued to blow with great fury.

We laid ourselves flat upon the sand, but found it impossible to defend ourselves against the myriads of insects which annoyed us, and the bites of crabs. Fortunately Le Tellier had husbanded our small stock of rum so well, that there yet remained half a bottle full; it is true we were too weak to swallow any, but our mouths and lips were much refreshed by it.

During this day, Le Tellier, that heroic friend of Barthelemy, had contrived a sort of hut with branches of trees, and whilst the latter was sleeping, forgetful of his own sufferings, stood over him, and with a small bough drove away the insects from his master's face. What a striking proof of affection! and, indeed, what

a noble part did Le Tellier bear in all our misfortunes !

Towards evening the sky began to lower again, and we were again obliged to labour part of this night, whilst the tide was in, to preserve our canoe, having no means whatever of fastening it. The near approach of the tigers made it necessary to increase our fire ; and in this manner we passed the remainder of the second night since we had been shipwrecked, and the seventh since our escape.

On the 10th of June, at day-break, a vessel hove in sight, which Barrick knew to be an English privateer. We had retreated to a wood, where we built ourselves a sort of shed, and at six o'clock in the evening, came out of it to see what was the state of the weather, and to examine our canoe ; but I had scarcely quitted the wood, when I saw upon the beach, about two hundred paces from me, two armed men, coming towards us. I ran back to my compa-

nions, exclaiming, " There are two men coming " to us." They were all on their legs in an instant ; and Barrick, who suffered more than any of us from the stings of the mosquitoes of Sina-mary, sprung forward like an arrow towards them, while we concealed ourselves, that our number might not alarm them. As soon as the two men saw Barrick running towards them, they stopped to level their pieces at him ; on which he fell on his knees, raising his hands in a suppliant manner, calling and beckoning to them, and pointing to our canoe. The men paid attention to his signs, and went up to him ; after which we also came round them, and found they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Monte Krick. Pichegru spoke to them, and was informed that we were only three leagues distant from the fort of Monte Krick. As these soldiers were on their road with orders to fort Orange, where they would not fail of giving an account of our number and situation, we resolved that two of us should accompany them to the Commandant

of the fort, to ask relief, and shew our passports, concealing, however, from him who we were.

Barthelemy and Larue were selected for the embassy. We gave them the remainder of our rum, and they set out. At the very moment they arrived at fort Orange, the Commandant was giving directions to a picquet of fifty men to go and fetch us away. Our deputies represented us as merchants, and explained the motives of our voyage, relating every particular of our shipwreck, and the loss of all our goods and provisions: adding, that the bad state of our canoe had not permitted us to venture out again after the storm. They met with a most humane reception from the Commandant, who, while they were taking refreshments, sent a company of carpenters and negroes to repair our canoe, and assist us in putting again to sea, and recovering our pretended goods. We had seen, at some distance, this troop of twenty men approaching, and felt no little uneasiness respecting their intentions, un-

til two of the workmen, who spoke French, explained to us the orders they had received: we shewed them the canoe, which they hauled on shore, and set about repairing with much readiness and dexterity.

About six o'clock, in the evening, Barthelemy and Larue returned, but so rejoicèd and agitated, that the thought of bringing their companions even *a bottle of water* never occurred to them. It was surprising how Barthelemy mustered strength sufficient to bear a journey of eight leagues upon these burning sands.

Our canoe being now repaired, and the sea having become smooth, we were very anxious to embark again immediately; but were obliged to wait for the tide. We were desirous of dismissing the workmen (whom we had rewarded in the best manner we were able) before night came on; but they had orders not to quit us till they had seen us safe on board. In the mean while, Barrick's complaint evidently grew worse; we

were under the necessity of passing this night again covered with insects; and we had but too much reason to think that he could not survive till the morning. My readers will remember that this brave fellow, whose bodily strength was equal to his courage and goodness of heart, had suffered exceedingly during the two days he concealed himself in the woods of Sinamary, previous to the time appointed for effecting our escape thence. We had not therefore a moment to lose, if we wished to save the life of him who delivered us from slavery.

On the 11th of June, at day-break, Barthelemy, Larue, Aubry, and Dossonville, set out on foot along the coast for the fort of Monte Krick, to beg an asylum and food for the poor shipwrecked merchants. A few hours after they were gone, at high water, Pichegru, Willot, Le Tellier, and myself, went on board the canoe, which the workmen vigorously pushed off, bidding us, at the same time, a hearty farewell. Barrick, although half dead, resumed the helm,

and a little before noon we happily entered the small river of Monte Krick, and landed. This was a triumph indeed to Barrick! His own sensations, in this successful moment, must have been the most grateful reward for the generous sacrifice he had made of himself for our preservation.

The Commandant of Monte Krick had already welcomed our companions, and provided for us a large, neat, and commodious apartment on the side of the creek. Who can describe our sensations at finding ourselves all once again assembled together! Our friends had prepared a repast of two fowls for us, with bread and rice. Bread!—we bathed it with tears of joy and gratitude. We lived!—We had escaped from our persecutors, from the dangers of the sea, from famine!—We were free!

After having taken a little food, with much precaution, we moored our canoe, which we could now scarcely look upon as an inanimate

body, so closely did we seem bound to it by the most lively gratitude.

We next waited upon the Commandant of the fort, who was much embarrassed by our arrival: we found him rather incredulous as to our history. He saw no appearance of truth in the story we told of our being merchants; our want of every thing, our tattered clothes agreeing but poorly with our tale: in short, our language and forlorn appearance fully contradicted each other. He could not recover from his astonishment when he considered our canoe, and the intrepidity with which we had ventured ourselves in it upon the open sea. This gentleman spoke French: we said all we could to convince him, and shewed him our passports. We could not but observe that he had, behind his looking-glass, at that very moment, a copy of the description of the sixteen exiles, which Jeannet had caused to be printed and circulated through the neigh-

bouring settlements, and all the ports on the coast.

This generous officer enquiring no further whether we spoke the truth or not, treated us kindly because—we were unfortunate. He shewed us himself the description of the persons of the exiles without having the least suspicion of our being those very persons, as he has since assured us: and, indeed, it would have been no easy matter to recognize any of us in the dreadful state we were in. He asked us whether we had touched at Sinamary: to which we answered in the negative. “What is become,” said he, “of those unfortunate men, Pichegru and Barthelemy, and their fellow-sufferers?” We replied, “They had suffered much, but were now in great hopes of a change in their situation.”

After having relieved our more immediate wants, he told us, that he was about to in-

form the Governor of the Colony of our arrival; nor did he attempt to conceal from us the reason why such strict orders had been enjoined him to keep a watchful eye upon every Frenchman that should land there. The colony of Surinam had been saved, by the vigilance of its Governor, from the disturbances which had ruined all the French settlements. The negro slaves were better treated, enjoyed more happiness, and consequently were more industrious than they would have been, if they had received the fatal present of an illusive liberty. Jeannet, whose unwarrantable demands of money and provisions had been rejected by the Governor, was very angry, and has been heard to say, that *he would find means to revenge himself of those Aristocrats, by revolutionizing Surinam.* For this reason the Commandants of the different forts on the coast had been enjoined to have a strict eye upon all Frenchmen.

We wrote to the Governor, giving him, in a

few words, an account of the atrocities committed against us both in France and at Sina-
mary, of our escape and shipwreck ; and con-
cluded with claiming his protection in the name
of humanity, and the honour of his country.

Monte Krick is twenty-four leagues distant
from Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, where
the Governor resides.

We passed the 12th in resting ourselves, and
nursing such of our party as did not recover
their strength so rapidly as the others. Dosson-
ville had every symptom of a dangerous illness,
and poor Barrick was in a burning fever.

We were all of us hideous objects, burnt by
the sun and reflection from the water ; swollen
and sore with the stings of the insects. Nor
were our clothes in a much better state than our
bodies, and some of us had no shoes. We ad-
justed our rags in the best order we were able, and

blushed, not for ourselves, but for our country, that we were forced to appear thus wretchedly clad in the presence of strangers.

On the 13th, in the morning, a planter, whose estate lies not far from Monte Krick, came to us with an invitation to his house, and made us the most obliging offers of assistance, and, without suspecting who we were, insisted upon taking us to his house immediately. We were about to follow him, when Willot, whose turn it was to watch our favourite canoe, perceiving a military man on horse-back, at a distance, called us back. Pichegru soon distinguished his uniform to be that of the Dutch service, and said, that he was an officer of superior rank. At the sight of our dwelling, of which, no doubt, the Commandant had given him a description in his letter, he clapped spurs to his horse, alighted, and entered the room where we were all collected, and, with much agitation, said, “ Monsieur Gallois, Monsieur Picard, are you here ?” Barthelemy and

Pichegru, at these words, made their appearance, dressed in shabby jackets of coarse grey cloth. The Dutch General shewed signs of surprise and indignation : he embraced them several times, and pressed us all by turns in his arms, unable for a few moments to utter one single word. “ Gentlemen,” said he to us, after a considerable pause, “ you have formed a very
“ just idea of our Governor : he is impatient to
“ see you, and every inhabitant of Surinam is
“ equally concerned at your misfortunes.”

We burst into tears, and the excess of joy was nearly proving fatal to some of us. Generous Dutchmen, receive here the tribute of a gratitude which prudence only restrains me from expressing in other terms !

When we left Monte Krick, we could not help feeling a strong reluctance at parting from our canoe, which we named *San Salvador*, and wished much to be able to take with us. Not far from the hut, we found two wherries in the

river waiting for us ; in the first were stowed refreshments, and in the other clothes, linen, and shoes.

To be able to form an idea of the exquisite pleasure we experienced, one must have been, like us, exposed, without clothes, both to the scorching rays of the sun, and the piercing cold rains, storms, and dews.

On that same day, Sunday, the 13th of June, we set out with the intention of sleeping at the house of one of the Governor's friends, who, hearing from him of our arrival at Monte Krick, sent to beg that we would pass the night at his house, regretting that he should be detained in town by business, and prevented the pleasure of welcoming us himself ; but that he had given orders to prepare refreshments and beds for us. It is impossible to describe our agreeable surprise, and the impression which the sight of a comfortable house made upon our minds ! We had just emerged, as it were, from the

lowest regions of despair to the summit of bliss. We felt as if we should never tire of admiring the spacious gardens, the groves, the noble buildings, sumptuous table, elegant apartments, and comfortable beds.

After supper the negroes of both sexes danced several dances to entertain us, and banish from our memories the insults we had received at Sinamary.

On the 14th, in the morning, after having enjoyed a repose to which, for some time, we had been entire strangers, we again entered our wherries, and sailed up the channel of Monte Krick, admiring the luxuriance of the plantations that adorn its banks; the great numbers and cleanliness of the canals, the elegance of the gardens, and magnificence of the buildings. We entered the river of Comervine, and about noon, arrived at the house where we were expected, and where several of the chief planters had assembled together. We could see them

on the shore; and scarcely were we at the bank, when they ran to the side of our boat, and embraced us with every demonstration of sincere friendship. We were treated with a magnificence which formed an honourable contrast with our long beards and sun-burnt faces.

The tide serving, we set out again about four o'clock, and after an hour's sailing, we met a splendid barge, in which was the Governor himself coming to meet us. We longed to be acquainted with our benefactor: he came into our boat, and embraced us with considerable emotion, saying to us, "Welcome, Gentlemen; endeavour, if possible, to forget your misfortunes: I will do every thing in my power to make you lose all recollection of them. We are all truly happy in having it in our power to receive you here; I wish you to consider the whole colony, and myself, in particular, at your disposal."

As we passed under the fort of Nassau, they

complimented us with a salute of fifty guns, which were immediately repeated by the fort of Amsterdam on the right bank; the batteries of Paramaribo answering them. We were now only one league from the town. It was dark when we arrived there.

The whole place was illuminated, the garrison and the colonial militia were under arms, and we landed amidst the roar of artillery and small arms of the place and shipping. Applauses and shouts of joy resounded on all sides: the people crowded about us as we passed, to get a sight of us, and to carry us in triumph in their arms. In the midst of so numerous, so honourable an escort, surrounded by a happy and generous people, we arrived at the Governor's palace, where his lady received us with as much grace as sensibility. Our misfortunes made so deep an impression upon this interesting woman, that we were several times obliged to avoid her pre-

sence, because she was too much affected by them.

Barthelemy and his faithful Le Tellier had apartments allotted them at the Governor's, and the rest of us were entertained by several of the principal inhabitants, who seemed to contend with each other for the pleasure of receiving us into their houses. All of them gave us striking proofs of esteem and affection.

I might here, perhaps, be expected to say something of the feasts and parties with which they entertained us at their country-seats, to express the satisfaction and pleasure they felt at having us amongst them; but the wealth, and luxurious style of living of the inhabitants of Surinam, the flourishing state of that colony, the smiling aspect of its plantations, the pleasant inland navigation, the magnificence of its public, and the elegance of its private buildings, are already well known. One may, therefore, form some idea of the entertainment we met

with, but it must fall far short of the reality; and for this reason, that so few instances occur where a whole people at once participates in one and the same sentiment of active humanity; and where all the several classes of individuals give life and animation, as it were, to the virtues of the government under which they live. By sentiments of this refined nature, and not by an idle curiosity, were our respectable hosts actuated. Far from importuning us with questions relative to the hardships we had endured, they altogether avoided mentioning the subject. But the dreadful recollection of Sinamary, of the captivity of those of our companions, who were still in confinement there, and suffering perhaps the more on account of our escape; and, last of all, of the unpleasant situation of the amiable Captain Tilly, fallen into Jeannet's hands, continually haunted us: and if, at times, their unbounded kindnesses inspired us with a more lively sense of gratitude to providence, and even compelled us to be happier in our present situ-

ation, than we should otherwise have been, yet, alas! how often have these delightful scenes been interrupted, and clouded by bitter remembrance!

We had now been here some days, and had scarcely been sensible how much time had elapsed since our arrival, when on the 18th of June, the master of a coasting vessel from Cayenne, Captain David, arrived at Paramaribo, with dispatches, from Jeannet, for the Governor, informing him of our escape. The conclusion of his letter was, as follows :

“ If these Gentlemen have not been picked up
“ by the English privateers, or have not been
“ lost at sea, which I much fear, they must un-
“ doubtedly have taken refuge in your colony ;
“ in which case I am in duty bound to claim
“ them in the name of the Directory, as prison-
“ ers of state. If you can discover them, I re-
“ quest, nay I command you to seize them ;
“ but I entreat you not to use any violence

“ against them, and even to pay them every
“ attention to which in their unhappy situ-
“ ation they are so justly entitled.”

The Governor answered, “ that he had had
“ no information of the escape of Messrs. Piche-
“ gru, Barthelemy, &c. ; but that, a few days
“ since, eight merchants and a sailor, had ar-
“ rived at Paramaribo : that he had sent him a
“ description of their persons, and the passports
“ which they had exhibited ; and, lastly, that
“ he might rely upon every attention being paid
“ to the Gentlemen he alluded to, if they
“ should land at Paramaribo.”

Captain David was treated handsomely, and could easily have explained to Jeannet (who, no doubt, was a little surprised at finding his own signature at the bottom of the eight passes) the true sense of the letter of which he was the bearer. Before Captain David set out again for Cayenne, we learned from him the melancholy intelligence of the arrival of the frigate la

Décade, in Cayenne-road, on the 6th of June, 1798, three days after our departure from Sinamary, with a hundred and ninety-three exiles on board, among whom were two members of the Council of Five Hundred, Gilbert des Molières and Job Aimé: both the last were in a dying state.

We were far from entertaining any fears from the official claims of the Proconsul of Guayana; but, as if intended to remove any uneasiness we might feel, every mark of kindness, every species of good cheer, and even amusements were still more profusely lavished upon us.

Notwithstanding all their civilities, we were very desirous to pass some time in the country. Most of us were yet too weak to enjoy the pleasures that were offered us from all quarters. We all wanted rest, we sighed for the climate of Europe. We came to a determination, therefore, of availing ourselves, for a few days longer, of the kindness of the Governor and his

friends, in which time we hoped our invalids would completely recover their health ; and of then embarking in some neutral vessel for the north of Europe. Barthelemy was so languid, that we had no expectation of his being able to accompany us ; and the Governor being of the same opinion, pressed him to decline the voyage, and to remain with him. Dossonville was in a dreadful state of ill health. Every relief that medicine could afford, was resorted to by our kind friends ; and when our intention of leaving them was known, they did all they could to dissuade us from putting it into execution. “ Stay with us,” said they, “ stay at Surinam, till you are invited home again.”

On the 27th we returned to town from the country, and were much surprised to find there another messenger from Cayenne, with an answer from Jeannet to the Governor's letter.

He acknowledged, in this second epistle, that the passports of the pretended merchants had,

indeed, been signed by him ; but he assured the Governor that there never had existed, in the colony of Guayana, such merchants as Gallois, Picard, &c. ; that he was not at all ignorant that Barthelemy, Pichegru, and six other exiles were at Paramaribo ; and he called upon him to apprehend us, of which he should give information to his government.

After reading this letter, we offered to the Governor to disappear immediately, and conceal ourselves till our departure for St. Thomas's, which was already agreed upon between ourselves. But this generous man would have considered such a precaution as an act of weakness.

However, being much averse to becoming the subject of a dispute, perhaps of revolutionary reprisals from Jeannet, we came to a final determination, on the 28th, to quit Surinam. Dossenville was now in better health, and would ac-

company us : and Barthelemy made us promise that we would wait for him at St. Thomas's.

On the 29th, every thing was ready for our departure. They freighted for us, at the expence of the colony, a small, but very commodious vessel, belonging to Mr. Sticle, which they stocked with an abundance of provisions and refreshments, and the master was directed to follow our orders. We then took our leave of the gallant Barrick, whom the Governor and inhabitants of Surinam loaded with presents. We had nothing to tender him, beside the grateful acknowledgment of his services ; and had we offered him presents, he would not have accepted them. We promised to give him a public testimonial of our gratitude, in the midst of our countrymen ; and, if possible, all over Europe : a small part of this debt I have discharged. Barrick sailed for Philadelphia a few days after.

On the 30th of June, at four o'clock in the

afternoon, Pichegru, Willot, Larue, Aubry, Dossenville, and myself, left Paramaribo, intending to pass the night at the house of the worthy Monsieur de Batenbourg, situated at the further end of the creek, where our vessel dropped down to wait for us. We received the most affecting adieus of the inhabitants of Paramaribo. The Governor and principal officers repaired to the spot, and were joined by several of the inhabitants. Barthelemy, although very ill, was, at his earnest request, carried thither accompanied by his faithful Le Tellier.

When I call to remembrance the affectionate embraces of our benefactors, and their last farewells on the beach, I feel my tears flow—I will not attempt to describe my sensations at that moment. Our patriarchal friend, Barthelemy, scarcely able to speak or move, laid his poor emaciated hands upon us, and gave us his blessing. About eight o'clock in the evening, we tore ourselves from the arms of these good people, and entered a boat prepared to

take us to our vessel. Monsieur de Batenbourg, formerly an officer of cavalry, in the Dutch service, and brother of the Governor of Berbice, embarked with us. He was returning to his brother, and intended to part from us at the entrance of the river of Berbice.

The anchor was weighed, our adieus were heard, and returned by our friends: the beach, now scarcely visible, re-echoed still for some time with their last words: “ Adieu—may
“ you be happy—adieu—do not forget Su-
“ rinam !”

The sea was very rough, and we were coasting it to the westward, when, about midnight, a cannon-shot compelled us to shorten sail. This was from an English privateer that was close upon our quarters before the man at the helm perceived him. Finding that we did not bring to so quick as he liked, he fired a second shot at us; and again, when within

distance, saluted us with a discharge of grape-shot. He then hailed us, to which we answered, that we were from Surinam, bound to Berbice with dispatches. Not satisfied with this, he insisted upon examining us. It was very dark when the two ships bore up to each other; the English Captain examined our papers and passports, but found himself disappointed of a good prize. We offered him some fruits; on which he recalled his men, and suffered us to proceed on our voyage.

The day following, the 1st of July, at day-break, we had another alarm; a shot was fired at us, as a signal to bring to. We attempted to get off if possible without doing this, when a second was fired, and so well aimed, that the wind of the ball knocked down the man at the helm; and our vessel thus left to herself drifted with the current over against the river Coentien, and had nearly overset. Conceive our surprise and fears when we heard ourselves hailed in French! I saw none but blacks on deck, and

had now no doubt but we had fallen into the hands of one of Hugues's privateers; especially when I saw the Captain put off in his boat manned by six negroes. Monsieur de Batenbourg, who felt as uneasy as we ourselves did, came upon deck; but having looked earnestly at the boat, he suddenly called out, " Good morning to you, Captain Anderson, I recollect your face very well: how do you do?" It was, in fact, the same Captain Anderson, who, a short time before, off the Canary Islands, had examined the very ship in which Monsieur de Batenbourg had sailed from Europe. He was extremely polite, and when informed who we were, he offered to escort us, assuring us that the coast swarmed with Hugues's privateers.

The day following, the 2d of July, at day-break, our pilot discovered the river Berbice, and stood directly for it, with intention to put Monsieur de Batenbourg on shore. As we were preparing to hoist out our boat, we were fired

at several times by a vessel, which we had observed for some hours. We had fancied she was English ; but her manœuvres and obstinacy in making us bring to, although she saw we were working up for the mouth of the river of Berbice, persuaded us she was a French privateer ; and, indeed, we were scarcely under the guns of fort St. André, when she dropped anchor beyond their range, with intention of blocking up the river. We, therefore, determined to put into port at Berbice, a Dutch settlement, now in possession of the English, and requested Monsieur de Batenbourg to solicit his brother to afford us shelter till we could venture out again in safety.

We steered up the river with the tide, and soon after Monsieur de Batenbourg had left us, two large boats came to fetch us on shore. We were conducted to the Governor's house, and received from him that kind of friendly reception, which we had reason to expect from the brother of our worthy fellow-passenger.

We told him that we had been chased by privateers, and entreated him to grant us his protection. He replied: “ Gentlemen, you
“ will be very safe under my care, and it gives
“ me great pleasure that I have it in my power
“ to offer you a retreat in the name of his Bri-
“ tannic Majesty ; but I cannot look upon you
“ as Emigrants : you are in the same situation
“ that General La Fayette was in, when he fled
“ from the murderous hands of the very same
“ men who now tyrannize over France ; and
“ from this moment I have not the power of dis-
“ posing of you, without orders from the Eng-
“ lish government. I beg, therefore, that you
“ will give me your word of honour not to quit
“ the territories that are under submission to
“ the King of England, without being autho-
“ rised by him.”

Thus we found ourselves no longer at liberty to quit the place at will. We saw the impossibility of our reaching the Danish island of St. Thomas, without falling into the hands of the priva-

teers which Victor Hugues, who was informed of our escape, had sent after us. We, therefore, pledged our word, and abandoned ourselves, with confidence, to the protection of Monsieur de Batenbourg.

This gentleman, and indeed all the inhabitants of the colony were eager to show us the same favours we had received at Surinam. Madame de Batenbourg, who is one of the most agreeable women in the world, and a pattern of politeness and virtue to her large and charming family, was exceedingly bountiful of her attentions and presents; and, in fact, omitted nothing that could render our stay at Berbice pleasant to us.

Colonel Hislop,* commanding the military forces of his Britannic Majesty in the settle-

* At that time Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant of the 11th West India Regiment, and now (1805) Colonel-Commandant of the 8th West India Regiment.

ments of Berbice and Demerara, having been informed of our arrival, came to Berbice, and told us that General Boyard, commander in chief of all the land-forces of the windward islands, had just sent him orders to remove us to Martinique; and that Admiral Hervey, to prevent any molestation from privateers, had dispatched a frigate, which was expected, on the 14th, at Demerara, to which place we were to proceed on the 9th.

After mentioning the generous offers of protection on the part of the English Government, the Colonel added, how much he felt for our misfortunes, and wished that he had it in his power to be of service to us.

With much regret we quitted Monsieur de Batenbourg and his family. I shall not easily lose the impression which his general character, his amiable qualities, his peculiar kind of pleasantry, and his noble independency of opinions made upon my mind. He is a truly

sensible man, employing his time altogether in promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures: in short, his whole life is one continued scene of exemplary and benevolent actions.

Colonel Hislop had offered to send us to Demerara by land, but we preferred going by sea, as being the most expeditious method. We went on board the brig *Flying-fish*, on the 9th of July, at eleven o'clock in the morning; and in the evening of the same day cast anchor at the mouth of the river of Demerara. We landed the next day, on that beautiful colony, which the English Government spares no pains to improve, and in which more business is transacted than in any upon that coast, owing to its extensive concerns with the Antilles.

Mr. Beaujou, president of the civil government, received us in the most friendly and affectionate manner; and all the inhabitants seemed to vie with each other in expressing their joy at our miraculous escape. Colonel

Hislop invited us to his house, and entertained us with distinguished hospitality. His noble manners bespeak him possessed of a truly great soul. I had known him by reputation long since, having been present at the bloody battle at the retaking of Toulon, when Colonel Hislop, then Aide de Camp to General O'Hara, distinguished himself by a striking act of humanity. The English were setting fire to the men of war which they could not cut out of the arsenal; the flames already reached the Themistocles, on board of which were confined one thousand and six hundred reputed Jacobins. Colonel Hislop saved them at the risk of his own life.

It was during our passage from Berbice to Demerara, that Willot and Aubry were attacked with the dangerous illness which separated them from us: the day after they were taken ill, they became delirious. The physicians at Demerara, informed us that it was impossible to take them with us to Martinique,

and that there was very little chance of saving their lives. A few days after, Aubry, who scarcely breathed, was supposed dead, and Willot was dying. What a distressing sight ! what a melancholy departure ! Of eight who made their escape in the canoe, from Sinamary, four only embarked, on the 17th, on board the *Stork*, an English sloop, commanded by Captain Richard H. Pearson, viz. Pichegru, Dossonville, Larue, and myself.

On the 20th we were in sight of Trinidad and Tobago. On the 22d we passed the island of St. Vincent. On the 24th we were off Martinique, but contrary winds prevented us from making Fort-Royal bay ; we, therefore, kept under sail for St. Kitt's, the general rendezvous for the convoy coming from the Antilles, and on the 27th we came to anchor there.

Several days previous to this, I had been attacked with the yellow fever, and so violently, that I lost my senses before we were in sight of

Martinique; and it was not till the 22d of August following, that I recovered from my delirium. I was totally insensible of all that passed during this long illness. I found myself in another ship, without being able to recollect when we had been removed from the Stork sloop into the frigate *l'Aimable*, commanded by Captain Grenville Lobb. Pichegru and Dossonville were as ill as myself: we were all three in the Captain's cabin, and till the end of August we were unable to converse. We are all of us indebted for our lives to the persevering attentions of Captain Lobb. Never did any one make a greater sacrifice, and with less parade than he did. He refused to quit us a moment, notwithstanding the contagious nature of the yellow fever, a disease, with great reason, more to be dreaded than even the plague. He slept in the same room with us, and himself superintended the painful and unpleasant offices which our situation required. When, after our long delirium, we saw, for the first time, that hero of humanity, we could not either conceive,

or sufficiently admire so much virtue: no argument we made use of could ever prevail upon him to leave us, or pay more attention to his own preservation after having secured ours.

From the 36th to the 50th degree, we experienced a dreadful storm, during which we saw four vessels of our convoy perish, besides l'Etrusco, armé en flute, which went to the bottom after being totally dismasted. I shall pass over the details of our tedious voyage, which lasted sixty-four days.

On the 20th of September we made land, and entered the English channel, where, contrary to our expectations, we had neither foul winds nor rough sea. We soon came in sight of the English coast, and presently after, that of France. I started at the sight of it, and a deep melancholy seized my heart. I could not bring myself to believe, that, beyond that horizon, there was no more a native country for me!—

On the 21st, being the anniversary of our embarkation at Rochefort, we came to anchor in Deal roads. Captain Lobb waited on Admiral Peyton to receive his orders. We were not permitted to land; meanwhile they sent to inform Government of our arrival.

On the 24th, the frigate *l'Aimable*, which had been so much damaged during the storm, as to be wholly unfit for sea, repaired to Sheerness. We took our leave, therefore, of Captain Lobb, whose interest and recommendation had preceded and attended our removal to the flag-ship *l'Overysse*, on board of which we were now sent. The English officers continued particularly attentive to us, as if they wished to convince us, that the noble conduct of Captain Lobb was not solely owing to his individual character, but to that generosity of disposition which so eminently distinguishes every officer in the British service.

On the 27th, Government having sent orders

for our conveyance to London, we embarked on board a cutter, the Captain of which treated us with great politeness, and came to anchor at Gravesend.

That same day, General Pichegru, who was still in very ill health, was conducted to London, whither we went to join him the day following.

We were conducted to Mr. Wickham, who, under the Duke of Portland, has the management of the home-department of all affairs relative to foreigners: he received us with much affability, assuring us how much he felt interested in our misfortunes. He said that his Government would afford us, not only an asylum, but all the assistance due from humanity to the victims of unexampled barbarity. Mr. Wickham expressed in his first conversation, and repeated in several others, his wishes, that our country might be restored to peace and liberty. He told me, in private, the next day, that he was informed of my wish

to pass over to the continent as soon as possible; and that he would therefore furnish me with the means of effecting it, without running the risk of being taken.

On the 2d of October, two days after our arrival at London, we had an appointment at Mr. Wickham's; when, on entering his house, while we were giving our names, in order to be announced, a man, or rather the skeleton of a man, whom we observed in a corner of the hall, rose off his seat, and came up to us, offering us his hand, and saying, "Ah! my friends, " since you are safe, all my hardships are at " an end, all my misfortunes are forgotten." He was apparently in pain when he rose; we got round him. "My name is Tilly," he said. Tilly! Tilly, our deliverer! and we knew him not, so much was he altered. We remained for some time locked in each other's arms, unable to utter a word. We bathed his hands with our tears. "Alas!" said he, "neither " should I have been able to know you again,

“ had you not mentioned your names.” Our mutual enquiries were incessant. He first anxiously enquired, what had befallen ourselves ; then, what was become of his gallant Barrick ? After which he gratified our impatient curiosity nearly in the following words :

“ The intelligence of your escape was received at Cayenne on the 5th of June, and the joy it occasioned was so generally and strongly evinced, that Jeannet durst not oppose the tide of public opinion, but said to the inhabitants who mentioned it to him, “ Why did they not all escape ?” As for myself,” continued Tilly, “ I remained at liberty, on my parole, in the town of Cayenne, for as yet they had no suspicion of me.”

“ On the 6th of June, the frigate la *Décade* arrived from France, having on board an hundred and ninety-three exiles. Jeannet received his letters, of the contents of which nothing transpired : we could only learn that

“ several of these prisoners then on board were
“ authors, journalists, and priests. Consterna-
“ tion succeeded to the joy which your flight
“ had created. About nine o’clock, in the
“ evening, Jeannet invited me to drink tea with
“ him ; having, he said, some commercial busi-
“ ness to transact with me. As, in the au-
“ dience he gave me, on my arrival from Sina-
“ mary, he seemed to censure the unjust con-
“ duct of the Directory towards the Americans,
“ and assured me that he felt great reluctance
“ in executing such orders, and still more the
“ inhuman decree relative to your imprison-
“ ment, I repaired, this once, to him with con-
“ fidence. He was more polite than usual ;
“ and when we were by ourselves, he addressed
“ me thus :

“ You know the news from France ; tyranny
“ is now at its height. Scarcely have eight
“ exiles made their escape from Sinamary, but
“ they are succeeded by a hundred and ninety-
“ three, sent by the Directory. I am deter-

“ mined to be the jailer and tormenter of my
“ countrymen no longer, to support the au-
“ thority of those five plunderers. I am re-
“ solved therefore, to leave the colony. My
“ plan is to buy your Brig, and give it to you
“ when you get to Philadelphia, if you will
“ undertake to carry me thither.”

“ I thanked Jeannet for the confidence
“ which he reposed in me, assured him that I
“ was devoted to his service, and encouraged
“ him to persevere in his good intentions.
“ I know you are an honest man,” resumed
he, “ I am sure of it, and you must have seen,
“ from my silence, how much I abhor such
“ iniquitous transactions: I knew very well
“ that it was you who assisted the eight exiles
“ to make their escape from Sinamary; I have
“ never reproached you with it: yet, I think
“ you acted wrong in exposing your poor pilot
“ to such a hazard.” “ After this apparently
“ sincere opening, I made no scruple of reveal-
“ ing the whole truth, and not only acknow-

“ ledged all that passed between us at Sina-
“ mary ; but took that opportunity of inform-
“ ing Jeannet, that besides the parcels which I
“ had delivered to you, there were others on
“ board my vessel, in a flour-barrel, of which I
“ told him the number.

“ Hardly had I concluded my fatal confes-
“ sion, when Jeannet got up in a rage, knocked
“ down the table which stood between us,
“ called in his guards, ordered me to be ap-
“ prehended and put in irons, and swore that
“ he would have me shot the next day. I
“ was then carried off to the prison of the fort.

“ It is true, I had forfeited my life, but Jean-
“ net did not dare to consummate his crime ;
“ whether it was that the loud murmurs of the
“ inhabitants prevented him, or that he feared
“ to lose the sums of money which he had in
“ America. I was thrown into a cell, hand-
“ cuffed and chained, with no other allowance
“ than bread and water. In that horrid prison,

“ where I passed the months of June and July,
“ they deprived me even of the satisfaction
“ of knowing that I had successfully sacrificed
“ myself to your safety, as they assured me, that
“ you had been met at sea and sunk by a priva-
“ teer from Cayenne.

“ In the night of the 1st of August, I was re-
“ moved from my prison, and put on board the
“ frigate la Décade, bound to France, still in
“ irons, and confined to the lowest part of the
“ hold. I now saw but too well that Jeannet’s
“ object was, to screen himself from the dis-
“ pleasure of the Directory, and had therefore
“ only spared my life to give me up to their
“ revenge. The Captain of the Décade had
“ orders to treat me in the same manner that
“ you had been treated; and to allow me no
“ other food than biscuit and water.

“ A burning fever almost put an end to me.
“ I was between life and death on the 3d of
“ September when off Cape Finisterre, our

“ frigate fell in with, and was taken by Captain
“ William Pierrepont, commanding a frigate of
“ equal force.* That gallant officer released
“ me from my confinement, and had me con-
“ veyed to Portsmouth, from whence I ob-
“ tained leave to come to London. Notwith-
“ standing the situation in which you see me, I
“ shall return to my family, and comfort them,
“ for they think me dead: and now that I have
“ seen you, I have not another care.”

Captain Tilly had already prepared every thing for his voyage, and was now come to take his leave of Mr. Wickham; he spent three days with us, and we had the happiness to see that the certainty of our being safe, the satisfactory reward of his generous sacrifice, contributed to the recovery of his health.

It is needless to add, that the English Go-

* The Naiad.

vernment has vied with the countrymen of Tilly in the pleasure of recompensing his noble action, by public testimonies of esteem and consideration, and supplying him in profusion with every kind of relief of which he stood in need.

As for ourselves, we have experienced the most gratifying attentions, and been loaded with kindnesses, which it was impossible to bestow with greater politeness, delicacy, or affability. I availed myself of them until my health was sufficiently recovered to permit me to bear the sea again.

On the 19th, in the evening, I bade adieu to my companions, embarked at Yarmouth, on the 21st of October, and landed at Ham-
burgh on the 29th.

My narrative, and of course this work, is now brought to a conclusion. I do not pretend to give political lessons: but, had I ta-

lents, I would employ them in endeavouring to reconcile the jarring parties whose equal interest it is to re-establish good order, morality, and public confidence; I would attempt by that important and common bond to moderate the ill-blood, and arrest the course of civil dissensions. Numberless motives concur to induce us to support this noble cause: but it belongs principally to those who have a better claim to attention than I possess, to make that cause triumphant. I am but a soldier, and have nothing to offer to my country except my arm and my blood: and I repeat it, *As long as I live, both shall be devoted to the attainment and preservation of its Independence, and the Rights of my Countrymen.*

Truth does not always appear probable. To live eight days without food, and only a few drops of rum to support the existence of eight men!—*Nec pueri credent.*—

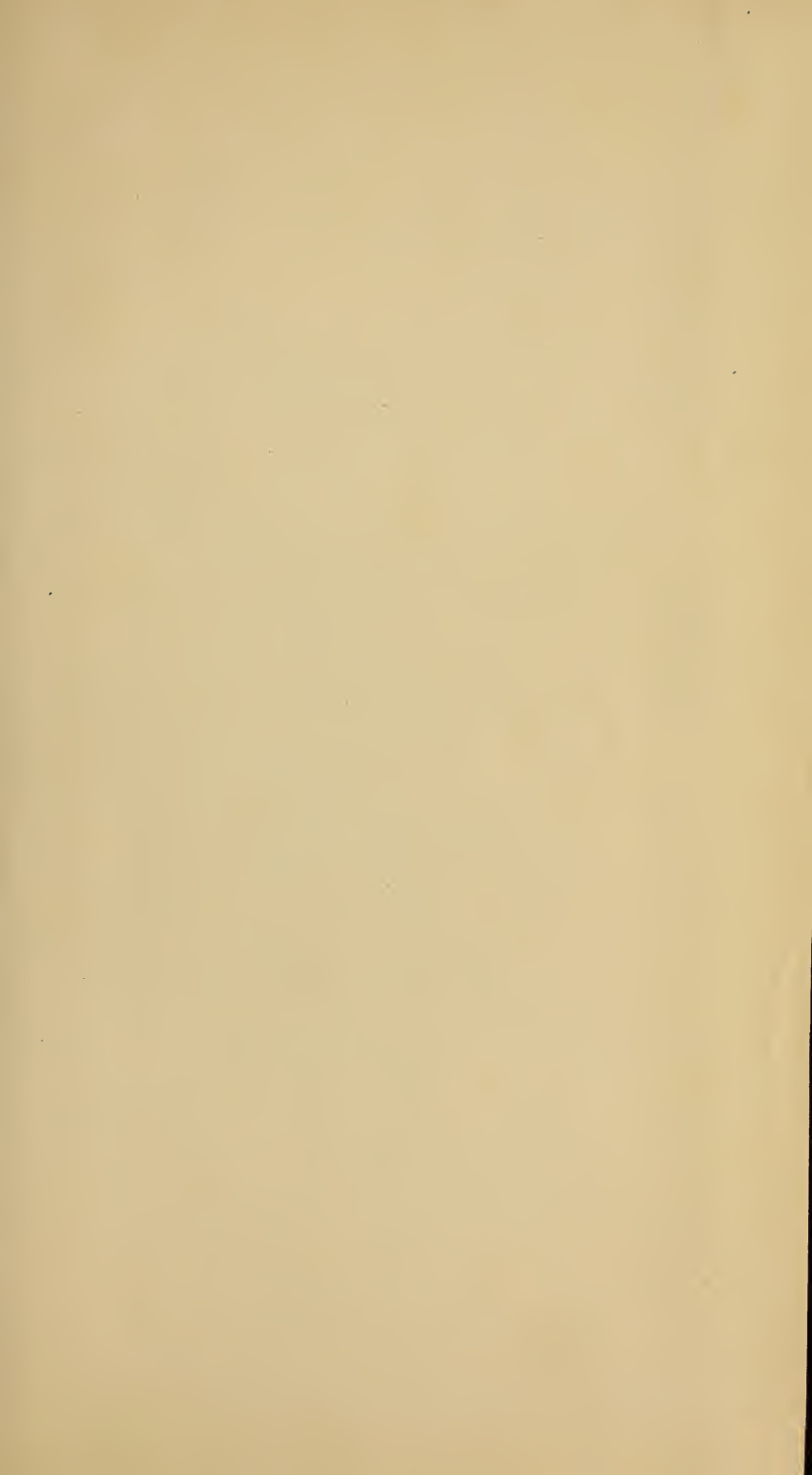
This horrible fact, however, is certain; and it is neither singular, nor new. Tacitus relates, that Drusus lived without food till the ninth day. Mallet, in his history of Denmark, relates, that of two princes shut up by their brother in the castle of Nikoping, one lived till the eleventh day. We meet with several similar instances in the accounts of modern travellers; and it has sometimes happened, that whole crews have been compelled to make the same dreadful experiment.

RAMEL.

FINIS.

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